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TAKING STOCK OF PEACE AND WAR

By JAMES T. SHOTWELL

How far has the world progressed toward peace since the carnage of the World War? A distinguished historian weighs the evidence and estimates the opposing forces. He finds popular sentiment a force which counts as little. He finds science a great and almost unpredictable factor. His article is a notable addition to the group of articles in SCRIBNER'S on the prospects of war and the clashes of governments. It is a most important analysis of world conditions.

WHEN I am asked whether there is likelihood of another war in Europe some time in the near future, my mind goes back behind the summer of 1914, which I think is in the mind of most of those who propose this question, to another summer years before when another war was threatening the peace of Europe—a war that never happened. It was the summer of 1899. In the months preceding, France had lived through a humiliation such as it had not experienced since the Franco-Prussian War. Its flag, planted by Colonel Marchand in the mud flats of Fashoda, in the Sudan, had been hauled down at the order of General Kitchener, whose troops had just defeated Mahdi at the battle of Ondurman. For two long years preceding this insult to the flag of the Third Republic, Marchand had been moving eastward across the heart of Africa, carrying with him the sovereignty of France, and at the climax of his achievement met the forces of Great Britain, which had avenged the murder of Gordon at Khartum.

There is no doubt, for the records of history prove the fact, that had the French fleet been equal to the task, France would have declared war on its ancient enemy. The country which had thwarted it in America and India now was challenging its last great exploit in the one continent that was left for imperial exploitation, Africa. Feeling ran high not only in official circles but in every section of at least the Parisian populace. English tourists were insulted and abused in streets and restaurants, and the press gave free rein to the most savage attacks upon "perfidious Albion." Never have I seen more vindictive hatred between one nation and another, except perhaps in a section of Germany when the French were in the Ruhr. It was no

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new antagonism, but the continuation of national enmities that reached back through centuries of war to beyond the days of Joan of Arc. The British Ambassador in Paris, Lord Dufferin, in a despatch to the Foreign Office five years before Fashoda, described "the sentiment of French people of all classes toward us [British] as that of unmitigated and bitter dislike." It was then unthinkable that these two peoples, hereditary enemies like Rome and Carthage, should, almost overnight, become the closest of friends. But that was what happened.

I was living in Paris again in the year 1905, when King Edward VII sealed the *entente cordiale* by his official visit to the French capital. It was almost impossible to believe one's eyes as the same streets were filled with the cheering crowds. Nothing in Paris seemed good enough for the English visitor. Over in London, a short time before, I had seen the crowds there give a similar welcome to the first French troops who had ever marched with full military equipment under the shadow of Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square—fully armed, with bayonets fixed. For the most part, it was a roar of greeting unintelligible to French ears, but here and there one heard above the din a strident "Vive la France!" Between 1898 and 1904, France and England had become friends for the first time.

When any one talks of the inevitable war that confronts Europe now, or looks back to the origins of the war of 1914, as though that event were the inevitable consequence of the shaping of the forces of history, this experience of two European visits gives me the conclusive answer. There is no such inevitable line of causation. Chance, on the one hand, or statesmanship on the other, may turn the current of events from their seeming logic. No one can say whether the same sudden turning of the current may not happen now between France and Italy. There is an aphorism of the political realist which has application here: that the greatest of obstacles make the best of stepping-stones. Already, now that naval parity is out of the way, there is talk of Italy and France adjusting their African problems much the same way that England and France did in 1904.

Even in the case of the World War there was no inevitable line of causation. Looking back over the events which actually occurred, the historian arranges them according to a scheme which looks as though it were the only possible line of cause and effect, because nothing else happened to turn it in another direction. But there were many things that might have happened otherwise, which would have changed subsequent events. Had Haldane's mission to Berlin succeeded in ending naval rivalry, or a Tisza directed the foreign policy of Vienna instead of Berchtold, it is perfectly possible that the World War might have gone the way of the unfought conflict between England and France over Fashoda. Even in the last critical weeks of July, had Grey or Bethmann-Hollweg been able to agree upon the conference method, the deadly time-table of the General Staffs would not have supplanted the pacific means of settlement. It is a superficial judgment which gives credit to those who foretold the war of 1914.

As a matter of fact, in spite of the progress of the social sciences in the analysis and measurement of events, the future is just as dark for us as it was for the astrologers of Babylon, or those extemporized soothsayers who expounded the omens or took the auspices in ancient Rome. In the era of science the future is not more stable and calculable than in prescientific days, but, on the contrary, is more filled with surprises.

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Then the future could be counted upon to repeat the experiences of the past, with only a change in the setting and the personalities; for life itself was little but repetition, holding the same kind of possibilities for each succeeding generation. Now, with an ever-changing control of time and space—the two fundamental conditions of the life of men and nations—the one major fact we know about the future is that henceforth and for all time to come it will be eternally different from the past, as each new acquisition forces a new adjustment, which in turn calls for more inventions. With the coming of science we have turned a corner in history that has no parallel in all the centuries since the Ice Age was left behind. When, therefore, the historian is asked his opinion as to whether the omens in Europe point to peace or war, he must first of all point out that the old technic of prophecy is no longer valid, that some of the causes of war in the past are now but a stimulus to invention and discovery, that the conquest of nature tends to supplant the conquest of one's neighbors. The chemists who bring nitrate from the air for the enrichment of the soil offer a new "place in the sun" to overpopulated countries, not in colonial or imperialist adventures, but on the unused wastes of what was formerly barren soil at home. Mass production, depending as it does upon mass consumption, has as its logical conclusion not the spoliation but the betterment of the common man everywhere. But these beneficent ends are the ultimate rather than the immediate results of science. The first effect of every new discovery is to create new strains and stresses, disturbing the poise and equilibrium of society, so that we have the paradox before our eyes that the growing interdependence of industrial nations is by no means a guarantee against international conflict. On the contrary, the economic expansion of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been the source of most international ill will—so much so that the doctrinaire Marxist regards this as the whole drift of the story. But, whatever theory one may adopt as to the ultimate outcome, the pathway to the future is in the hands of the engineer, not of the economist, and no one, least of all the engineer himself, knows what surprises he may have in store. Prophecy in the scientific age is doubly dangerous because the potentialities of both war and peace are increased by a new dimension.

But while the social scientist refuses to take on the prophet's mantle, there is no reason why he should not try to weigh the elements that make for peace and war in the world to-day. Indeed, on the contrary, there is every reason that he should bring to this task the disciplines of history, economics, politics, and the other social sciences, to displace prejudice and mob psychology by a reasoned analysis of the facts in the case.

Now what are these facts in the present state of Europe? Let us first of all take the elements of unrest, the causes of insecurity, and the possible causes of war. These have been described in some detail in an article by Mr. Seldes in the February number of SCRIBNER'S entitled "Is the Cannon-Fodder Ripe?" It was a picture of the nations of Europe, arming themselves with feverish speed in two great camps, the one for the defense of the existing peace based on the group of treaties which ended the World War, and the other challenging that settlement with an exasperated sense of injustice done them and the firm resolve to rid themselves of an intolerable régime. The picture drawn of these elements of discord was perhaps not overdone; the machinery for waging war is vaster now in Europe and throughout

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the world generally than it was in 1914, and that fact is ominous enough when one recalls that it is Lord Grey's opinion that the chief underlying cause of the World War itself lay in the race in armaments, an opinion openly shared by Premier MacDonald and Secretary Henderson to-day. Then again, the political differences which divided pre-War Europe were mild in comparison with the stern issues that seem almost insoluble to-day. The question of Alsace-Lorraine was a faint and harmless academic problem compared with the living and vital issue of the Polish Corridor. The minorities in old Hungary were but dimly conscious of their suppression compared with the flame that burns in Budapest over its lost provinces. And the spirit of Fascist Italy, however it may ultimately turn, frankly claims war as its prerogative and disturbs its neighbors by the menace of intrigue.

The items on the debit side of the ledger of peace add up to an appalling deficit. The technic of barbarism is still largely in evidence in the international relations of Europe, and the mere fact of its existence is an argument that it might be used.

Now over against the dangers to peace, what can one find in the European situation that will in any degree balance the ledger with the reassuring conclusion that after all things may not be as dark as they appear to those who concentrate their attention upon the menace of war? Let us begin this list by eliminating one item from it at the start. There is no guarantee of peace in the mere wishing for it. It is true, of course, that if the will to peace were absolutely universal and equally strong in all countries, it would be effective; but so long as aggression is a possibility, or injustices create the flaming patriotic ardor of sacrifice, the mere desire to avoid a conflict is impotent in the hour of crisis. Emotion and sentiment are much more at the service of belligerency than of peace, and much of the peace movement down to our day has been not only sentiment but sentimentality. Such motives provide no sure bulwark against war. They must be translated into action in the shape of consistent policies and formulated in institutions of recognized authority and strength if the new era is to be made secure.

When we turn to this question of pacific policy and these institutions which are to be the safeguard against another war, we must admit that they present a much less imposing figure than the data of war. The settled policies of nations are much more likely to register their individual interests than those of an international community. This is as it should be; for the first duty of a government is to its own people. If it does not look after the just claims of its citizens, no one else will. The problem is to strike the balance between national policies so that by mutual benefits they may strengthen each other; and that kind of international liberalism is much less striking, much less appealing, to the multitude than the strong assertions of a nation's purpose against any and all obstacles. An aggressive foreign policy, which refuses to weigh the consequences to the party of the other part, naturally draws to it a degree of attention that soberer councils can never win for themselves. As for the institutions of peace, they too are likely to be drab and dull affairs. There is nothing to stir the pulse in a conference of experts on a technical question like the spectacle of marching troops, or a fleet of battleships mothering their destroyers in the manœuvres at Panama. Sometimes a conference may dramatize its work, as when a few short sentences of Secretary Hughes called for the destruction of a million tons of capital ships, but generally speaking the

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process of pacific settlement, the technic that makes for international peace, is dull and uninspiring and passes unobserved.

I remember seeing a group of young students of international affairs at the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations last September, who had come to Geneva filled with enthusiasm for the machinery of peace, but, after listening for some time to what seemed like unintelligible routine, left the room with the remark that after all it seemed like a poor and ineffective meeting. They were unaware of the fact that in those quietly spoken sentences France and Germany had reached a full agreement on an issue which three years before had threatened to disrupt the League, the first issue in which the government of France had come head-on against the government of Germany since the World War—that of the administration of the Saar Valley. Had the Council failed to agree, Germany and France would have charged each other not with failure in administration but with national bad faith. A hundred million people on both sides of the Rhine would have been involved. That would have been news; the quiet humdrum settlement in conference or committee offers no such appeal to the imagination.

Now it is just this kind of humdrum work which is building the structure of international peace throughout the world to-day. How strong that structure is, how firmly braced against the strain of war, no one can very well tell, for it has never yet had to meet the test. We forget how new the institutions are which are embodied in the League of Nations. It was only as recently as 1897 that at the Hague Conference the governments there represented agreed for the first time that when nations were unable to settle their quarrels it was the friendly right of neutrals to intervene. The international community which has since grown into the League of Nations is as young as that. The Covenant of the League made that mediation a national duty instead of a free right; but it is a wholly false conception of the League to think of intervention as its chief method of preserving peace. The controversy over Article X and Article XVI has completely misled American opinion on this point. The League does not wait until the armies start to march and then by a spectacular fiat hold them back from battle. It begins its work for peace before questions reach the danger point. The Saar Valley question just referred to is a good example of its technic. The head-lines in the newspapers of France and Germany had charged each other country with bad faith; the League held down the issue to whether France needed five hundred or eight hundred police. It was ridiculous for two great nations to become embroiled on a trivial issue of police management, but a charge of bad faith between governments is a very different thing. It involves national honor, one of the prime causes of war. The solution of problems like this is the kind of quiet, unostentatious work which tends to escape the attention of those who think in terms of cannon-fodder.

While no one can say whether the new experiment at Geneva will stand the actual test of a great crisis, it is surely a false idea of European politics which keeps in view only the visible sign of power, as embodied in armaments, but fails to keep in mind those "imponderables," as Bismarck used to call them, which result from a new technic in the handling of international relations. As a matter of fact, the League has already brought into operation a revolution in diplomacy. It is almost incredible now in looking back at the old régime before the War that foreign

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policy was so often handled by men ignorant both of the countries with which they had to deal and the other ministers with whom they corresponded. The issues of war and peace were kept in the atmosphere of intrigue and under the seal of secrecy, and on a basis of suspicion and hostility. Diplomacy was once hardly more than an interlude between wars, and employed a war technic. Now the meetings of the Council of the League, and still more the Assembly, bring foreign offices into personal contact, not two by two, but around the conference table with others listening in. This is no hollow form, as in the old days of ceremony, but a meeting of practical men transacting the business of government with a new sense of a solidarity of interest enforced by economic needs in a world growing ever more and more interdependent.

It will be claimed by the sceptic that the results achieved by the meetings of the League by no means justify this picture of efficiency, that the real and serious issues are sidestepped, like those of minorities, or a demand for revision of the peace treaties. But the explanation given last September at the Assembly meeting puts the blame for this not upon the Foreign Ministers who meet in Geneva, but upon a laggard public opinion which has not yet caught up with the spirit of the foreign offices themselves. This is a strange revolution in international affairs. For it reverses completely the situation of the old régime, when foreign offices were the very citadel of reaction and conservatism over against the progress of democratic ideals in domestic affairs. Now, as a result of the new technic of conference at Geneva, the opposite is true. The task that lies before the world is to educate public opinion up to the standards set for it by the new diplomacy of conference and conciliation. It should not be a difficult task, for the demonstration has already been made. What is needed is clarity of thinking and an open mind. And nowhere else is the need for this greater than in the United States.

It would be trifling with this question, however, if we were not to admit in the frankest way that the present armaments of the civilized world constitute an outstanding menace to international peace, and that the negotiations for disarmament hitherto, both those carried on under the League and those sponsored by the United States, have at best been little more than shifting the weight from one kind of armament to another. To spend some five billion dollars annually for the upkeep of the machinery of war, as the civilized nations are doing in this year of depression and unemployment, is criminal folly unless the risk of war is imminent. There can, therefore, hardly be any question but that the Labor Government of Britain is right in stating that the real test of peace in Europe is coming next year when the Disarmament Conference is to meet. If that Conference fails, and the race in armaments speeds up as a result, the chance that these armaments would be used in the not distant future for the destruction of civilization would be immeasurably increased. It would seem, therefore, that if the United States is to play any effective part in the prevention of war, it should take seriously the programme laid down for that Conference by the Preparatory Commission. If that programme is carried out, world-wide limitation and reduction of armaments will have been begun. More important still, the machinery would have been set up for insuring honest and faithful fulfilment of its provisions and for the progressive development of disarmament policies in the future.

This last point is all-important. For disarmament does not any longer con-

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sist in merely lessening guns or ships, or the size of armies; it is the whole range of the destructive possibilities of scientific discovery and invention which must be within agreed control. Progress in disarmament does not consist in giving up obsolete weapons while acquiring others infinitely more murderous. We shall therefore never be through with the problem at any one conference, but must keep at it as a continuing element in international relations from now on. This means that the United States will have to participate in a fundamental activity of the League of Nations.

There is another obligation awaiting us in this connection. We must make up our minds as to what proportion of reduction in our own armaments we propose to make as our part of the programme at the World Disarmament Conference. For all the European Powers the amount of the reduction will be measured by their armament expenditures, leaving each country free to spend its money as it finds most suited to its needs of defense. The American representative has so far refused to accept this budgetary standard of limitation, while leaving other nations free to apply it if they want to. But the Conference will not wholly succeed unless we find the way to accept and apply the same standards as those of the other great Powers. The public opinion of the world, that sanction of international policy upon which both Wilson and Lodge agreed, will shortly be judging the United States on this clear-cut issue. Can we not accept the proposition to cut down our total armament budget by twenty-five per cent? That is what the peace forces of Europe have set as their goal in the drive which is now just getting under way for mobilization of opinion in a number of European countries. That this goal was set for us by the Soviet Government as a cynical challenge to the sincerity of professions of peace of the capitalistic world is no reason why it should not become the slogan of the disarmament movement.

It will be news to most American citizens that the United States is bound by its treaty with Germany to take some such steps as these. The disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty were expressly retained when the Covenant was rejected, and they state in the plainest terms that the disarmament of Germany is to be the prelude to our own limitation of armaments. Something will be heard of this treaty commitment in the months to come; not all the argument will be between Germany and France. The Disarmament Conference will thus be more than a test of good intentions; it will be a test of the validity of the treaties of peace at the close of the World War. For if we break them on our side, they no longer bind on the other. That sobering thought is likely to have its full effect.

In listing the policies and institutions that make for peace, what of the Briand-Kellogg Anti-War Pact? It is hard to say. Undoubtedly it has been taken more as a moral gesture than a binding obligation, because it has no machinery for enforcement. Europe as a whole is convinced that the League is a much stronger bulwark for peace than the treaty commitment of war renunciation. Nevertheless, however much it may be discounted by the legalists, it registers a new purpose in the mind of the masses. If any one doubts this, let him study history. The Pact of Paris marks the distance between the policies of Bismarck and those of Aristide Briand. If it were implemented—and President Hoover has stated that he sees no reason why it should not be completed, prescribing what should be done in case of violation

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—it would then be a world-wide covenant which would have the strongest possible guarantee of peace.

I have said nothing about the moral effects of the World War itself, the lesson which this generation has had in suffering and disaster; for it is a lesson which has not been learned to an equal degree by the different nations. Of the great Powers, Britain has taken it to heart the most. No statesman can stampede the present generation of Britons into any war. But moral attitudes shift as time goes on and a new generation appears. That is why I have put the emphasis upon the institutions of peace rather than upon the feelings or opinions of the citizen. Among civilized nations it is not the desire for war which creates it, but the breakdown of the instruments of pacific settlement by which justice can be done to those who demand redress. Peace depends upon our knowing how to use these instruments, and we cannot learn their use if we wait until the hour of crisis. For if we do that, we shall not be sure enough of ourselves to risk using them. Instead, in the nervous panic of apprehension, even the most pacific of populations might fall back upon the ancient instrument of war. Therefore, the worst of all advice that could be given us is that which would hold us back from membership in the World Court or the League of Nations until a crisis brings us to sudden judgment. After all, the historian may perhaps permit himself one section of a prophecy: that those nations which are most experienced in the technic of peace are likely to be the leaders in its realization.

Finally, let us list one institution that is not the work of governments but has played an effective part in the pacification of a great international area. The Institute of Pacific Relations, which holds a biennial conference to deal with the questions that arise among the nations around the Pacific Ocean, has already shown that by research and discussion even the hottest questions of national honor and vital interests may be resolved into policies of mutual understanding. Among the questions which it has tackled are those of Japanese and Chinese claims in Manchuria, of Oriental migration and the safeguards of foreigners, of extraterritoriality in China, the international movement of capital and the industrialization of the Orient. When enlightened public opinion is able to create an institution like this without the aid of government and solely on private initiative, it should be clear to any unprejudiced observer that a new day in international relations is dawning.

"The Legion Prepares for War," by Marcus Duffield, will appear in an early number. Doctor Shotwell in his article points out the forces making for peace and war. Mr. Duffield points to one organization in the United States preparing for war. George Seldes in his two articles, "Is the Cannon-Fodder Ripe?" and "Twilight of the Dictators," has revealed the forces in Europe making for war, and Carleton Beals, in "Is America a Menace?" and "The Drag-Net of War," has shown what the world thinks of America, America's part in the conflict of interests, and the struggle for raw materials. These six articles make an unusual group which in dramatic fashion reveal the facts of the world struggle and indicate the course of the future.

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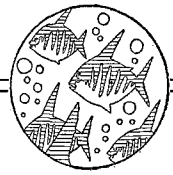

Mr. Hoover's Sins of Commissions

By SILAS BENT

Fact-finding is a fundamental in Mr. Hoover's political philosophy. How expert are Mr. Hoover's "experts"? Do his commissions seek facts or seek argument for special interests?

Now that the prohibition report of Herbert Hoover's Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement has converted the White House into what some persons denominate irreverently as the Wickershambles, one may assert with assurance that if the President were to propose such another "fact-finding" bureau there would resound to the high heavens a nation-wide guffaw, not unmingled with wailing and gnashing of teeth. Why should this be so? Surely this nation needs nothing more acutely than accurate and disinterested fact-finding about the complicated issues which confront the electorate. During Mr. Hoover's administration he has set up seventeen such bodies, in addition to approving or actually inspiring ten others—not all fact-finding—by Congressional enactment. Yet the device appears to be discredited.

As an expedient it is Mr. Hoover's only signal contribution to the science, or experiment, of self-government. It is not original with him; Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson resorted to it on occasion, the former rather frequently, but none other has pressed it so hard as the incumbent. The prohibition report ran to ninety thousand words and cost the taxpayer nearly $5 a word; it pleased neither the Drys nor the Wets, not because it was so costly but because it was confused and conflicting. It riveted general attention, and seems to have caused some general dissatisfaction because of the feeling that it wasn't worth half a million dollars, especially at a time when this country was staggering under depression and when breadlines were lengthening. Certainly the situation justifies an appraisal.

Members of Congress, who intuitively shy away from "experts," perhaps because Congressmen as a rule are inexpert, have berated commissions more than once. Senator Norris of Nebraska, who writes jingles better than some of our newspaper columnists, has unbosomed himself thus:

"Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood
For the good or evil side.
But the case presents no problem
To the White House engineer;
He appoints a big commission
To report some time next year."

This doggerel strikes at the most obvious objection to Mr. Hoover's commissions; they may possibly be utilized to stave off decisions about difficult or delicate questions. I think, however, that we shall discover graver faults.

It is unnecessary to go into detail here regarding the Wickersham report. The

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commission is still functioning, and will return further costly information to the public. There is a common suspicion, owing to the conflict between the committee findings and the views of individual members, that political pressures were brought to bear from one direction or another. Even more disconcerting was the conflict between the President's bone-dry message accompanying the report and his subsequent "confidential" utterances, in person and through his political secretary, as well as through high Republican officials. The anonymous interviews sought to make the public believe that the bone-dry message had been "misinterpreted," and that the President's attitude was in fact moist, tolerant and open-minded. Still later, Mr. Hoover's political secretary asserted that the President stood by his bone-dry position. This wavering was reminiscent of the 1928 Presidential campaign.

Washington newspaper correspondents charged, in some cases publicly, that the White House had attempted to confuse public opinion for political purposes. In any event, Mr. Hoover had waved aside either those members of his commission who favored continuance of the "experiment noble in purpose," or those who favored revision or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Whatever his final stand on liquor prohibition, he had entered a plea of confession and avoidance in regard to that report.

One of the embarrassing passages in the report inquired pertinently why it was lawful to ferment wine at home although home-brewing of beer was illegal. At the very moment an aggressive sales-promotion campaign was being waged among Congressmen and governmental employees on behalf of a grape extract, with the promise that after two months an agent would bottle the contents of five- and ten-gallon kegs in eight kinds of wine, including a "rich, dark red burgundy," a "dark red Spanish type port," and so on. Now, the Federal Farm Board, which Mr. Hoover had persuaded Congress to create and which is still close to his heart, had lent $20,000,000 to California grape-growers; and Senator Tydings of Maryland, among others, asked with acerbity why Uncle Sam forbade four per cent beer while aiding and abetting those who supplied material for twenty per cent alcoholic wines. Even the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, which is in the forefront of those agencies which are lobbying for the Lord in the capital, approved this stand and applauded what it called "a challenge to inconsistency and hypocrisy."

Mr. Hoover was further embarrassed by an inquiry as to whether he favored the extension of Federal powers in dealing with racketeering and other forms of crime coupled with official corruption. (The Wickersham organization is often called the Crime Commission.) Mr. Hoover replied, in good Jeffersonian formula, that such an extension of Federal powers would invade "the sovereignty and stamina of State governments"; but when editors of his own political faith asked why he did not apply the same reasoning to prohibition, which extends the Federal powers into the regulation of personal deportment, he fell into a disquieted silence.

Let us look at a few other of the Hoover "fact-finding" commissions in some detail. One, now almost forgotten, reported in 1929, assuring us that only the "tempo" of industry and commerce had changed, that the bogy of overproduction was illusory, and that the goose honked high. Even after the Stock Market collapsed in the Fall of that year the White House robins continued to sing in the rain, presumably on the basis of

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this report. As a fact, Mr. Hoover does not appear to profit notably from the "fact-finding" going around, at great expense, all about him. Speaking publicly in 1925, he said that "at the present time less than four per cent of the [electric] power developed passes State lines." He was making the point that the importance of interstate transmission was exaggerated. Yet the interstate transmission of power in 1926 was 9.06 per cent, indicating either that Mr. Hoover had been misinformed as to the transmission or as to its importance, if it had actually more than doubled in a year.

And Mr. Hoover has laid great stress on the value of Federal construction enterprises to take up the slack in employment, such as we are now experiencing. When he was Secretary of Commerce he engaged Otto T. Mallery of Philadelphia, a genuine expert in that field, and gave him a desk in the department, to make a prolonged and painstaking inquiry in that field. Mr. Mallery was indeed a fact-finder without portfolio. Yet during the past two years, including the present fiscal year, Federal expenditures for construction have diminished, instead of rising to meet the emergency. In this case Mr. Hoover does not appear to have been misinformed but to have neglected to apply the information on hand.

From the standpoint of personnel, the most praiseworthy of Mr. Hoover's commissions is the Research Commission on Social Trends, to co-ordinate the activities of State and Federal agencies, which often conflict or overlap. The noteworthy fact about this bureau is that it is incorporated in Delaware, and has a Board of Directors, for all the world like a railroad or an oil corporation. Why a governmental body, having behind it the august authority of the world's greatest republic, should hie itself for legalized embodiment to that State which is notoriously most propitious to capitalistic enterprise, still puzzles Washington. The Federal Reserve Board, a banking organization of considerable scope, did not require this formality.

The origin, functions, and extralegal activities of the Commission on Conservation and Administration of Public Domain merit closer scrutiny. It was the outcome of a visit paid to Mr. Hoover in the spring of 1930 by a group of lumbermen, headed by Doctor Wilson Compton. Doctor Compton is executive director of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association and has lobbied for it. He urged the creation of a timber conservation board, in order primarily to check overproduction—that bogy derided by Mr. Hoover's "experts" on economic trends. Doctor Compton thought the work would cost $400,000. When Mr. Hoover inquired how it was to be financed, he was assured that the lumbermen would attend to that; to which he is reported to have replied: "You have done your part; I will do mine."

The commission was set up in October, 1930, and now has the facilities of the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, and the Interior, as well as the United States Forest Service. Congress had appropriated $20,000 for it, and unquestionably it has spent much more. Doctor Compton said lumbermen would serve on it at a dollar a year, but Congress, having observed with dissatisfaction the operations of that type during the World War, has forbidden the employment of dollar-a-year men. Congress has also forbidden the use of private or corporation funds for governmental purposes, so that the taxpayer may have to meet the commission's bills in the long run. The members of the commission are mostly lumbermen or manufacturers of lumber; that is, they represent the industry which might be discom-

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moded by active and disinterested fact-finding.

The commission has already laid out a twenty-million-dollar programme of reforestation of farm lands. This is a matter calling unmistakably for the services of detached authorities. Vast areas of the United States are being farmed on a margin of subsistence dangerously low. In New York State, Cornell University has found farmers trying to eke a living out of land where "the bees would have to get down on their knees to make honey." There are millions of acres just about as bad under "cultivation." The truth about them would be useful to our legislators and to the public.

Housed in government departments, the conservation commission uses the postal frank on occasion and has the help of government stenographers, typists, clerks, and mimeograph operators. In many cases they receive extra compensation for the additional work they do. This is often the case in Washington, although two Federal statutes explicitly forbid any government employee to receive any gift or emolument or pay from any outside source, save with the assent of Congress.

Aside from this practice, which, although distinctly illegal, is a Washington convention, the Conservation Commission has recommended the return of the public domain to the States, and through them to private ownership. Its announced purpose was to abandon homestead thinking and turn to "watershed thinking." Its recommendation, therefore, is a public repudiation of the purpose for which it was set up. That is, it has become homestead-conscious. Thus do Mr. Hoover's commissions sometimes function.

Publicity, when it assists in educating the public, is a useful corollary of commission fact-finding. Too often it is made the yard-stick of achievement and is trivial in nature. The White House Conference on Child Health and Protection has got reams of publicity, and its press-agent bureau is its largest and most active unit. Frequently it has put out admiring "releases" about Mr. Hoover's "pioneering" work in this field; yet the work it is doing, save for self-advertising, has been under way for years. It is an outgrowth of two organizations which were co-operating long before the bureau was formed, one of them headed by the late Doctor R. Emmett Holt, in his day the most famed of America's "child doctors."

When Mr. Hoover returned from Europe after the war, Doctor Holt told him that one baby out of every eleven in this country died in its first year, and asked that he lend his name to the work. Mr. Hoover agreed, and the present White House "conference" ultimately resulted. One of its publicity accessories is an annual Maypole dance, with garlands of daisies; "sentimental claptrap," says R. Emmett Holt, Jr., son of the celebrated physician.

In Washington it is the understanding that Julius Rosenwald and one of the Rockefeller foundations are large contributors to this commission. If that be so, Congress, such is its temper now, may yet require that their money be refunded and made good by the taxpayer. Doctor Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, is general chairman of the bureau and of several others which Mr. Hoover has set up. Its executive secretary is Harry Everett Barnard, who has held half a dozen minor political offices in Indiana, and who refuses to divulge the budget or to tell the sources of its revenue.

Curiously, the baking industry is much interested in the child-welfare "conference," and Doctor Barnard is a former president of the American Insti-

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tute of Baking, as well as secretary of the American Bakers' Association. A Senate committee recently found that bread was at the highest retail level of any food commodity, despite the fact that all the ingredients saving milk, as well as the cost of labor, had shown marked decline. It may be a good time for the baking industry to cultivate friendly terms with the administration.

We have a Drouth Commission, ironically enough, but little has been heard of it. When Mr. Hoover finally agreed to accept and have administered a twenty-million-dollar relief fund which Congress set aside (the sum proposed at first was sixty millions), it transpired that the Drouth Commission was to emerge from limbo and take charge of it. The bitter recriminations between Congress and Mr. Hoover in regard to this fund, and the refusal of the Red Cross to have anything to do with it, need no recapitulation here. It is worth recalling, however, that early in the fray Mr. Hoover said that to break down our sense of responsibility and individual generosity would impair "something infinitely valuable in the life of the American people" and would strike "at the roots of self-government." He called it a "dole," which Senator Borah denounced as "less than intellectual dishonesty." But in order to make peace of a sort, Mr. Hoover forgot the dole, forgot "something infinitely valuable" and "the roots of self-government," and remembered his Drouth Commission.

Even the President's Advisory Committee on Illiteracy drew the fire of the American Federation of Teachers, which declared through a committee that "if the people who have learned to write their names and read a few stumbling words are to be called literates, and our place in the literacy of the world raised thereby, the cause of literacy will be definitely and seriously harmed." The commission was called a "political gesture" for the next Census.

Without comment let me list the other commissions set up by the President: The White House Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership, the Veterans' Organization Committee, the Advisory Shipping Board, the Emergency Unemployment Committee, the London Naval Conference Delegation (which completed its labors amid the voluble protests both of military officers and peace-loving organizations), the California Water Commission, the San Francisco Bridge Commission, the Special Commission to Study Conditions in Haiti, the Special Committee for the Study of Education (which does not appear to be a condition) in Haiti, the Yellowstone National Park Boundary Commission.

Not all the permanent Congressional commissioners are fact-finders. Two of the bureaus to which Mr. Hoover has appointed members are in fact reorganizations, the Federal Tariff and Federal Power commissions. The others are: The Commission on the 1,000th Anniversary of the Althing, the Alaska Highway Commission, the Chicago World's Fair Centennial Celebration Commission, the Federal Farm Board, the Massachusetts Bay Colony Tercentenary Commission, the National Memorial Commission, the Interoceanic Canal Commission, the Battle of Monongahela Commission.

These "independent" Congressional bureaus and boards, of which there are scores in Washington, combine either two or all three of the governmental powers, executive, legislative, and judicial, which the Founding Fathers earnestly provided should be kept in separate, almost air-tight compartments. They flout Constitutional provisions, and their imperial bureaucracy is an actual threat to republican processes. Chief

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Justice Charles Evans Hughes, in his recent Lincoln's Birthday address in Washington, observed that their power was of "enormous consequence," although he thought our institutions in need of "experience, expertness, and continuity of supervision."

"But these new methods," he added, "put us to new tests, and the serious question of the future is whether we have enough of the old spirit which gave us our institutions to save them from being overwhelmed." Apparently he sees a danger that we may be swamped by them. They, however, are not the primary object of our attention. We are concerned now with the Hoover bodies.

A justice of the United States Supreme Court, while I was in Washington gathering material for this article (but not in discussing commissions of any sort), told me:

"Our greatest curse is bigness."

"But," I protested, "that is what we most adore."

"I know, I know. But in fact our bigness brings up problems so vast that no human being can cope with them. No high executive in this country is equal to the complexity of his task, or can exert to the full his personal powers. That extends even to members of Congress."

No better argument could be advanced for the fact-finding commission in its best form. Even a brief examination of the Hoover commissions, I think, shows that they have been manned in part by "experts" who do not deserve that description, in part by members who serve merely as "window-dressing"; that they are secretive about the sources of their revenue and the methods of their expenditure; that they are suspected of overriding legal provisions; that pressure is brought to bear on them for selfish purposes; that vainglorious publicity is overrated in importance; that members are sometimes chosen from the very interests which inquiries might embarrass; that their findings are sometimes utilized for political purposes; above all, that their findings are not worth what they cost the taxpayer.

Lord Balfour once observed that a public man, to be successful, should have the hide of a rhinoceros; he might have added that the successful politician needs also the agility and the initiative of an orang-outang. Mr. Hoover is conspicuously lacking in these brute qualifications. He is thin-skinned and sensitive; he is cautious and a little timorous, as he has betrayed time and again. He has not that lust of battle which would stand him in good stead during the unending warfare between the Capitol and the White House. He has not the equipment to be the successful occupant of an elective office, and the failure of his "fact-finding" commissions is but one evidence of the shortcoming. Yet if we are to relate our social and economic life to some system expertly planned and adroitly administered, we must have the fact-finding commission in full flower to do it. We cannot make progress with such commissions if they are withered or blighted by selfish or political considerations. We cannot hope thus to find that evenly distributed success, well-being, happiness, and leisure which should be the rightful heritage of our nation.

Next month—the first narratives selected in the Prize Contest for experience or observation of American life. North Carolina, Oklahoma, and California draw first blood as locales for the prize narratives.

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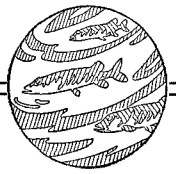

The Ordeal of Cuba

By WALDO FRANK

Cuba has been a pawn for the Powers for four centuries. Its condition is now acute. Mr. Frank interprets Cuba in a fresh and vivid fashion. His analysis of the part the American business man is playing in Cuba will not make pleasant reading for many Americans, but it cannot fail to aid in understanding the people who inhabit the island which has been always a troublesome problem in our governmental policy.

One must leave Havana to see Cuba. The spirit of the island is hidden in the Capital; it does not put its seal upon the buildings and the street life. The typical Cuban town is a small place submerged in corn and cane whose tang tinges the air as with a rival sunshine. Laurel, tamarinds, palms, stand at the plaza, balancing the green curve of the plain with their straight thrusts. Within this measured mildness the houses expand. The architecture, purely Spanish, is not of Spain at all. The land and air have swollen the classic angles, as with sap, into rondures. Church and dwelling are more subtle, less imperious and less strong than the Castilian models. The houses are low with a dignity that comes from the soil, rather than from some godly or ancestral privilege. The folk themselves appear to bloom with their gentle world. The rigor of Spain has softened beneath the sun and risen again into the ease of Cuba.

Yet this graciousness is like a velvet scabbarding steel. Life has been hard for the Cuban, whose island for four centuries has been a pawn in the game of great Powers. His intimate courtesy, like his formal eloquence, is a concealment. Not hypocritical or false, the Cuban veils a knowledge of the ruthlessness of the world, with careful graces. Cruelty, injustice, irony and greed walk the meadows of his island; blood rusts the gold of his cane. Cuba itself has become a long shadow upon the Caribbean; and a furrow of pain in the heart of the good Cuban. His irony, his rhetoric, his zest, are answers to the violence of fate. Even tragedy may be sweetened by acceptance. The fertile land gives an intensity which makes life whole; which forces one to take its darkness with its fairness. There have been times in the Cuban's struggle for survival when he has not dared to hope; there has been no time when he has not dared to love.

These dwellers in warm towns of wood or rubble, workers of communal fields, heirs to the *egido* of feudal Spain, did not feel themselves alien to the lofty nation whose culture they had subtly transposed into the horizontal curves of Cuba. In her great days, Spain had neglected the island for Mexico and Peru. But since it was Spain's, Spain's enemies —France, England, Portugal, Holland —constantly attacked it. And since Spain's fleet was always busy elsewhere,

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Cuba had to defend itself. The island was readier for independence, in some ways, than most of the rebelling colonies of Spain. It was self-sufficient, it was emotionally independent. And the spirit of Spain had been withdrawn from Cuba. Spain herself had been seeded into the life of the dignified small farmers: that Spain was now Cuba. But the Spain that ruled—the governors, soldiers, excisemen—was not Spain; was the personification of one trait of Spain—her political ineptness. Trade oppression, brutal taxes, blunt laws that had no contact with a subtle people, the use of the lovely isle as a mere mine for *pesos* and as a receptacle for the homeland's political refuse, maddened Cuba until it could bear no more. In 1868, it rose in armed rebellion.

Meantime, irony had already grown great in the affairs of Cuba: and irony stamps its life to-day. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the same world forces which conspired to free Mexico and South America kept little Cuba chained. Britain, which helped the revolution from Venezuela to Chile, feared little Cuba free: might it not fall into the hands of the United States? And the United States which had profited by these world forces also, and inspired the arms of America Hispana, feared little Cuba free: might it not join Colombia and dominate the Isthmus? might it not fall into the hands of Britain? Thus it was that the champions of liberty in Washington and London addressed warm words to Madrid, assuring the King that his rights in Cuba would be piously protected.

Havana, the focus of the alien and parasitic elements of Cuba since the days of the Great Fleet, remained the centre of reaction. The East—Oriente—in 1868, declared a republic, freed the slaves, elected a president, and began to fight the renewed armies which Spain periodically landed in Havana. Cuba had no fleet and, it seemed, no friends. Not Mexico, not Argentina, were able to rise from their confusions to remember Bolívar, and send help. A few young men of Colombia formed a private expedition which was soon worsted by the royal armies. The war had no issue. To Spain it was a ten years' fight; to Cuba it was the agony of seeing its towns and meadows disappear in the smoke of a futile battle. The two sides met at last, and in the Pacto de Zanjón Cuba rereceived amnesty, constitutional concessions, a voice in the Cortes of Madrid. But within two years, Spain's anchylosed bad habits as a governing power moved her to break the treaty, and Cuba arose once more.

The leader, now, was a young man with a kind of *wholeness* that only the Hispanic countries seem still able to produce: doubtless because the specialism and atomism of the industrial age have not yet so entirely fragmented their culture. José Martí was a poet, a publicist, a statesman, at the end a soldier. The firmness of his verse is Augustan, its simple poignance of spirit is mediæval; but the vision distilled by its mystic fire is that of the modern and immediate world. The poet finds himself creating as a Cuban, and an American: the image in the mystic eye makes him a man of action. Action has always been the way of the godly men of Spain; but like Bolívar, the Spain-born will of Martí is turned toward a new world and hence against the atrophied State of Spain which had so desperately striven to unite the Americas in an Old World conception. Martí escapes from his Cuban prison into an American exile. Since Bolívar's death, two generations have begun to stratify the volcanic rhetoric of the Americas. Martí learns the factual fate of the exalted visions of men like Jefferson and Miranda. He

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lives in Mexico, Guatemala, Philadelphia, and New York. He accepts the impotence of Hispanic America to help his country; he is not duped by the strength of the United States. He prepares his Cuban independence in the shadow of the North, knowing its menace but accepting it.

The gesture of Martí was romantic, but his consciousness was realistic. He was the rare kind of hero who studies the cruel facts, before he fights them. Cuba's freedom, he knew, was impossible without the positive good-will of the United States. That the beloved sister nations of America Hispana could give no help was the cross Cuba must bear. But the United States might aid, rather than merely devour, Cuba, only if the island proved its authentic nationality by action. "We must deserve," said Martí, "the sympathy of the United States; but our policy must be a constant and proud discretion. *We* must do all the fighting." If Cuba merely plotted and pleaded, carrying on a sporadic warfare, the century-old lust of the North would find at last the pretext it desired. But if Cuba fought sustainedly, if its official utterances revealed a *nation,* it might be possible to arouse a public sentiment in the United States, based on American ideals, in favor of Cuba's freedom; and thus stave off the dynastic greed of Washington until that later time when Cuba could gravitate freely into the orbit of a mature America Hispana.

To this end, the fervid revolutionary poet became a writer of shrewd pamphlets, and a statesman. He transfigured Cuban opinion, so that the local struggle for independence began to appear in New York as an American action. When Martí landed in Oriente in 1895 and conferred with the Generals Máximo Gómez and Antonio Maceo, his military plan was a political measure since it aimed equally to impress North America and to defeat the Spaniards.

From Oriente to Pinar del Rio, close to Havana, the revolutionary forces stubbornly proceeded. Meantime, a wave of sympathy swept over the United States. The journalists who released it may have had ugly motives, the politicians who channelled it may have been the usual lackeys; the American folk, nonetheless, rose in a fervor indubitably pure, to help the Cubans clear their island of the Spaniard. The American folk knew nothing about sugar; it knew nothing of the national will, since Jefferson and Clay, to make Cuba a "fair possession"; it was not subtle enough to understand that the real motive behind the Monroe Doctrine had been, not to defend South America from the Holy Alliance of Spain, France, Austria, but to save Cuba from Great Britain until the hour when "of its own free will" it might elect to join the Union (as did Texas, a few years later). The American folk knew that the Cubans were waging a victorious yet indecisive and cruel war (all but the western portion of the island was in their hands); and in this knowledge, it pressed its representatives in Congress to bind the nation with these unequivocal commitments:

1. The people of Cuba is and of right should be free and independent.

2. Spain shall revoke her sovereignty and withdraw her forces.

3. The President of the United States is authorized to carry out the foregoing and to use the military and naval forces of the nation to this end.

And

4. (The Teller Resolution) *The U. S. disclaims the disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control in Cuba, except for the pacification of the island, and expresses the national resolution, when this end has been ac-*

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complished, to withdraw and leave the government and control of the island to its people.

Martí seemed to have won! The goodwill of the unspoiled American folk on which he had counted against the aggressiveness of the American State and of American money had bound the State to respect Cuban independence. But Martí was dead! Within a month of his landing in 1895 from a rowboat on the coast of Oriente, a stray bullet had killed him. And his death was to be read by the events that followed, into his ultimate and most perfect poem: it was to be the symbol of the fate of Cuba.

For now, the legal minds of Washington set to work to countervail the emotional and naïve generosity of the American folk and of their representatives in Congress. Manifest Destiny must be served! The people had been aroused to "capture" Cuba—aroused a bit too much. But a little shrewd work with words would soon solve the problem, without the people ever knowing what had happened. Thus, a concoction was served up, called the Platt Amendment: its true author, Elihu Root. The Platt Amendment did not amend; it stultified and erased the legal bond under which the United States had intervened in Cuba. And a Convention in Havana, bullied by the rigid presence of an army under Leonard Wood, was at last forced to accept it.

Cuba was shackled to the will of the Northern power, but in a form so dishonest that the Americans would not guess the truth; in a form so indirect, that the United States could disclaim responsibility toward the betrayed Republic except at times when it was convenient to interfere. A farce of independent government was set up, in the shadow of the American naval stations on the coast of Cuba. Only shallow or venal Cubans, of course, would play this bitter farce under American direction. Therefore, Cuba was condemned to be ruled by corrupt or incompetent men: the United States was technically free of blame for the government of an "independent country," yet if at any time its native servants failed to serve it, or were thrown out by the indignant people, the United States could legally and righteously intervene on the pretext of "keeping order."

Cuba's farms, meantime, were weeds and its cities had been ploughed by battle. Cuba was free of Spain, and this the price of its centuries of struggle against pirates, against Spain's foes, against the oppression of the motherland: it was in the grip of an enemy more alien and more potent than all these others.

The United States had plans for Cuba. American capital, feeling its first greatness, prepared at last to make of it what England had long since made of Jamaica and Barbados. But before the goose could be plucked, it must be fattened. The army of occupation "cleaned up" Havana, drained swamps, laid railroads. And the American banks came in; and the "dependable servants" of the new Cuban order—an order whose premise was national disgrace—emerged and assumed public office.

It is the health of a country to evolve, so far as it can, a balanced system of supply and demand for its own economic needs. Cuba was particularly endowed by nature for such harmonious growth; and the will of Spain, although incompetent, had not entirely destroyed it. But it is the health of a capitalistic power to develop in its colonies a few raw staples, at the sacrifice of rounded production. What the North wanted of Cuba was sugar and tobacco—and a supine market for its imports. The factorization of Cuba now proceeded.

First, land was bought at a high

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price: when enough of it was American-owned to bring control of the district, a private railroad was laid, giving the American interests a monopoly in the power to move their goods. Then the rest of the district, economically helpless, was bought cheap: or its owner, the independent *colono,* was offered a contract which reduced him to economic serfdom and which he could accept or refuse according to his preference for slow or swift extinction. The many sugar-mills were now merged into one, strategically placed at the terminal of a railroad. The variety of crops was destroyed, either directly by purchase of land or indirectly by control of rail and terminal facilities.

When the Cuban planter had been crowded out, American business proceeded against the Cuban worker. He cost too much, his cultural level was too high. Thousands, tens of thousands, at last scores of thousands of alien Negroes from Haiti and Jamaica were brought to Cuba to cut the American-owned cane. These men, illiterate slaves of passage, had no cultural contact with Cuba; they did not even speak Spanish, and they had insufficient intercourse with the Cuban folk to learn it. They lived in degraded camps, their wages were so low that they could not buy even Cuban goods: they were fed and clothed by the Company stores, whose stock, of course, was the shoddy of the United States.

In 1920, more than forty per cent of the arable soil of Cuba was directly owned by American capital; and the mass of the rest was under the control of American banks, which fixed prices, wages, and held the transportation and terminal facilities of the island. The scattered native planters who remained, dwindling and desperate, lived at the pleasure of the American banks which by title and indirect control ruled and were the State itself, since no government of Cuba could survive one day, if it impugned the sacred Law of American investment.*

II

Havana, never typical of Cuba's life, is archetypical of its threatened decomposition. Across the harbor Morro Castle is a rhetorical lie: it does not defend the country, its bastions and the rock it stands on are painted scenery for tourists. The town itself is soft and odorous of decay; its flesh is like a prostitute's after too many years of surrender. The houses are low and open to the street. They lack both the reticent strength of the Cuban spirit and the blatant power of the commercial spirit whose imported wares and slogans they display. The cafés have the air of panders, joyously offering to the stranger the delights of which themselves are sated. The plazas are still yesterdays of dignity with their churches and their mansions and the grim Cathedral. But more and more, the traffic of the central streets advances like a scrofula on the town's grace: eats the curves into ugly angles, corrodes the colonial measure into vague garishness of modern decoration. The people in the streets are a detritus of the ancient houses; they have the spirit of discards. Slow, impotent, they move through their own city, sensing that in some subtle way they are disowned. For the wealth of Havana now is the product or the agency of their betrayal. The new hotels, irrelevant interruptions in perpendicular to the town's calm horizon, the conspicuous cafés and theatres shrewdly debauching creole arts so as to make them accessible to aliens, the clubs on the suburban beaches, gimcracks of pseudo-French design, the villas in the

*In 1903, Senator Manuel Sanguily presented a bill to the Cuban Congress which aimed to protect lands still in Cuban possession from being alienated by foreign companies. The bill did not even reach the floor for discussion.

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new straight streets, arrogant and smug —are not for Cubans, are for the betrayers of Cuba.

Over the city flaunts the Capitol, built by President Machado. It stands on the Prado, above the remains of colonial pride. Its style is that of the Capitol at Washington, and shriekingly alien to the spirit and body of the island. It is a temple to the god of power—but not the power of Cuba. Its æsthetic is the veneer of empty surface—a hyperbolic form of that beauty which resides in the *duco* finish of an American car or in the enamel of an American bathtub. The marble that gleams, the cupola that struts, the wings that flare, are an insult, solid as stone, to the people whose secular struggle to be free has begot this caricature of freedom. Every Cuban, stepping to his balcony to taste the tropic breeze or walking home from work, has at some periodic hour the Capitol in his eye; and lives, because of it, humiliated and offended.

At any time and in all places, the run of men in political office is of inferior stuff. Except in those revolutionary hours when the emerging spirit of a race becomes the State—hours like that of Washington or Lenin, the procurer of public prejudice and inertia is likely to win office. But in every people, there is a positive force to counteract this selection of the cunning and rapacious: it is the will of the race to survive and to rise; and from the folk it draws at crucial times a veritable leader. Thus, in colonial Cuba, rose men like Martí and the mulatto General Maceo. But in "republican" Cuba, although such men exist, their rise is almost barred. Neither independent nor honestly dependent, the land's public acts must issue from the logic not of national expression but of an alien will: even the articulation possible to a subject people is suppressed by a government corrupted through foreign service yet sufficiently native and at home to detect the stir of revolution and destroy it. American money, the interest of a handful backed by the State, has thus repaid the heroic effort of a little nation to be free, by placing it in a bondage which shirks even the responsibility of the slave-owner, and stifles the will to growth which a colony may foster.

In the banks, the committee rooms, the hotel lobbies, the brothels and cafés, swarms the new master of Cuba: the American business man. Wherever he strives for power—in Mexico, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, Nicaragua, Chile—his activity is one; so he may be judged, historically, as a type.

First to be noted is that the American man of business acts in good faith. To regard him as a villain malignantly plotting the destruction of peoples is to underestimate his menace. He is dangerous, because he believes fanatically in himself and in his good intentions. He does not doubt that his work in the one-sided development of the resources of America Hispana, and in the spreading of American products and American standards, is the salvation of an inferior people. This service he assumes to be so great that any means to it is justified. He deplores the occasional need of force or interference in local matters: but he is the carrier of a dominant ideal, "Progress"; and he knows just enough history to tell himself that Imperial Rome and Christendom at times used forcible means to spread their gospels.

Men who succeed in trade are, as a rule which admits exceptions, of the common human level, degraded somewhat in intellect and spirit below the average of the laborer by excess stimulation of their native greed. This was always true of merchants in the past; it is true to-day in South America and Eu-

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rope; and it is true in the United States. The American business man is not unique because of his intrinsic nature, but because of his changed position in his own social order. In previous world cultures, the merchant was recognized as a man moved by coarse motives, and with small capacity, either of tradition or perspective, for understanding life: hence, as a public influence, he was kept in a relatively menial place. Above him were always the aristocrat, the priest, the soldier, the philosopher and poet, as the evaluating and directing mind of the social body. The bourgeois revolution put an end to this in Europe; but the old hierarchies, even in their fall, conserved a moral and intellectual prestige which the business man of Europe has not quite overcome. Only in the United States have the traditional top levels so entirely collapsed that the *value* of the business man becomes exclusive. This value has not changed from the immemorial one of barter; but the standards that normally are above it are debased. America has grown to be a nation with no valid superstructure to keep the manufacturer, the trader, the money-man, in their place. The law is the servant of business, politics is its sycophantic slave: medicine and the arts are organized in terms of commerce, even science has to justify itself according to utilitarian standards of interest and investment. The church, the university, the journal, tacitly or overtly, avow the pre-eminence of the business man's values: pecuniary gain, physical comfort, material show—and hence avow the leadership of business in the modern world.

The effect of this greatness on the American man of business is subtle. It gives him a dignity and a generosity in personal dealing, a "grand manner" which no merchant has ever known, unless it was in Carthage, where similar values seem to have prevailed. But also this greatness, since it is chiefly due to the want of the aristocratic values which once held the merchant in his place, makes him insecure and, by compensation, dangerously aggressive. The business man's ignorance is habitual; since now it rests within no vicarious wisdom of churchman or noble, it has assumed the mask of wisdom. The American trader knows nothing of the people with whom he deals: not their arts, not their religion, not their sensibilities nor their traditions. But he comes down to them, clad in the prestige of a most powerful nation which has hailed him as its chief creator; he comes down bearing the gods of modern Progress. He is irresistible, because he feels no opposition. Also, he is uneasy, for the Christian is not quite dead in him. And this vague moral reminiscence, making him uncertain of his values, turns him at the same time into a crusader for the sole values he has. He strives to be sacrosanct unto himself in his truth, and sure that no other truth exists.

He comes, moreover, in America Hispana, to peoples whose old cultural values are dissolving, although they are not as far gone as the spiritual values of the Protestant North; to peoples who have found neither the political nor the economic form of self-expression. They are inarticulate and groping; he is lucid and certain. The whole modern world is the eloquence of his success; and by this eloquence his values are contagious. Wherever he goes, he finds men with the same values (since the business man is a universal type): men eager to join him and to perform his dirty business in local politics. With the aid of his dollars —or of his marines—these men are hoisted into power. He judges the country by the class with whom he comes in contact—the men who do his bidding. He despises them, of course; and by his

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own peculiar logic, his corruption of the men who are his inferior partners in corruption justifies his contempt for the whole people; rationalizes his wish to exploit it, and—in the degree that is possible—to control it.

III

In the library of a house in Havana sits an old man named Enrique José Varona. In the colonial days of pamphleteering and of warfare against Spain, he was a comrade of Martí. But his fate was not the easy one of dying: he lived to behold the birth and the betrayal of the Republic. For a decade, he fought in the political lists against the legalized ruin of his country; he even served a term as vice-president of Cuba. He learned that public office meant connivance in the rule of the American dollar, and sadly retired from action. He was almost alone. The generation of Martí was dead and a middle generation had arrived, avid for power, willing to accept "reality," which meant to truckle with it.

But now Varona is not alone. A new young Cuba is uprising; it surrounds him and calls him *maestro*. These are men in their twenties and thirties, having the age of the Republic. Through them, the tragic work of Martí and the clouded Republic may yet be justified. They are lawyers, poets, novelists, historians, economists, critics. At all times they are vigorous journalists, editing their own organs (until they are suppressed) and coloring the literary columns of the conventional papers with their message: carrying it to the student body and even to the streets; and already several of their number know the taste of prison.

Among them are Juan Marinello, poet and professor at the University of Havana, who has recently been jailed by Machado for his leadership of the students' uprising; Jorge Mañach, essayist and editor; Massaguer, the cartoonist; Ramiro Guerra, who has brilliantly studied the effect of sugar on culture in the Caribbean; Emilio Roig de Leuchsenring, expounder of Cuba's political degradation; and creators and critics of Cuba's cultural consciousness like Fernando Ortiz, Francisco Ichaso, José Chacón y Calvo, Felix Lizaso.

These young men are the heirs of Martí; like him in exile although they remain in Cuba. They are not afraid of revolution, not afraid to die; but they have a fear which Martí was saved from knowing: that an uprising against the Cuban servants of the United States might result merely in closer intervention. They have been thrust back upon themselves, and have found inner resources. For they are the heirs, also, like Martí and Bolívar, of Spain's experience and acceptance of the tragic sense of life. Yet they are moderns, sons of an age of method and technic. They no longer seek the romantic temper, either of hope or despair. They study economics; they know the psychology and philosophy of Europe; they write an exacting language, hardened by self-discipline.

They are not inclined to blame the United States for their political failures. It is Cuba's fault, after all, if Martí had no immediate successors; and if so many Cuban lackeys immediately rose to do the bidding of Washington and Wall Street. One Martí may come, by gift of genius: a host of his successors can come only by discipline and self-knowledge. Thus, these men accept themselves—and all their generation—as a sacrifice to an event they will not live to see. They have outgrown the faith in politics which moved their fathers—as it moved the fathers of the United States. They know that beneath politics there must be economic revolution; and beneath this, a birth of spiritu-

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al and intellectual leaders. They stand firm in Cuba, as on a battle-front of the American world: looking with intimate eye toward the United States and all America Hispana; knowing the continuity of their little island with all the Western world. They have achieved an objective measure in their sense of the oppressive North. They discern the universal values and the historic function within the menace of Industrialism—within the threat of the United States. There is fire in these young intellectuals of tropic Cuba. But the reflector that throws their light on the world about them is of steely reason.

Rivets

By N. S. Olds

My grandfather's hands were wise and hard
For he swung his adze in a Salem yard
And thumbed his planks and drove his nails
Till he learned his trade from strake to rails
And could dream a ship till he saw her whole
With royals set, and feel her roll
And lift her bows like a dripping blade
In the spacious swells of the India Trade.
. . . He's long been dead, and his ships are junk,
All rotting askew, or stripped or sunk.
But when they were loosed and took their slide
And squared away on the greasy tide,
He hitched up his belt, and "By God," said he,
"No sweeter ship has sailed the sea;
And she's all mine, yes, every inch,
From the spring of her heel to the swell of her winch."
And he dusted his hands and wiped his face
And stood up his sledge in its proper place.
. . . And I swing here on a plank in a bight
Catching hot rivets from morning till night.
They've never told me who planned the craft
Or where they'll route the riveted raft:
Perhaps she'll do a tourist turn
And pack high hats with money to burn,
Or carry cargo of frozen meat
For the Argentine, or hides or wheat.
They don't tell me; but I hear the clang
Of the hammers going, and see the gang
Ahoisting beams like a skyscraper frame
And bolting them in, and always the same
And all day long. I do my stunt
Of rackety rack and buntity bunt.
It's got to be so, for it's part of the plan
But I wonder some if I'm really a man.
. . . She'll soon be done and I'll be through.
They'll give me my time when my time is due.
I s'pose I've done my share of the trick,
They treat me right, and I shouldn't kick.
So I'll shed my jeans and I'll count my pay
And call it the end of a perfect day.
But all I'll own of the old man's pride
Are rows of rivets along her side.

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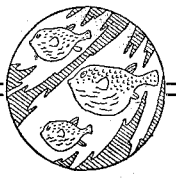

The Despot of Dearborn

By EDMUND WILSON

A new estimate of Henry Ford, his relationship to Detroit and surrounding communities, and how his reputation has weathered the business depression. The author has established himself not only as a literary critic but as a keen commentator on American life.

DETROIT is a simple homogeneous organism which has expanded to enormous size. The protoplasmic cells of Detroit are the same as fifteen years ago: ugly houses of drab yellow or red brick, sometimes with black licorice, rock-candy columns or a dash of crass romanesque; tight, dreary, old, long-windowed mansions with fancy cupolas and jigsaw Eastlake woodwork; little dull one-story frame houses of the Polak and Negro sections; apartment buildings, libraries, and churches with gray, wrinkled, reptilian limestone skins which make them look like prisons; obsolete brick machine-shops and garages like the one where Henry Ford worked on his first gas car.

In the gray, cold Michigan light and the February slush, all this, uniformly trimmed to-day with the bright red Christmas-ribbon script and blue borders of Neon-tube signs advertising brake service, Hudson, Ford, candy, and real estate, looks as prosaic and as provincial as ever. But the drab houses have spread on the flat lands and they are dominated to-day by other monuments. There used to be the Penobscot Building, the Statler Hotel, the giant stove from the World's Fair in Chicago, which looms suddenly on Jefferson Avenue like a sphinx, and the old majestic romanesque waterworks. But since then, the success of the motor industry has taken form as a bulky herd of thick, square, Middle-Western skyscrapers culminating in the new Fisher Building. The Fisher Building has a vast arcade with a modernistic lighting of spiky, angular, glazed-glass leaves, an imperial German mythological ceiling the gold paint for which alone is said to have cost $100,000, and a handsome theatre archæologically decorated in the style of a Mayan temple to which Helen Kane this week has brought her boop-boop-a-doop. At night the Fisher Building is beautifully illuminated with soda-fountain-flavor colors: orange above and peach below. There is also a new spectacular Masonic Temple halfway between a big apartment-house and a cathedral. And the streets are crawling with motor-cars—so many motors have never been seen in a single city: they course around the boulevard as regularly and rapidly as an electric current and they pack the side streets and the open spaces in long, regular parked rows.

Yet this flood of cars has greatly shrunk during the past year. And many

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of these still to be seen wouldn't be on the streets if their owners had had to take out new licenses—the city, which couldn't afford to have the gas stations go broke, had to arrange to put new licenses off till March. As it is, there are so many people selling cars that second-hand ones are now being sent away to other parts of the country to keep the price from dropping too low.

In the region around Highland Park, which Ford left flat when he moved out to Dearborn, the houses and the stores are For Rent, For Rent, For Rent. Many of the automobile plants are working only three or four days a week, and some have closed down altogether. There have been universal laying off and wage cutting. Metal finishers, the highest grade of skilled labor, who were formerly paid $1.10 an hour, to-day get only 15 cents. The white-collar class are losing their jobs as well as the workers: there are probably as many as 66 per cent of the population either totally or partly out of work, and 45,000 families dependent on the City Welfare Department. The banks have failed and amalgamated till there are comparatively few left: thousands of Polaks and Hunkies have lost all their savings. The employment agencies and the soup kitchens are crowded, and every day people gloomily make their way from one factory gate to another in the hope that somebody may be hiring again. The employers are gloomy, too—it is beginning at last to be generally confessed that the normal demand for American cars could be quite satisfactorily supplied with perhaps a half of the present plant. The enormous organism of Detroit, one of the vital organs of the country, is now seen, for all its Middle-Western vigor, to have become partially atrophied. It is clogged with dead tissue now and its life is bleeding away, and no one can do anything to stop it. You can see here, as it is impossible to do in a more varied and complex city like New York, the whole structure of an industrial society: almost everybody in Detroit is dependent on the motor industry and in more or less direct and obvious relation to everybody else. When the industry is crippled, everybody is hit. "The cylinder-head has cracked!" says one official of a large motor company, "and when the cylinder-head is cracked, you have to get a new car. The system has broken down!" But the minds of Detroit motor company officials have not yet been fertile in suggestions for new systems.

Not that the collapse has not brought forth its heroes, its benefactors of the helpless masses. One of these was the radio announcer Buckley. Buckley achieved an immense reputation by sobbing and protesting every evening on the radio over the plight of the unemployed. He drew no pay for his campaign of relief, and this impressed very strongly upon his public the disinterested character of his sympathy. He conducted, however, side by side with his appeals for unemployment relief, an unwearying crusade against vice, which involved proclaiming over the radio the names and addresses of speakeasies and night-clubs which sold liquor or otherwise violated the law. One night last July he was shot in the lobby of a hotel which had already had to change its name on account of a bad reputation acquired from a previous murder. The police have had difficulty in identifying the guilty men, because Buckley had racketeered so widely that there was an almost infinite number of people with possible motives. Yet the suggestion in one of the Detroit papers that Buckley's career had been tainted with racketeering brought forth the indignant protests of the whole radio-believing public. Buckley was buried with the grief and the honors of one of the great martyred

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champions of humanity. The racketeers have even invaded the fashionable residential section of Grosse Pointe and now cultivate the benevolent smugness of the rich among the handsome neo-Elizabethan houses.

A more attractive figure is Frank Murphy, the young Irish mayor of Detroit. Murphy took the unemployment crisis seriously and was elected on the basis of his promises to deal with it. When a certain point had been reached, however, he found himself empty-handed and helpless. He has, it is true, guaranteed free speech: the Communists meet, display their placards and make their speeches unmolested in Grand Circus Park in the heart of the business district, as they would never be allowed to do in New York. And the mayor has given as much money as he could get for free lodging, clothing, and food. But lately the City Welfare Department has been spending $2,000,000 a month, and has even at that rate only been able to allow $5 a week for a family of four. At last the mayor has been forced to announce that the city cannot supply any more relief. The near-by town of Royal Oak has gone bankrupt, and Detroit itself is now in a position where it can borrow from the New York bankers only on condition of agreeing not to undertake the public works which Murphy, when he was elected, had promised as a means of providing jobs.

As for Ford, his reputation as a benefactor of the workingman has conspicuously declined—if it ever really existed in Detroit. Yet his is still the dominating personality there, his career is the myth on which the city is founded; and if one wants to understand Detroit, one must try to get to the reality at the bottom of it. Henry Ford, who has a great eye for publicity, has been presented to the world through several official biographies, an "autobiography" and several volumes of pronunciamentos written by Samuel Crowther. He is a legend all over the world, one of the most famous and favorably known living Americans, and he has at one time or another been enthusiastically compared to Abraham Lincoln, Jesus Christ, and Karl Marx (for this last analogy, see the March *Atlantic Monthly*). From time to time it has happened, however, that some one who has been in a position to study him at close range, exasperated or worried by this legend, has attempted to tell what Ford is really like. This was the case with the Reverend Samuel S. Marquis, who published in 1923 a book called "Henry Ford: An Interpretation." Doctor Marquis had been Ford's pastor and afterward ran his welfare department. It was also the case with Mr. E. G. Pipp, the original editor of The Dearborn *Independent* and the author of "Henry Ford: Both Sides of Him" (1926). Even Mr. Allan L. Benson, the writer of one of the official biographies, "The New Henry Ford" (1923), felt obliged, when the boom was launched for Ford for president, to add a last chapter, unapproved by Mr. Ford and warning people against taking him seriously as a candidate. This winter another protestant has broken loose. Another former employee of Ford's, Mr. W. M. Cuningham of the Ford publicity department, has written the harshest indictment of all, "'J 8,' a Chronicle of the Neglected Truth About Henry Ford and the Ford Motor Co.," which Ford's has been doing its best to suppress. These books all agree in the main and what people tell you in Detroit bears them out. The account that follows is an attempt to put a portrait together out of the testimony of a variety of witnesses—newspaper men, business men, Ford office men and workers, and the authors of the above-mentioned books.

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II

Ford is, of course, a genuinely remarkable man: he is a mechanical and industrial genius. It is true that he has made few important inventions, that he has usually been a mere exploiter of principles which other people have discovered; yet the boy who ran away at night against his father's orders and swam a creek to fix the engine of a neighbor's threshing-machine, whose "hands just itched to get hold of the throttle," who repaired his first watch with an old nail sharpened on a grindstone, who built a "farm locomotive" before he was twenty by mounting a steam engine on mowing-machine wheels, had the natural capacity for concentration and the instinctive affinity for a medium of a master. From the improvised screw-driver and the farm locomotive, Ford has advanced, in spite of formidable difficulties, straight to the immense River Rouge plant, with all its sources of raw material and its auxiliaries, that self-sufficing industrial cosmos, a masterpiece of ingenuity and efficiency. There are few people in any field who follow their line with real singlemindedness, and they have a tremendous advantage over other people. They know what they want, they have an appetite for it which does not require moral support or justification. They work at it all the time, narrowly and superbly undistracted by other amusements, curiosities ("I don't like to read books," he has said. "They muss up my mind."), lusts, sports, social life, the enjoyment of human relations, or spells of laziness, discouragement or sheer indifference. Their work is so much more real to them than anything else that the conventional points of view and inhibitions which prevent other people from acting quickly enough or drastically enough or from sticking to a difficulty until they have found a way through it, can never balk the satisfaction of their passion.

There is no evidence that Ford cares much about money for its own sake or for the things it can buy. He has not applied himself systematically to making money: his financial sense has been developed under pressure and under the necessity of meeting emergencies. Money is necessary for the expansion of his plant, and figuring in terms of the last fraction of a cent is one of the rules of the game he has set himself, a game which is the direct personal expression of his character: to make cars which, though as homely as Ford himself, shall be at once the cheapest, the most energetic, and the most indestructible possible. When in 1921 the bankers almost had Ford on his back, he checkmated them by the unexpected and quite nonprofessionally financial move of unloading all his stock on the dealers and making them borrow the money from the banks.

Nor is there evidence that he has ever cared much about the welfare of the people who work for him. His immunity to social ambitions and to the seductions of the luxury trade is the result rather of an obstinate will to be himself, to assert himself for what he is, than of any feeling of solidarity with the common man. It has been hard enough for Henry Ford to survive and to create the Ford car and the River Rouge plant without worrying about making things easy for other people who, however few advantages they may start with, can get along very well, if they have the stuff, as he has done—a boy from the farm with no education or training, in the teeth of ridicule, relentless competition, and diabolical conspiracies of bankers. He has always himself worked with close attention every possible minute of his waking day: why should not the men in his factories apply themselves every minute of the short eight hours

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they spend there? It is true that many people do not work so constantly or so intensively as he does, but all those people are lazy.

Yet a reputation for humanity is good advertising and care of the worker is a money-saving proposition and a safeguard against labor rebellions. In "My Life and Work," Ford allows Samuel Crowther to write for him the following account of the establishment at the beginning of 1914 of the six-day week, the eight-hour working-day, and the five-dollar minimum wage. "It was to our way of thinking an act of social justice, and in the last analysis we did it for our own satisfaction of mind. There is a pleasure in feeling that you have made others happy—that you have lessened in some degree the burdens of your fellowmen—that you have provided a margin out of which may be had pleasure and saving. Good-will is one of the few really important assets of life. A determined man can will almost anything that he goes after, but unless, in his getting, he gains good-will he has not profited much."

Here, however, is Mr. Pipp's account: "I . . . have heard of disputes as to who was responsible for the five-dollar wage. I have put the question directly to Ford, who said he worked many a night on it and concluded that machinery was playing such an important part in production that if men could be induced to speed up the machinery, there would be more profit at the high wage than at the low wage. He figured out a plan of doubling the wage of the lowest paid men and others accordingly, the wage to apply after they had been with the company six months and complied with other conditions. As I recall the figures he gave me, they were $4.84 a day for the lowest paid man of six months' standing. He said he put the figures up to Couzens, who said: 'Why not make it a straight five-dollar wage and it will be the greatest advertisement an automobile ever had,' or words to that effect. Couzens didn't have to say it twice to Ford. When the information came out, it was real news for the public and of high advertising value to the company, from which Ford still benefits."

It is doubtless true that with Ford at this time certain genuinely amiable emotions were released by the unconventional direction which the profit motive had taken and were not long in coming to supplement it. With so much imagination for machinery, Ford is not altogether without imagination for life. Here is a third explanation of the establishment of the $5 minimum, as made by Ford to Doctor Marquis: "I asked him why he had fixed upon $5 as the minimum pay for unskilled labor. His reply was, 'Because that is about the least a man with a family can live on in these days. We have been looking into the housing and home conditions of our employees and we find that the skilled man is able to provide for his family, not only the necessities, but some of the luxuries of life. He is able to educate his children, to rear them in a decent home in a desirable neighborhood. But with the unskilled man it is different. He's not getting enough. He isn't getting all that's coming to him. And we must not forget that he is just as necessary to industry as the skilled man. Take the sweeper out of the shop and it would become in a short time an unfit place in which to work. We can't get along without him. And we have no right to take advantage of him because he must sell his labor in an open market. We must not pay him a wage on which he cannot possibly maintain himself and his family under proper physical and moral conditions just because he is not in a position to demand more.'

" 'But suppose the earnings of a busi-

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ness are so small that it cannot afford to pay that which, in your opinion, is a living wage; what then?' I asked.

"'Then there is something wrong with the man who is trying to run the business. He may be honest. He may mean to do the square thing. But clearly he isn't competent to conduct a business for himself, for a man who cannot make a business pay a living wage to his employees has no right to be in business. He should be working for some one who knows how to do things. On the other hand, a man who can pay a living wage and refuses to do so is simply storing up trouble for himself and others. By underpaying men we are bringing on a generation of children undernourished and underdeveloped morally as well as physically; we are breeding a generation of workingmen weak in body and in mind, and for that reason bound to prove inefficient when they come to take their places in industry. Industry will, therefore, pay the bill in the end. In my opinion it is better to pay as we go along and save the interest on the bill, to say nothing of being human in our industrial relations. For this reason we have arranged to distribute a fair portion of the profits of the company in such a way that the bulk of them will go to the man who needs them most.'"

But what actually happened was that, in spite of these benevolent intentions, between 1914 and 1927 the cost of living nearly doubled in Detroit, and though in 1919 Ford raised his minimum rate to $6, his workers were actually less well off getting $36 a week than they had been before the $5 minimum was established. In December, 1929, the rate was raised to $7. Ford announced this latter event in a spectacular manner at the White House at an industrial conference called by Hoover after the first stock-market crash, and it had the usual effect of reinforcing Ford's reputation for boldness and generosity. Yet Ford was not only giving much less employment, but was distributing much less money than formerly, and he was saving on production. In 1926, he had been employing 200,000 men at $6, an aggregate of $300,000,000, but by the fall of 1929, there were only about 145,000 men working at Ford's, who at $7 a day would get an aggregate of only $253,750,000. By December, 1929, then, when Ford was producing more motor-cars, he was employing many fewer men. This was partly due to the technological improvements which have been throwing more and more people out of work; but it also meant that the men still working were speeded up and that the fat bait of $7 a day enabled Ford to recruit the quickest and most vigorous workers at the expense of the others. Since the fall of 1929, the number of men employed at Ford's has shrunk from 145,000 to perhaps as few as 25,000, and at the present time the plant is shut down for all but the first three days of the week.

In 1914, Ford—still associated at that time with James Couzens, who later felt himself compelled to resign and became the more or less liberal senator from Michigan—established a Welfare Department and brought Doctor Marquis in to run it. The Ford plant was decorated with placards reading "Help the Other Fellow," and, though Ford is implacably opposed to old-age pensions, a special attempt was made to provide work for old men and cripples. At this time also Mr. Pipp received donations from Ford to help him take care of the situation created by the flooding into Detroit of workers attracted by the promise of high wages to whom Ford was unable to give jobs. The Welfare Department, however, went in for checking up on the home-life of the workers—Ford neither smokes nor

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drinks himself and is extremely severe on the irregularities of others—and was strongly resented by them. Ford's pretensions to a solicitude about his men were rapidly and totally abandoned. Doctor Marquis describes as follows the development of Ford's later policy: "I resigned from the Ford Motor Company in 1921. The old group of executives, who at times set justice and humanity above profits and production, were gone. . . . There came to the front men whose theory was that men are more profitable to an industry when driven than led, that fear is a greater incentive to work than loyalty. . . . The humane treatment of employees, according to these men, would lead to the weakening of the authority of the 'boss,' and to the breaking down of discipline in the shop. To them the sole end of industry was production and profits, and the one sure way of getting these things out of labor was to curse it, threaten it, drive it, insult it, humiliate it, and discharge it on the slightest provocation; in short—to use a phrase much on the lips of such men, 'put the fear of God into labor.' And they were always thinking of themselves as the little gods who were to be feared." "I cannot say," says Mr. Pipp, "whether there was a marked change in Ford's attitude toward labor, or whether my close association with Ford and his organization resulted in my seeing things that I did not see before. But as time went on I would get one jolt after another, would learn of things in the Ford organization that I would have believed impossible in a civilized country. . . . I could see . . . in Ford an inclination to use the lash of his power more and more on those who resisted or opposed him. There grew, too, the desire to produce more and more at less and less cost, to get more out of the men and machinery than ever had been gotten out of them." The idea that Ford is adored by his men has certainly never existed except outside Detroit. It is probably true that the lay-off and speed-up due to the present depression have made them particularly bitter at this time; but one heard more or less the same story back in 1917, when the first flush of the high wages was beginning to fade. To-day the Ford workers complain of being overworked, of being spied on by Ford's secret police and of being laid off on trumped-up pretexts. The Ford plant is infested with "spotters" looking for excuses to fire people. Mr. Cuningham tells of an old man who had been working for Ford seventeen years but who was laid off for wiping the grease off his arms a few seconds before the quitting bell rang, and of an office boy sent on an errand into the factory and fired for stopping at a lunch wagon to buy a chocolate bar on the way back. And whereas when the market for cars was booming and the payroll at its thickest, Ford was in the habit of dropping into his factories and talking easily to his employees, he is said never to venture to visit them to-day without a guard of twenty secret service men.

As an employer as well as a public man, Ford's great weakness has been his inability to stick to a feeling or an idea. It is not so much that he is hypocritical: he has in fact been far more realistic than most employers in giving away from time to time the assumptions which lie behind the acts of his career. But his mind is illogical and volatile; his genius seems purely intuitive. It is as if he had been born with a special sense of materials and mechanical processes which enabled him to see instantly what could be done with them and how much they were worth: he is said to have been able to appraise at a glance the bridges of the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad when he was thinking of buying it, and when some wag brought him in an

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alien washer and asked him where it belonged on a Model T, to have instantly thrown it out the window, declaring, "That doesn't belong to a Model T!" He is, however, completely naïve in dealing with other things and of an extreme instability of opinion. One can condone his vacillation, at the time of his presidential ambitions, between the Democrats and the Republicans, but the inconsistencies of his attitude toward the War reveal an appalling unreliability. After turning back from the adventure of the Peace Ship, he converted his plant into a munitions factory as soon as the United States became involved in the quarrel. When Mr. Benson suggested to him in 1922, at the time that diplomatic relations seemed strained between Turkey and Great Britain, that it might be salutary for him to "sound a warning against American participation in any more European wars—to my surprise, he did precisely the opposite. 'There is going to be another war,' he said, 'and the United States should get into it at the beginning and clean them all up.'" About the same time, however, he allowed Miss Bushnell to print the statement that he had been so unwilling to make money out of the War that he had turned his war profits all back to the government: "Henry Ford gave all his war profits—twenty-nine millions—to the government, with no hampering conditions. This vast amount was turned back to the Treasury to be used as the government saw fit. This was the act of a pacifist. If all the war advocates had done the same, the country's war debts would not be so staggering to-day and there would have been less talk of war profiteers." Several people have since checked up on this statement and discovered it to be entirely untrue. Mr. Cuningham asked the Treasury Department about it in January, 1930, and received the following wire from Ogden Mills: "Treasury records do not show the receipt of any donation from Mr. Henry Ford of his war profits."

But Ford's sudden reversals of opinion are evidently due to an underlying emotional instability which he has in common with many other gifted people. Doctor Marquis has described the rises and falls of his moods: one day he will seem "erect, lithe, agile, full of life, happy as a child. Out of his eyes there looks the soul of a genius, a dreamer, an idealist—a soul that is affable, gentle, kindly and generous to a fault." But the next day "he will have the appearance of a man shrunken by long illness. The shoulders droop, and there is a forward slant to the body when he walks as when a man is moving forward on his toes. His face is deeply lined, and the lines are not such as go to make up a kindly, open countenance. The affable, gentle manner has disappeared. There is a light in the eye that reveals a fire burning within altogether unlike that which burned there yesterday. He has the appearance of a man utterly wearied and exhausted, and yet driven on by a relentless and tireless spirit. Back of an apparent physical frailty there evidently lies concealed a boundless supply of nervous energy." "It is the boyish, smiling, youthful Ford that enters the office," Mr. Benson writes in his biography. "In ten seconds and for no apparent reason, the smile may flit from his face and you behold a man who, from his eyes up, seems as old as the pyramids. Many little wrinkles dart out sidewise from his eyes. The skin is stretched rather tightly over his brow, and on each temple is a little vein resembling a fine corkscrew."

Mr. Benson has testified to the uncertainty of Ford's temper. At the time of Ford's crank campaign against the Jews, Mr. Benson ventured to disagree with him and Ford gave him bound volumes of articles from The Dearborn *Inde-*

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pendent to read. "One evening the subject came up again, and when I expressed the usual dissent, he asked me if I had read the books he gave me. I said that I had read most that they contained. 'Well, read them right away,' he continued, 'and then if you do not agree with me, don't ever come to see me again.' I was so astounded that he should try to bludgeon my opinion in this manner that he may have read my thoughts in my looks. At any rate, we continued talking and in a few minutes he came over to me, placed his hand upon my shoulder and said: 'You can always come to see me any time you want to.'"

Though Ford never contributes to charity and has been outspoken and even violent in his disapproval of it, he sometimes performs erratic acts of kindness. He is said to have given a stove to an old hermit whom he found living in the woods near Dearborn and to have celebrated the birthday of another old man whose threshing-machine he had fixed in his youth by sending one of his tri-motor airplanes to take him out for a ride. And he has protected the birds on his place with a tenderness almost excessive, feeding them in winter, building thousands of bird-houses for them and even on one occasion nailing up his front door so as not to disturb a robin which had nested over it. On the other hand, in his malignant moods, he is capable of overturning his whole organization as if it were a house of blocks which a child suddenly sweeps down in a rage because he thinks that the children with whom he is playing have taken the project out of his hands; and he is ready to fire his oldest and closest associates without a word of explanation or warning. People innocently come back to their offices to discover that their departments have been obliterated and that they themselves are no longer supposed to exist: in certain cases they have found their desks smashed with an ax.

"The upper part of Ford's face," writes Mr. Benson, "is distinctively feminine in type. His eyes, too, at such times, are feminine. I fancy that he has his mother's eyes. His head, from the eyes up, has the nobility and the poise that one associates with a noble woman; a woman who has suffered, endured, and survived—such a woman as Whistler pictured in the etching [*sic*] of 'My Mother.' . . . He was always smiling as he approached and his eyes were looking to the side and toward the floor." Ford is sensitive, evasive, fickle, and rather vain. When there is anything unpleasant to be done, he invariably passes the buck to his subordinates, blaming capricious dismissals on others and becoming completely invisible when it is a question of not being able to keep his promises or of having changed his mind about them—so that persons whom the day before he has received with geniality and enthusiasm may find themselves cooling their heels for weeks in the antechambers of the executive offices with no excuse or explanation. They never see or hear from Ford again. Ford, for all his tenacity and boldness, is full of shrinkings, fears, and suspicions. His crusade against the Jews was apparently inspired by the idea that Jewish bankers were conspiring against him; and when the United States entered the War, he is said to have explained his refusal to let his son Edsel enlist on the ground that sinister influence in Wall Street would be sure to arrange to have him shot in the back. One is told that, when motoring around Detroit, he even refuses to use the toilets of garages for fear it would "put him under obligations" to their owners. His experience under cross-examination at the Chicago *Tribune* libel trial, when he confused Benedict Arnold with Ar-

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nold Bennett and asserted that the War of the Revolution took place in 1812, is said to have inspired him with a mortal terror of ever being called into court again; and his recent fanatical interest in early American historical monuments and relics is plausibly ascribed to a desperate desire to correct the impression produced on that occasion.

The result of all this is that Ford is to-day surrounded by yes-men who live in deadly fear of disagreeing with him. He is protected by a publicity department, one of whose chief duties is to prevent him from making a fool of himself in public. Ford is reported to talk profusely, ramblingly, and disjointedly, and except when dealing with industrial subjects, to make as a rule very little sense. His publicity men, ever mindful of the Peace Ship and the anti-Jewish campaign, have to guard him from interviewers, censor the official interviews which he gives out, and repudiate as unauthentic nonsensical interviews which have slipped out by accident. But Ford's real first lieutenant is his general manager, that man of iron, Charles E. Sorenson, a drastic-minded and hard-boiled Dane who has been with Ford from his very early days and who has been struggling of recent years with the more amiable and civilized Edsel for the control of the Ford business. Sorenson has always been the most feared man at Ford's. It is apparently chiefly through him that the phobias and uncertainties of Ford's own personality which prevail at the top of the organization are carried all the way down the line in a policy of terrorism which puts a premium on military harshness, ruthless penalization by discharge, and deliberate humiliation.

The whole of the Ford plant, in fact, seems stamped with the qualities of its owner as few great industries are. One finds in it a peculiar combination of intensity with cheapness, contemptible meanness with magnificent will, homeliness and bleakness with a sort of serviceable distinction—the reflection of a personality itself a product of the cold wind and the monotony of the flat banks of those northern straits. The great motor plant which has overgrown the little town of Dearborn where Ford was born, truly original creation as it is and wild dream at it would have been to the earlier inhabitants, has in many ways never passed the limitations of that crude and meagre American life. Beside the narrow River Rouge, mutton-jade in February and as dead and insignificant as ditch-water between its willow thickets and dry yellow grass, the brick and concrete offices rise block-shaped and monstrous from the plain like the monuments of some barbarian god or king approached after a journey in the wilderness. Flying the American flag, they present the five-and-ten-cent-store taste of America on a scale almost stupefying. The platitudinous mottoes over the doors on the indispensableness of industry and agriculture, though they are cut in stone, manage to give the impression of having been moulded in cement. Inside, the reception-rooms, where individuals like police-court detectives check up grimly on every one that enters, are equipped with yellow gumwood panels and ugly black white-grained marble windowsills. The offices have rubber-black white-veined linoleum and flypaper-yellow golden oak furniture. They have been built with transparent partitions in order that the "service men," who are set to spy on the white-collar class as well as on the factory hands, can look in and see that no idling or frivolity is going on inside. And these service men and office workers seem themselves to present certain qualities in common, as if Ford had even developed a special race of his own. There is a De-

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troit type which, though lumpish, is robust, which has some of the energy and honesty of Chicagoans. But Ford's subordinates seem to tend to pastiness, baldness, and a disregard in dress for any sort of snappiness or smartness. Some have sharp brown eyes, some are gooseberry-eyed—but they run mostly to pale keen blue eyes like Ford's own, as they brush their hair in the middle like Ford.

Just outside the square steel-and-concrete offices of the engineering laboratory is Ford's extraordinary early-American museum. The principal entrance to this museum, which covers an immense area, is through a complete reproduction of Independence Hall—according to Ford, an improvement on the original because it has the advantage of a concrete foundation—which is, however, only one façade of a whole series of Colonial buildings almost exactly alike, embedded in a kind of brick wall that runs all around the museum and gives the impression of a mass production of Independence Halls carried along like auto bodies on an assembly conveyor.—On a polished hardwood floor in the engineering laboratories, between a collection of antique girandoles and lustres and a glossy, gleaming row of new car models, Ford amuses himself by giving balls for the purpose of reviving the schottische and the polka—occasions at which he personally instructs the new generation of those older pre-automobile Detroit families who twenty or twenty-five years ago were still laughing at him as a yokel and an upstart.

The Ford hospital, though new, manages to revert perfectly to the style of the hideous brick public institutions of half a century ago.

One approaches the plant itself through the used materials and the dead equipment of old projects not yet salvaged—a line of croquet-wickets tracing the disused electrified freight-line of the D. T. & I., a rusty junk-heap of still-tough steel vertebra from old merchant marine hulls bought by Ford from the government after the War. The thawing water-covered road is dull gray-blue like Ford fenders beaten flat, like the eyes of Ford officer-workers. The buildings of the plant have a certain beauty, though still a little on the five-and-ten-cent-store order: black-tipped silver cigarette chimneys above long factories of a pale dull green the color of very thin pea-soup, with large darker rows on rows of little rectangular windows. (The green cement has not been tinted on purpose, that is its natural color: it is salvage from the slag of the blast furnace.) Beyond a flat stretch, yellowish in the distance, cinder-gritty the hither side of tracks, where dark workmen's figures move stolidly coming or going on the afternoon shift, appear the black silo-shaped ovens, white smoke pouring low in front of them, and the angular black cranes and the round silver cylinders of the blast furnace.

And there are parking-places packed dense with dingy dirt-discolored Ford cars. Ford workers are bulldozed into buying these cars on instalments stopped out of their wages, whether they want to or can afford to or not. When it was discovered a few years ago that a certain number possessed cars of other makes, Ford is said to have given orders that they should be parked outside so as not to cause scandal to the company; but when it was reported to him that the row of contraband cars was exciting the derision of the passers-by he gave orders that they should be parked inside again. It is doubtful whether any worker at the present time has had the temerity to buy a Chevrolet: Ford—who said complacently years ago when asked what color he wanted a new model, "I don't care what color you make it so long as it's black!"—is being pressed hard just now

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by Chevrolet, who have succeeded in producing a six-cylinder car for a price almost as low as that of Ford's four and with a smartness which Fords still lack. At any rate, these Fords waiting to-day in the parking-places of the plant have a dismal, unalive look: they seem to have come to work like the workers and to be dumbly enduring their shift. The market for Fords is low, but they have come here so that their owners may make more of them. There are too many of them already, they would be glad to cut down their numbers, if future Fords could be sure of good homes; but their race is controlled by a crazy perpetual-motion process. They have to bring their owners to work in order that the latter may earn money to buy more of the new cars which they are making. The old cars can feel it in their screws that the perpetual-motion process is running down, that in the long run it isn't going to work—that even when they are dead and their bodies are melted up to make the connecting rods and crankshafts of new cars, those new cars may never find any one to keep them. So they wait, hitched, without hope.

It would, of course, be unfair to give the impression that Ford—more or less in the position of a despot though he is—is responsible for all the tragedies and antagonisms of the workings of his organization. He has himself at last found himself at the mercy of the competitive system of which he is part and which has already on several occasions come within an ace of ruining him. Nor are men who submit to the special indignities of Ford's any worse off, so far as one can learn, than those who work for the impersonal General Motors with its piece-work system, by which the worker is continually being stimulated to earn more money by faster work and then robbed of his rewards by a cut in the base rate. Ford has at least had the originality to create a mechanism for making motor-cars cheap and the force of character to compel people to keep it going for him. And he is still able to exercise over the Detroiters, who know the worst about him, a considerable fascination. It is not merely that the ruthless man always awes his more timid fellows: there is also an element of the sportsman in Ford. The memory is still fresh in Detroit among the men who were young when Ford was, of the run of the "999" over the ice of Lake Saint Clair when Ford broke the Vanderbilt record and afterward celebrated his victory with a muskrat dinner on the ice, and he still challenges the national imagination for having broken a number of other records in ways that other people didn't dare or didn't think of. Most important of all, he has kept control of his own business, refused to inflate himself with speculation, refused to allow himself to be absorbed and disintegrated by big business, remained tenaciously, indestructibly himself, a unique personality—whose life is inseparable from that of the thing he is making.

Till Ford's compatriots succeed in producing organizers, statesmen or engineers capable of preventing the periodical impoverishment of the people who work for Ford and their constant breaking-down and brutalization, they cannot complain of the old-fashioned self-made American so ignorant and short-sighted that he still believes any poor boy in America can make good if he only has the gumption and, at a time when thousands of men who have sometimes spent their last nickel to get there are besieging his employment offices for work, can complacently assure the newspapers that "the average man won't really do a day's work unless he is caught and can't get out of it."

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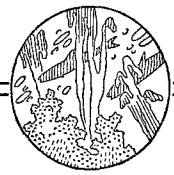

Signals from the Sun

By GEORGE ELLERY HALE

The Honorary Director of Mount Wilson Observatory discusses adventures in the study of the relationship between outbursts on the sun and magnetic storms on earth, shows how wide-spread the interest in astronomy has become, and calls for amateurs to aid in his great project.

BRILLIANT outbursts on the sun have repeatedly heralded intense auroras and terrestrial magnetic storms. These are accompanied by earth currents that sometimes interrupt old-fashioned single-wire telegraph and cable service for hours, while short-wave radio transmission is probably adversely affected at the same time. There are thus many reasons for learning the true relationship between solar and terrestrial phenomena.

Professor Carl Störmer and his associates have studied the aurora for many years. At high-latitude stations in Norway they have taken countless photographs of its streamers, frequently in pairs from the ends of a measured base line. The stereoscopic pictures thus obtained show the aurora hanging in space between the earth and the stars. Using the stars as points of reference, and measuring the displacement of sharp streamers from them, Störmer has determined the distance of the aurora from the earth.

According to Störmer and others, the chief cause of the aurora should be sought in swarms of electrically charged particles, shot out from the sun and deflected by the lines of force of the earth. As every one knows, the earth is a great magnet, with its north magnetic pole near Baffin's Bay and its south magnetic pole somewhere between Australia and the south pole of rotation. Therefore the aurora should be most frequently and brilliantly seen near the regions where the lines of force of the terrestrial magnet converge toward its magnetic poles. In the far north Störmer has shown that the auroral rays descend to levels about 50 miles above the earth, while he has also found auroral curtains as high as 300 miles and diffuse auroras apparently extending up to about 600 miles, near the outermost limit of our atmosphere.

Readers of Doctor F. E. Smith's admirable address on theories of terrestrial magnetism* will recognize why no attempt is made to deal with this complex subject in the present article. Gauss showed long ago that the main origin of terrestrial magnetism is within the earth, while Schuster proved that the cause of its rapid variations must come from without. Its intensity is affected by changes in the sun's radiation, by the number of sun-spots and by other unknown phenomena. The combined effects of these numerous causes are difficult to untangle, and it is always a wise policy not to attempt to describe several problems at once but to fix our attention upon a single one, especially if we have a means of attacking it. For this reason the only question raised here is the prob-

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able source of those violent terrestrial disturbances which are shown both by brilliant auroras and exceptional magnetic storms. If this source lies in the sun, we want to know how it can be detected, what is its nature, and how soon its influence is felt across the gap of 93,000,000 miles between the sun and the earth.

In a previous number of this magazine* I have mentioned the spectrohelioscope, a new instrument for observing the sun in the light of a single element such as hydrogen. Shortly after the first spectrohelioscope had been mounted at my solar laboratory in Pasadena I received a letter from Professor Störmer which contained the following query:

"I have been most fascinated by a remarkable aurora here the 26th January of exceedingly *red* color, like the aurora in 1870. I should like to know from which active part of the sun this aurora was coming."

By a piece of rare good fortune I was able to answer this question with some chance of certainty. On January 24, 1926, while testing my spectrohelioscope (then in the experimental stage) between 11 h. 40 m. and 12 h. 15 m. Pacific Standard Time, I observed a bright eruption near a great sun-spot at about 22° north latitude, which was then close to the central meridian of the sun. Its form changed rapidly and in this and other respects it was evidently an exceptional object. On January 25 another eruption in the same region, the most brilliant and remarkable solar phenomenon I have ever seen, continued throughout the morning and most of the afternoon. In view of the additional evidence given below, it is probable that this eruption marked the source of the discharge that produced both the brilliant aurora described by Störmer and the magnetic storm recorded on January 26 and 27 at Greenwich and elsewhere, notable as the most intense magnetic disturbance that had occurred for five years.

I naturally recalled the simultaneous observations in 1859 by Carrington and Hodgson of "two patches of intensely bright light" that suddenly broke out near the edges of a very large sun-spot, then close to the central meridian of the sun. This brief apparition, unique in the history of solar research, was followed in about seventeen hours by a great magnetic storm and by a gorgeous aurora seen throughout Europe, America and Australia. The solar outburst was observed without spectroscopic aid and seems to have been of unparalleled intensity, apparently sending a shower of particles across to the earth at a velocity of about 1,500 miles per second.

It should be remembered that the solar image observed in 1926 was formed exclusively by the light of hydrogen, though the light of helium and of sodium also showed the brightest parts of the eruption. In other words, what I saw was not a temporary brightening of a portion of the direct solar image, such as Carrington observed, but of certain gases above the white photosphere in the sun's atmosphere. It thus resembled my first experience of this kind on July 15, 1892, when a similar outburst, also followed by a brilliant aurora and a violent magnetic storm on July 16, was photographed in several of its phases with the spectroheliograph of the Kenwood Observatory, Chicago, a few months after this instrument had been perfected and brought into daily use.

As explained in the article cited above, the spectroheliograph, like the spectrohelioscope, produces a monochromatic image of the sun by the light of a single gaseous constituent of the solar atmosphere, in the Kenwood case calcium va-

*"Exploring the Solar Atmosphere," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, July, 1928.

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por. The Kenwood eruption occurred on a "bridge," a narrow dividing-line crossing a large sun-spot, which had appeared at the sun's eastern limb on July 7. On July 15 the spot, carried westward by the solar rotation, was near the central meridian of the sun. As usual, the dark spot was surrounded by glowing calcium, plainly shown in all the photographs of the series.

The first photograph, taken at 11 h. 8 m. (Chicago Mean Time), revealed nothing unusual, except that the "bridge" between the northern and southern parts of the spot was brighter than usual. Twelve minutes later a much brighter cloud of calcium vapor had appeared above the bridge. At its eastern end it turned sharply toward the north and terminated abruptly in a brilliant ball, overlying the northern part of the sun-spot. As the plates were not developed at once we knew nothing of the outburst and the next exposure was not made until 11 h. 47 m. The great eruption, which at that time completely hid the spot from view, extended also to the northwest, covering an area of thousands of millions of square miles. An hour later the red hydrogen line was observed in the spot spectrum, and it was still found to be so bright that the form of the outburst could be well seen in hydrogen light (west of the spot) through the widely opened spectroscope slit. When the next photograph was taken the eruption had disappeared. As neither the form of the spot nor of the comparatively low calcium clouds surrounding it were changed by the disturbance, I believed it to represent an exceptionally brilliant eruption, at a higher level in the solar atmosphere. A violent magnetic storm, as recorded at the Stonyhurst College Observatory and elsewhere, began on July 16, reached an extreme intensity at 7 P. M. (Greenwich Mean Time) on that day, and continued until midnight of July 17. A very brilliant aurora was widely observed in the northern part of the United States the evening of July 16.

The eruption of January 25, 1926, was repeated in the same sun-spot group on February 22, after the expiration of a complete solar rotation had carried it around the sun and to a position 9° west of the central meridian. On this occasion the eruption was not seen visually, but fortunately it was photographed in both hydrogen and calcium light with the spectroheliograph of the Kodaikanal Observatory in India. Several stages of its development, described by Doctor Royds as without a parallel in the Kodaikanal records extending back to 1904, were shown by the photographs.

These outbursts do not stand alone in the annals of astrophysics. Another similar eruption was the remarkable one of September 10, 1908, which lasted nearly four hours and extended across the solar equator, temporarily connecting two large spots in the northern and southern hemispheres. This was very completely recorded by Messrs. Fox and Abetti with the Rumford spectroheliograph of the Yerkes Observatory, and was followed after an interval of about twenty-six hours by an exceptional terrestrial magnetic storm.

The most intense solar eruption ever detected at the Meudon Observatory (near Paris) was photographed by MM. d'Azambuja and Grenat with the red hydrogen line on October 13, 1926. Their most striking photograph probably represents this outburst near its maximum phase, as another taken 2 h. 10 m. earlier showed nothing exceptional, while one made 1 h. 6 m. later revealed only the outstanding parts of the gaseous mass, greatly reduced in brightness. It should be noted that the spot-group in which the eruption occurred was on the central meridian of the sun and that a

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violent magnetic storm took place about thirty-one hours after the solar display. A bright aurora was seen almost simultaneously at Meudon.

In all of these instances, and in several others observed at Mount Wilson and elsewhere, an exceptionally bright eruption, occurring on or near the central meridian of the sun, was followed in from seventeen to thirty-six hours by an intense magnetic storm and a brilliant aurora. As the evidence favors the view that the electrified particles that gave rise to the auroras and magnetic storms were shot from the sun by these eruptions, it is worth while to inquire a little more closely into their nature.

The great flames or prominences visible in the solar atmosphere are of two types, quiescent and eruptive. Quiescent prominences change slowly in form while the eruptive ones often develop suddenly and sometimes shoot to enormous heights at velocities exceeding 200 miles per second. Such prominences are chiefly composed of hydrogen, helium, and calcium, and the first question is whether their outflying atoms could actually reach the earth if fired radially from a point near the centre of the sun.

In order to escape from solar gravitational attraction an atom must move with a velocity of about 380 miles per second. The eruptive prominences do not appear to reach this velocity near the sun, where they sometimes rise to altitudes exceeding half the solar diameter before their expanding gases fade into invisibility. I have often watched their rapid ascent, as they appear in the red light of hydrogen with the spectrohelioscope. The heavens afford no phenomena more spectacular and I can strongly recommend such observations to amateur astronomers.

In an important paper "On the Possibility of the Emission of High-speed Atoms from the Sun and Stars," Milne has shown that just such effects as we apparently observe at their origin in the sun and later in the earth's atmosphere as auroral streamers can be accounted for by radiation pressure. Thirty years ago Nichols and Hull in America and Lebedew in Russia independently succeeded in measuring in the laboratory the minute pressure of radiation produced by the most brilliant light-sources and Nichols pointed out that the tails of comets, which develop as they approach the sun, might be accounted for in this way. Milne, assuming a sudden increase in brightness at or near the sun's surface such as we often observe with the spectrohelioscope, proved that atoms of hydrogen or other gases exposed to its glare must move outward at higher and higher velocities. Soon the radiation pressure should exceed the backward pull of gravity and the expelled gases should fly into space with a velocity of some 1,600 kilometres (1,100 miles) per second. If aimed toward the earth, which may be the case if the radiant source is near the centre of the sun, the flying gases, neutral or positively charged, should penetrate our atmosphere about 26 hours after their emergence from the sun. The positively charged atoms, including those of calcium observed in all solar prominences, should draw after them electrons, giving a cloud with a positively charged head and a negatively charged tail. From laboratory experiments Milne inferred that such a cloud would penetrate the rare upper gases of our atmosphere to a level of about 100 kilometres (60 miles), as observed by Störmer in the aurora. Moreover, Milne's theoretical velocity of transit between the sun and earth is in good agreement with the average interval of nearly 26 hours between the solar outburst and its terrestrial appearance. It thus seems probable that the solar eruptions described in this

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article were the direct sources of the subsequent auroras and magnetic storms.

The fact remains that many brilliant auroras and exceptional magnetic storms cannot be traced back to the sun. This may perhaps be due in some cases to the sudden development and short life of solar eruptions, which often cause them to be missed. The half-dozen spectroheliographs in regular use are not well distributed around the world, and even in clear weather they are rarely employed to make more than a few photographs daily of the solar atmosphere. Fortunately they will soon be supplemented by a large number of spectrohelioscopes, several of which are already in operation.

When I found in 1926 that a powerful spectrohelioscope could be effectively used with a small telescope, I designed an outfit which has been adopted by observatories fairly well distributed around the world. As the spectrohelioscope is 13 feet in length, it must usually be fixed in position, and therefore cannot be employed with small telescopes of the ordinary type, in which the lens and tube are moved by clockwork so as to follow celestial objects across the heavens. In the chosen design the telescope consists merely of a fixed single lens 4 inches in diameter and of 18 feet focal length, with a screw to focus the 2-inch solar image on the slit of the spectrohelioscope. No tube is needed between lens and slit, except for a short distance within the darkened spectrohelioscope house, where it serves to shield the observer's eyes from the sun's glare. A cheap plano-convex lens suffices instead of an achromatic one, because the image seen through the spectrohelioscope is formed by the monochromatic light of the red hydrogen line.

To supply the lens with sunlight, two small silvered plane mirrors are used. One of these (that of the cœlostat) is mounted at an angle equal to the latitude of the site and rotated at a uniform rate by an ordinary (two-dollar) clock movement. The cœlostat can be shifted from north to south, as the sun slowly changes its altitude from summer to winter, so as to reflect the fixed beam of parallel rays to a second plane mirror, which in its turn directs it to the lens that focusses the rays on the slit. The solar image is held stationary by the driving-clock, but two slow-motion rods or cords connected with the second mirror enable the observer to change its position, so as to bring any part of the sun's disk or the region surrounding it into the field of view.

As for the spectrohelioscope itself, a detailed description is unnecessary.* In one of its forms it comprises a vertical oscillating bar, carrying two vertical slits near its extremities. The white light from a portion of the solar image given by the cœlostat and lens passes through the upper slit, diverges to fill a 3-inch concave mirror 13 feet away, and is returned as a parallel beam to the optically plane surface of a diffraction grating, a highly polished plate of speculum metal, on which about 50,000 lines are accurately ruled at the rate of nearly 15,000 per inch. This grating forms a series of spectra, the brightest of which is directed to a second 3-inch concave mirror, mounted below the first one. The focus of this mirror is on the lower oscillating slit, where an image of the red hydrogen line (Hα) is formed. The adjustments are such that when the first slit moves to the right the hydrogen line moves to the left at exactly the same rate as the second slit, through which the observer looks with an eyepiece of low power. As the slits are oscillated rapidly back and forth by a small electric motor, the result is to exclude from the eye all light except that

*See "The Spectrohelioscope and Its Work," *Astrophysical Journal*, December, 1929, and March, 1930.

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of the red line of hydrogen, which produces a persistent image of a part of the solar atmosphere. Thus hydrogen flames extending beyond the sun's edge or projected against the brilliant disk as bright or dark flocculi, quiescent or eruptive, can be perfectly seen.

An attachment for shifting the position of the hydrogen line with reference to the slit during observation permits the motions of the gas toward or from the earth to be instantly detected and measured. For this reason the rapidly changing phenomena of solar eruptions can be more effectively analyzed with the spectrohelioscope than with the spectroheliograph. As an accurate recording instrument, however, the latter instrument remains unrivalled, in spite of its slower action. In my solar laboratory in Pasadena both instruments are used in conjunction with a powerful spectroscope, which is necessary for the visual or photographic study of magnetic fields in sun-spots and the general magnetic field of the sun. Another excellent form of spectrohelioscope has fixed instead of oscillating slits, with a pair of prisms, square in cross-section, revolving before them. This ingenious device of Anderson's is generally preferable to oscillating slits.

It is easy to imagine a chain of spectrohelioscopes in use. At any particular observatory the sun may not be visible when an important eruption begins, either because of clouds or because it occurs after sunset, which comes early in the winter at high northern latitudes. Moreover, the observer usually has other duties and cannot be always on the watch. A co-operative plan, in which many instruments are employed, is therefore essential.

Suppose the observer at Greenwich, where one of our standard outfits is mounted, notices the beginning of an eruption not long before sunset on a winter's afternoon. Night may have fallen at stations to the east, while to the west the Atlantic imposes a wide barrier. In the United States, however, the sun stands high in the heavens, and unless cloudy weather prevents, the phenomenon may be followed by one or more of the dozen spectrohelioscopes between New York and California. Then comes another break, but this is already partly bridged by spectrohelioscopes in Samoa, New Zealand and Australia. An outfit recently tested by us for the Pasadena manufacturers has been sent to the National Institute of Astronomy at Nanking, China. The spectroheliograph at the Kodaikanal Observatory in India will soon be supplemented by a spectrohelioscope, and two of these instruments will probably be built and used by Indian astronomers in Madras. Beyond them are already mounted the spectrohelioscopes at Beirut, Syria, and at the Arcetri Observatory overlooking Florence. Another has been ordered for use at the Observatory of the Polytechnic School in Zürich, and two or three others will soon be erected in England. In spite of clouds, if these instruments can be used in co-operation, and supplemented by additional outfits in the hands of astronomers at such intermediate longitudes as Brazil, Hawaii, Persia and Greece, few important solar outbursts should be missed.

Excepting the grating, for which no completely satisfactory substitute has yet been found, cœlostat telescopes and spectrohelioscopes like those mounted at the widely distributed stations just mentioned can be constructed by amateurs. Chiefly through the initiative and enthusiasm of Russell W. Porter, now of the California Institute of Technology, and Albert G. Ingalls, astronomical editor of *The Scientific American,* hundreds of American amateurs have built equatorial reflecting telescopes during

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the last few years. Most of these are of much larger aperture than the cœlostat telescope required for the spectrohelioscope, but they are not suitable in design for use with this instrument. I therefore hope that some of these amateurs will also decide to build cœlostat telescopes and spectrohelioscopes, and join in our co-operative project, which offers so many opportunities for new and attractive work. For those who prefer still simpler instruments I am designing a smaller cœlostat telescope and a single prism spectroheliograph, which can be easily built without the aid of machine tools, at very little expense and will photograph with calcium light eruptions on the sun's disk like those described in this article. In spite of its small dimensions and easy construction, this outfit will thus serve for new work of investigation, valuable from several points of view.

In the account of his classic observation of 1859 and the accompanying magnetic storm Carrington prudently remarked that "one swallow does not make a summer." It is natural to ask, even after examining the striking coincidences mentioned in this paper, whether a dozen swallows will suffice. Any one who has observed eruptive prominences at the sun's circumference can understand why some of them, wherever situated on the disk, might never hit the earth. Active sun-spots are often surrounded by eruptive regions, which shoot out rocket-like jets from time to time. These brilliant pets, which make various angles with the surface, usually describe curved arcs and fall back upon the sun, though some of them may perhaps escape. Eruptions of another class may have a better chance. These seem to rise nearly vertically, and if one occurred at a favorable point on the disk, and attained such a velocity as Milne has computed, some of its gases might reach the earth. However, the horizontal acceleration discussed by Pike, which may result in a rapid dispersal of upward-moving clouds, must not be overlooked. Moreover, the fact that violent magnetic storms sometimes take place when no prior indication of such an event is afforded by any available solar observations, lends further zest to the problem.

Whatever doubts may still exist, there can be no question as to the reality of a close relationship between certain solar and terrestrial phenomena. Although the electromagnetic influence of the magnetic fields always found in sun-spots cannot reach the earth, it has been known for half a century that the average intensity of the earth's magnetism fluctuates in close correspondence with the average number of sun-spots. It is also true that when a very large spot is near the centre of the sun there is likely to be an intense terrestrial magnetic storm, but equally large spots occasionally cross the disk without producing any such effect. The activity of a spot, usually accompanied by rapid changes in size or form, is an important test of its influence, and this activity is often indicated by eruptions of the type described in this article. Observations of the hydrogen or calcium atmosphere about active sun-spots, or in other disturbed regions of the sun, are therefore among our most promising means of revealing the probable source of auroras and magnetic storms. But our limited knowledge of the cause of solar eruptions, the persistence of a feeble aurora visible spectroscopically at all times, and the recurrence of magnetic storms at 27-day intervals, even after the disappearance of the large spots that may have marked their first outbreak, indicate the need of further investigations, in which amateur observers may play an active part.

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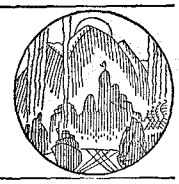
STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in American life to-day



Glorifying the Criminal

By MALCOLM LOGAN

For the dirty little coward
That shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

As the refrain of this ballad commemorating the death of Jesse James testifies, hero-worship of glamorous criminals is nothing new. The larcenous Robin Hood and the homicidal Billy the Kid are minor national heroes; which would seem to indicate that under our civilized epidermis there is an antisocial fellow with a grudge against law and order who applauds those who have the courage of their lawless convictions—so long as they practise those convictions on others.

This fascination which evil-doers exercise upon us may be an emotional safety-valve. We sin vicariously when we read of their exploits in the newspapers; and when they have been tried and condemned, both our civilized sense of justice and our barbaric protest against the restraint of government are satisfied. They are our scapegoats and through them we are purified.

The flaw in this excellent system of purgation is that after we have found a satisfactory criminal hero we are obliged to abolish him through the agency of the gallows or the electric chair. Our leisurely system of justice, it is true, enables him to hold the stage for a considerable time before he eats that final dinner, the menu of which is detailed in all the newspapers, and is executed. Even so, the supply of persons properly qualified for our veneration does not equal the demand. In this sweet land of superlatives we insist on having supercriminals, and they exist only in detective stories.

As soon as a criminal is arrested, he is something less than a superman, and it becomes necessary to inflate him artificially to heroic stature. In much the same way that a journeyman prize-fighter like Tom Heeney is "built up" as a logical contender for the heavyweight championship, our supercriminal is fashioned by newspaper ballyhoo from the ordinary stickup men or the gangster. There must of course be some basis for his reputation, at least one gaudy crime or sensational prison break. But once he has his reputation, he need never do anything more to justify it. Innumerable crimes of which he is entirely innocent will be credited to him until he is regarded as a local or even a national menace.

The newspapers, attempting to keep a good crime story alive by connecting some well-known criminal with it, are not wholly responsible. The police often complain of the publicity given criminals, but they are just as often quite willing to blame some felony which they cannot solve upon whatever criminal is at the moment the reigning mastermind of his city. They know that eventually he will be arrested, for his finger-prints and portrait adorn the files of the Bureau of Identification; and when he is arrested, they will be able to point with pride to all the crimes his arrest has solved. The fact that his connection with most if not all of these jobs is imaginary will seldom become public knowledge. But it is nevertheless true that there are few of these arch-criminals who can survive a painstaking inquiry into their records.

The last nationally celebrated professional criminal—leaving gangsters aside for the moment—was Gerald Chapman. He was generally accepted as a very bad man indeed, and his various crimes, escapes and trials were recorded at great length in the press of the entire country. His claim to greatness was considerably more valid than those of his many rivals. As far as the public was concerned he sprang full panoplied from head-lines announcing that on the evening of October 24, 1921, three men had robbed a mail-truck in down-town New York of $1,500,000 worth of

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registered mail. When he was arrested, because he spent too much of his time and profits along Broadway, he became a person of national prominence.

Chapman was a difficult man to keep behind bars. He served six months of his twenty-five years' sentence in Atlanta and then escaped. Wounded and recaptured in Athens, Ga., he was placed under guard but escaped with no apparent difficulty when he was well enough to walk. Soon afterward, on Christmas Eve, his friend and accomplice in the mail robbery, Dutch Anderson, followed him out of Atlanta.

It was some time before Chapman was caught and during that time he acquired a reputation which disconcerted even him. Hardly an important robbery occurred in that period anywhere in the country but the witnesses would solemnly identify Chapman as one of the bandits. One can hardly blame him for being a little bitter about it, because twelve men believed one of these identifications and found him guilty of the murder of a policeman in New Britain who interrupted a burglary. So the greatest supercriminal of his time left the stage via the improved gallows of the State of Connecticut.

Chapman was undeniably dramatic, and part of this drama, which he never neglected to cultivate, lay in the mystery of his past. He never opened his lips about that past, for if he had he would have dispelled the Chapman myth, and he was probably proud of it, even though it eventually betrayed him. He was not always the complete, polished, cool criminal that he appeared to the public. He had changed his name, in the casual way our less respectable citizens have, just before the mail robbery which made him famous. Under his real name he served his apprenticeship, and under this name his record is that of a small-time crook, an undistinguished odd-job man of crime.

It begins with two sentences to the workhouse in New York. Graduating from misdemeanor to felony, he was twice convicted of burglary and was sentenced first to three and a half and again to ten years in Sing Sing. Paroled after serving seven years of the second sentence, he was picked up in a few months for violating his parole and was promoted to Auburn Prison, where the old offenders go. It was there that he met Anderson and Charles Lambert and there is reason to believe that they and not he conceived the idea of the mail robbery.

From the time he took up crime as a career until he died with the world reading his last words, he spent considerably more time in prison than out of it. Even after he achieved success in his chosen profession he retained a taint of mediocrity. He was condemned to death principally on the testimony of an accomplice in the New Britain burglary and murder; and his confederate was not a professional burglar, but a small-town ne'er-do-well. Chapman's error in choosing such a partner was fatal not only to him but to his pretensions to pre-eminence.

Since Chapman no professional criminal of his type has arisen to fill his place. There have been felons who have achieved brief local celebrity, most of them on more tenuous claims than Chapman's; but none has aroused the apprehension and imagination of the whole country. The most ridiculous impostor I can recall was one Bum Rodgers, who by the purely artificial methods of newspaper publicity once became the reigning mastermind of New York.

His celebrity began when, as he was being taken back to prison after testifying in court, a friend knocked out his guard and he escaped. Though this unknown rescuer did all the work, Rodgers got all the credit for it and the newspapers began exploiting him as another Chapman. At least half a dozen important holdups were attributed to him.

Finally the police located him in a Harlem flat. A huge company of them descended upon him. They surrounded the block, stationing themselves on the roofs of near-by houses, in the hallways, on the fire-escape and on a near-by elevated structure. When all were at their posts, a frontal attack was made from the hall. But when the detectives burst in the door they found no desperado ready to sell his life dearly. Asleep in bed they found an emaciated little man with a heavy growth of beard, a little man very much afraid that in the excitement some nervous detective would start shooting. When they dressed him to take him to the police station, they found that his tangible assets consisted of one cent and a collar-button.

It developed later that while police visualized him robbing mail-trucks in New Jersey and pay-rolls in New York he had been afraid to venture out except at night and then disguised with horn-rimmed spectacles. If he committed any crimes during his uneasy freedom, they were never proven, and his state of bankruptcy indicated that he had not. The multifarious charges made through the newspapers were reduced to one of violating the

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Sullivan Law, the New York statute which prohibits persons from carrying firearms and seems to prevent every one but the criminals from doing so. And even so there were unkind suspicions that the revolver found under his pillow had been obligingly carried in by one of his army of captors. Yet, so hard do myths die, when Rodgers a few months ago ended his prison sentence by committing suicide, all the fabulous tales about him were repeated in his newspaper obituaries.

Of recent years the newspapers, the literati, and the movies have been exploiting the gangster as a figure of romance. The name of Mr. Scarface Alphonse Capone, of Chicago, Florida, and Holmesburg County Prison, Philadelphia, is as familiar as that of Herbert Hoover or Henry Ford. We have read so much about gangsters that we need no glossary to interpret for us such words as "pineapple" and "racket" and such juicy phrases as "muscle in" and "put on the spot."

The same objection cannot be brought against the gangsters that I have made against the individualists of crime. Mr. Capone is a very successful man. He has amassed several millions, and he has lived to thirty-three, which is a ripe old age for a person in such a hazardous occupation. Although he is supposed to have killed or ordered the death of fifty men or so, he has so completely eluded the police that when he was arrested in New York on suspicion of murder in 1925, the Chicago police, asked for his record, wired succinctly, "No record."

It is precisely because he is so successful that he is unromantic. There is glamour in a man who single-handed defies the law. But the gangster, who buys the police and the courts, is playing with marked cards, with the odds so palpably in his favor that one's sporting instincts are affronted by him. Mr. Capone is a business man first and foremost. Not long ago it was reported that he and Mr. George Bugs Moran, another of Chicago's "public enemies," had effected a merger in the interest of peace, harmony and bigger dividends. Some day they may be sued as a combination in restraint of trade, which will certainly rob them of the last vestige of romance that attaches to their illegal enterprises.

Nevertheless, literature, the press, and the movies have tried hard to glorify the gangsters. Some months ago I read a supposedly realistic story of two gangsters who were taken for one of those one-way rides. At one point in the expedition, the automobile was stopped by traffic beside a policeman. Common sense would seem to indicate an attempt to escape, but the victims did not call for help. That, according to the author, would have violated the etiquette of gangdom. Doubtless if they had escaped by such a deplorable breach of manners, their friends would have snubbed them. So they went to their death punctiliously, *sans peur et sans reproche,* consoled by the admiration their deportment aroused in their executioners.

An analogous situation occurred later, but this was in life, not fiction, and the dénouement was quite different. Two men took an enemy for a ride and made him drive the car. He ran into a police booth and his abductors were arrested.

This, I submit, is more credible, not because it really happened but because it conforms to the ways of criminals. There is a deplorable lack of manners, not to speak of honor, among thieves. Most of them, I fear, would rather live ingloriously than die in the noblest manner imaginable.

Part of the myth of etiquette in gangdom is based on the fact that a gangster wounded by an enemy will not tattle to the police. This, however, is dictated by common sense and self-preservation. Gang justice is more efficacious than that administered by our legally qualified agencies. And a gangster who starts talking will involve himself as well as his enemies.

Criminals have more sense than to trust each other, and when they do the results are usually fatal. Dion O'Bannion, the florist-gangster of Chicago, was killed when he shook hands with a friend and found that hand imprisoned while another friend shot him. When any group of criminals who have no political protection is arrested, one of them is certain to save himself by turning State's evidence.

Gangsters are not brave. They lack imagination, for no one possessed of it would enter a profession in which the life expectancy is about twenty-eight years. But they are not brave, for they know their killings will not be punished by the law and they believe with most men that no matter who dies, they will survive.

"Gangsters are just plain rats," said the Police Commissioner of New York to a newspaper man. "They aren't the brave, dangerous fellows you make them out to be. Why, with that cane you could chase twenty of them out of this room."

An exaggeration, perhaps, but founded upon truth.

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Mr. Capone, alive at thirty-three, appears to flourish like the green bay-tree, but he is a remarkable exception in gangdom. There are few surviving of the men high in his world when he left the Five Points section of Brooklyn, the breeding-place of Leftie Louie and Gyp the Blood, to go to Chicago a decade ago to become Johnnie Torrio's bodyguard. O'Bannion, the Genna brothers, the O'Donnells, Hymie Weiss, Vincent the Schemer Drucci—these and scores of lesser ones enjoyed their prosperity for a very short time. Mr. Capone himself, harassed in Florida and afraid to return to Chicago to live, says, "Once in, there's *no* out." No out, except in a flower-laden coffin followed by aldermen, ward bosses, judges and assistant State's attorneys. The New York police, who used to advertise that "You can't win," would seem to be right.

No, criminals are stupid, not heroic. It is a long way from Jimmy Valentine, opening a safe with sandpapered fingers, to the modern safe-crackers equipped with electric drill, acetylene torch and "can-opener." But it is even farther from Billy the Kid to Mr. Capone, riding in an armored limousine, accompanied everywhere by bodyguards. The old-fashioned bad man, if we can believe his biographers, gave his victim a chance to draw, and beat him by superior artistry in gun-play. The killer of to-day drives up on an unsuspecting enemy in a car equipped with bullet-proof glass and kills him with a sub-machine-gun. If this is romantic, the word needs redefinition.

Indeed, the reality is so far removed from the legend that it is enough to shake one's faith in all glorified criminals. But fiction is so much hardier than fact that twenty years from now Mr. Capone will probably be firmly established as a glamorous and gallant fellow. Can it be also that the lawless heroes of my youth were just as fabulous?

Babbitt Cracks

By J. GEORGE FREDERICK

I HAVE known Frank for twenty-five years, and until two months ago he stood in my mind for the clear personification of Babbitt, whom Sinclair Lewis made into an American prototype in his famous novel. But now my "Babbitt" has cracked; friend Frank has been a rather sick man mentally for some months, and perilously near a personality break-down. The depression cracked him: he will never be a Babbitt again; and at fifty-six years of age such a transition is very painful. But the coming of age of my Babbitt, I feel certain, has been duplicated among countless other Babbitts throughout the country during the past year, and I suspect that the event has a deep American significance.

Frank has always been a salesman, with the salesman's temperament, even though for many years he has been a sales executive, and has usually been an officer in the corporations he has served. Talk has made him important in business, and talk has endeared him to his friends.

He is a great executive, a born leader of men, and his mind is alive. He is far above the common run of men. He knows many of the most able men of the country. Presidents of the United States have consulted with him. He is the business equivalent of Light Horse Harry Lee or Phil Sheridan or Mad Anthony Wayne, because it has always been his task to go out into the field and create business while other executives sat at their desks. He has been in every nook and cranny of this country, and he has gone to South America to sell. He personally it has been who has had to meet face to face indifference, competition, bribery, prejudice, ignorance and discourtesy. It was he who has had to educate people to see the advantages of what he had to offer. Many years ago he sold typewriters, and he once told me that a business man indignantly showed him the door because of the suggestions that the firm use a typewriter for its correspondence. "Ridiculous idea! My customers would consider it an insult!" proclaimed this business

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man of the early nineties. We are prone to forget that the salesman is, more often than not, distinctly a missionary of progress.

While his superiors sat behind their mahogany desks dictating "pep" letters to him, Frank was sweltering in the South or freezing in the North trying to pry open the oyster-like minds of retailers. I recall his telling of a blizzard which hit Chicago one year. All other salesmen in town wrote reports to their home offices that it was impossible to get about on that day—but Frank bought a pair of rubber boots and waded out with his sample case, in snow three feet deep, for to his alert mind it was plain that this was the very day when his prospects would find plenty of time to listen to him.

You recognize Frank by this time. Bear in mind that for twenty years he had been graduated from the "road" and was now a top executive, even though still by instinct a salesman. Also bear in mind that by very virtue of this he was progressive; he was a born propagandist for new ideas and change; and that within his limits he could think. He was forever flaying the super-conservatives of business, and he was in his absolute prime when he was telling a group of stubborn, reactionary business men what he thought of them, and, what is more, telling them constructively what they ought to do.

He was a booster; preaching and exhorting were ends in themselves to him. He tilted against his opponents because tilting was his business, his profession. He did not go very deep in his thinking. He "sold" ideas as he sold shoes or chemicals or wood. They were commodities, not living convictions. He changed his ideas as often as he changed the commodity he was selling; and as he shifted to another industry about once every two or three years, there was obviously in him no very deep-lying intellectual stability. More than once he stirred us up by his intense arguments to undertake certain developments or reforms in business, and then a few months later was quite cool to his own cause. He had plenty of physical and moral staying power, but not very much mental staying power. An idea was something to acquire instantaneously, or ready-made, and then use for political leverage. He had little patience with analysis or theory or intellectuality. Action was holy; thought was a wastrel. There was considerable of the "show off" in him, but his admirable basic character held it in some check.

The first shock to Frank's Babbitt-like self-complacency came ten years ago. Salesman-like, he had stamped up and down the country raging against the wide-spread result of the 1921 depression, namely "hand-to-mouth buying" on the part of nearly all buyers, retail, wholesale and consumer. A few of us cornered him one evening and told him that we believed his hated object of attack was really a blessing and should and would be adopted as a permanent policy. Frank went into action with a mighty salvo of argument. "If hand-to-mouth buying is sound, I'll roll a peanut from Times Square to the Battery with a teaspoon!" he roared, with his usual hyperbole. "It's a four-wheel brake on economic progress, and a petty, penny-shaving system that will raise costs to everybody. I heard of a salesman who called on a dealer the other day and came away with an order for *a twelfth of a dozen!* You're promoting the biggest fallacy we've seen since free silver!"

"Take your choice," we answered him; "either a solvent retailer and hand-to-mouth buying, or constantly bankrupt retailers oversold by salesmen. The trouble with you is that you're a salesman from toe to crown, and you can see only one side. All your life you've been overloading retailers with goods by overselling, and at the same time cursing them for being inefficient. Now when they're waking up and deciding that they, and not you, will decide what they shall buy, you are annoyed."

Frank fought back with great vigor for a whole year. Again and again the subject came up. Finally the leaders of business admitted the truth as we had put it up to Frank, and today it is accepted as sound economics. Frank never quite recovered from that. It ran counter to his salesman's soul; but he accepts it now without argument. There was a tiny crack opened in his Babbittism.

The next blow was a more serious one. A group of us one day actually dared to attack current ideas of salesmanship—attack the very basis of salesmanship, in fact. Now Frank had heard far-off reverberations of such ideas, but they came from what he roughly called "radicals." Falling from the lips of fellow business men, the idea stirred him to great excitement. We told him that high-pressure selling was a delusion and a snare. We told him that there were too many salesmen. We told him that salesmen were declining in importance. We told him that the standards and precepts of salesmanship in use for the past twenty-five years needed almost complete revision. We told him that current methods and

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ideas of salesmanship were the real cause of the high cost of distribution.

Frank nearly cracked his voice that night, and he went away rather exhausted. We kept up the fight, and even arranged a public debate on the question—the first ever held on such a subject by any business group. To Frank's consternation, many of the important men whose minds he respected sided with us. It was a very notable clash between the old and the new minds in business. Frank just could not recover from such an undermining of his life-long profession and habitual point of view. Again and again in the year following, he heard very prominent men in business condemn high-pressure selling. "An outworn, unsound thing," they said of it. Frank reeled under the confusion of ideas he suffered, for selling at high-tension had been the very stuff of his philosophy of life. We found him thereafter very cautious, and much less cocksure, but we could see that it was against the very grain of his character. It was quite as if a doctor, who had given his life to medicine, were told that his profession was unsound, unnecessary and must be radically altered.

Then came the depression of 1929–1930, and with it Frank's character-crisis.

During the first few months of the depression, Frank did as he had always done at such times. He preached optimism. He was sure business would be "as usual" in a short time; "just a flurry among the fools in Wall Street," he said, lightly. He was even willing to go further and concede that Wall Street had applied too much "high-pressure salesmanship." He met with many other big business men—not excluding our President—and decided that a little of the old-time spirit of "zowie," or "all-together-now-boys—*pull!*" would lift the car of prosperity out of the ditch in short order. "Go out and spend!" he told everybody; "this thing will blow over like a summer rain storm." And he was consistent. I was present when he read his wife a lecture on discovering that she was holding off buying the coat she wanted. He literally commanded her to go to a good store and buy the coat she would buy if times were normal.

But the clouds deepened day by day. Pessimistic news multiplied. Many of his and my own mutual acquaintances were suddenly dropped from their jobs. Two of these men (each of whom had had a salary of over fifteen thousand dollars a year for many years), after failing to make a connection after several months of searching, lost their nerve and confidentially admitted that they were in a bad fix financially. They were men, like Frank, over fifty, and they went to pieces emotionally in our presence. They feared that they were finished and could not "come back" (in which fear they were right).

Frank read them an indignant lecture on "showing the white feather," and secured one of them a job of sorts. But knowing Frank as well as I did, I saw in his eyes, even while he was chastising these men for weakening under pressure, a ghost of the same fear. It was then that I realized for the first time that Frank might himself crack. The depression went on and on, and Frank became visibly more neurotic. He exploded vehemently at a trade-paper publisher who was printing a good deal of the oncoming tide of bad news. "You're a public menace!" Frank shouted at him. "You're like 'Typhoid Mary'; you are using your columns to spread pessimism instead of doing your share to boost and push."

"I'm trained as an engineer, not as a salesman," replied this publisher, icily, "and I don't believe in feeding people pap. Truth is what I'll print, and nothing else." Frank fumed and argued, and the upshot of the matter was that our business group invited a very competent analyst and research man to address us. This man had courage and he soundly trounced those business men who think they can sweep back with a broom the sea of pessimistic fact, and make believe that water is not wet. "If there had been enough business men early in 1929 who were willing to look at pessimistic facts as well as optimistic ones, there might have been no need for the depression," said this analyst. "Some of you men right in this room brushed aside impatiently facts which I placed before you in March and April, 1929, and called me a timid old man seeing ghosts. Are you children or are you adults? If you are adults, then recognize that all facts are not optimistic facts, and that intelligence consists precisely in scrutinizing pessimistic facts even more closely than optimistic ones."

A few days later Frank invited a few of us to lunch with him, and at once on entering the club dining-room I noticed a change in him. The old air of cock-sureness was gone. Always open and direct, Frank told us his condition. "I'm telling you, I'm scared," he said. "What's happening to us in this country? My old stuff doesn't work, and my whole point of view seems to be a total loss. I'm being turned into a pessimist against my will, and I can't stand it, boys; *I can't stand it!*" We stared at his agitation. And then he told of

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the increasing tide of trouble in his own field, with not a favorable sign as large as a man's hand on the horizon. He told of the individual suffering and poverty he was encountering everywhere. "Even when I go home, there's a knock on the door Saturday afternoon, and I hear some one tell the wife that the neighbors are making up a package of clothing and food for Harry, who mows our lawn in summer; his family hasn't had decent food to eat for weeks. Then Sunday morning the telephone rings and I hear that Jim Farquar, who lives near by, has just jumped from a hotel room in New York and that his body is being brought home. Jim Farquar—with whom I've played golf for six years and who, I thought, was sitting pretty in business! He'd been cleaned out, and I guess he figured that his family would at least have his insurance for a small fortune, since he couldn't keep up the payments. Even these apple-sellers get my goat. Look at them! Men who have no business selling anything for a nickel—men who have made good money and are trained men. Ask 'em, like I have! I talk to every one I see and get his story, and my stenographers are sick of the apples I bring in. On this corner stands a man who is an expert watchmaker; on the other corner is a chap who tells me he used to design skyscrapers. Selling apples now! God in heaven! Look at this—" and Frank whipped out of his pocket a cartoon. It showed a huge forty-ton electric crane lifting—*an apple! "Look at that!"* he cried, dramatically. "That's what industry in this country has come to; that's all it seems good for. What are we, anyhow, a bunch of kids playing with dynamos?" Frank's eyes glared with a fierce scorn.

We tried to calm him down.

"Listen," he said—and up came that forefinger, oscillating in the same old way. "Don't give me any more optimistic pap. Don't try to still the crying infant with a bottle of patent soothing syrup. It's pessimism I've got to face. . . . Where are our leaders? What's the matter with our bankers? What's everybody sitting around like undertakers for?" . . . Frank was winding up to a nervous crisis, that was plain.

Later we learned the immediate cause for his scare. His work of four years in a certain industry was crashing. All the progress he had won was lost; a decision was made scrapping the whole enterprise and creating a new merger, with Frank outside. It was a hard blow. He had not told us at the luncheon because it was not yet official.

Two days later his associate telephoned me that Frank was alarming him by his moodiness and suggested that I drop in. I found that Frank was defying his doctors, who had told him he must take a rest, and that he had some serious symptoms. I finally persuaded him that he should go south for a month or two. Oddly enough he became more cheerful once the decision was made.

"George," he said, as we were driving in a taxicab to the station, "if I live through this, I'm going to quit business."

"Why?" I asked.

"You can't teach an old dog like me new tricks," replied Frank, ominously. "I'll never be anything but an optimist and a booster, and I'm going down with flags flying. I belong to the old order of business—the before-the-depression order. I was modern in 1928—I'm a has-been now."

"Nonsense!" I said.

"You'll agree with me some time," he insisted. "You're younger than I am. You're going to see a completely new kind of a day in business come in the next ten years, and a new type of business man. I can't be part of it. I can't sing the tune, but I can guess at the words. There is going to be still larger-sized business. There is going to be a national economic planning board and there is going to be more regulation, both by organized groups and by government. There's going to be a lot of things. I'm a Babbitt and I know it; we work on hunches and enthusiasms and high-pressure salesmanship—that's the only way we know how to work. But I've cracked under the strain—because I've got brains enough left to see that I'm *passé*. And let me say flatly I wouldn't like business under the new order. It's going to be too much of an engineering proposition, under too close confines and regulation. I don't think Carnegie, or Phil Armour or old J. P. Morgan would like it either. This depression has cut the necks of a lot of old geese like myself, and we and our squawking are done for. . . . But I've had a hell of a lot of fun! I hope those who come after the deluge will have as much!"

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A Voice from the Pews

By EDWARD CLARK LUKENS

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and a layman who undertakes to comment upon affairs of religion is perhaps carrying a belief in the value of non-expert opinion to the point of recklessness. Yet there is no other subject upon which the viewpoint of the usually silent layman is more needed. The mind of the expert in any field is often too much conditioned by his own occupation. A considerable ignorance of the details of theology need not prevent one from seeing the larger issues. In my opinion the majority of the ministers fail to see them.

I write as a friend of religion. My criticisms of the churches are from within the family. I am in sympathy with the basic purposes of the Protestant churches and hold membership in one of them. This is relevant, because the attacks of a person who disbelieves in religion or who is hostile to the purposes of the Christian church stand on an entirely different footing from the criticisms of one who favors these purposes but fears that the churches are in peril of failing in the accomplishment of them.

What are, or should be, the purposes of the churches? Let us risk affirming the obvious by stating some foundation points. The primary function of the church is to convince people of the truth and of the importance of religion. All else, however important, is incidental to the main purpose. Of course the church, and each particular church, must necessarily teach what it regards as a true interpretation of religion, but the more it emphasizes the particular brand, the more likely it is to depart from the essential foundation.

It is almost axiomatic that the human race possesses a desire for some sort of religion, some higher Being to worship and some philosophy regarding the mysteries of life and death. It is paradoxical but equally self-evident that the human mind has the utmost difficulty in wholly believing any supernatural hypothesis that it may conceive. Whether from mental limitation or from spiritual depravity, the race finds it difficult to believe wholly and confidently in any non-materialistic explanation of life and of the universe. Thus we find mankind, continually aspiring, speculating and hoping, but always inclined toward doubting.

The most important question within the realm of human thought is whether religion is reality and truth or superstition and untruth. I mean religion in general, any religious interpretation of life as contrasted with a mechanistic view of the universe. The most vital problem ever grappled with by human mind is whether we are made in the divine image or are mere walking chemical compounds. Neither by scientific research nor by process of logic can either hypothesis be proved. Each man must make his own best guess on the inherent probabilities, and the inferences to be drawn from human experience as reflected by his own background and temperament.

This is the real battle-ground of religion, the one real religious question, beside which all other questions of religion fade into relative insignificance. Does the whole structure stand or fall? If it stands, the details are of some importance, but still only details. If it falls, they are utterly meaningless.

The dangers to a religious interpretation of life are two: first, indifference to the whole question, and, second, the materialistic answer to the question. The first can be ascribed either to a belief that the solution is so far beyond the possibility of human knowledge that the problem had better be let alone, or to a dull incuriosity about anything but the obvious. The second is much more common than the active proponents of religion seem to realize.

What are the churches doing on this question? Most of the Christian ministers seem not to realize that it exists. The few exceptions—men like Fosdick—are fighting with little support. The rest blindly take for granted the main question and work upon the superstructure without knowing whether any foundation is beneath. The fact is that the religious questions that trouble the ministers are almost wholly a different set from those that trouble the laymen, and the latter are of the greater importance. Am I exaggerating? Is it not a

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fact that practically all modern writers in philosophy take it for granted, not even troubling to argue, that only a non-religious philosophy is possible to an intelligent man? Why do not the ministers of religion give them battle? Can philosophy and religion go their separate ways without clashing? Do only the laymen see that there cannot be two right answers to the same question?

What of the doctrine or argument that the universe is so vast that a personal relationship between God and man is preposterous? Does the news of the discovery of a planet forty-five times as far distant from the sun as the earth make it more difficult to believe that the inhabitants of the earth are individually cherished by their Maker? I am not saying that this line of thought is unanswerable, but I do say that it is essential to the survival of religion that it be answered. If this argument is valid, its effect upon religion is annihilating. If it is invalid, it is the most dangerous "heresy" that the Christian church has ever faced.

It is not that the churches' answer is weighed and found wanting, but rather that it is hardly heard at all. For some reason the church does not seem to regard this as an important issue. While the lay mind is baffled with the size of the universe and the apparent insignificance of humanity, the clerical mind concerns itself with other problems. Its conception of important matters of belief embraces such questions as the doctrine of the atonement, the concept of the Trinity, the theory of Apostolic Succession. Few laymen understand these questions and few regard them as important or even interesting.

It is not that such questions are absolutely unimportant, but they are relatively of no importance to the person whose real question is: Is the whole business true? Why bother with the minor controversies when the one enormous heresy, that God is a product of the human imagination and all religion is mere mythology, is rampant?

One trouble probably is that ministers assume that the main questions can be taken for granted. They think that their congregations already believe in a personal God, in immortality, in the essentials of Christianity—else why would they be listening?—and that they can therefore leave foundations behind and go into further refinements. They assume that because a person has once joined a church, or because he regularly or occasionally attends one, his beliefs are fixed. Ministers are perhaps not in a position to know that this assumption is unwarranted. People are not always frank with them. It is hardly courteous to express doubts as to the validity of the thing to which they are devoting their lives. But any one who ever discusses religion with other laymen knows that nothing can be taken for granted, least of all an immunity against the inroads of materialism.

Even when preachers get into the question of "science," neither the fundamentalists nor the liberals seem to hit it at the right points. They assume that biology is the main battleground. It may have been in Darwin's time, but it isn't now. Nobody worries much any more about evolution, paleontology or anthropology in connection with religion. There is not much in the physical history of this planet, biological, geological or otherwise, that makes more difficult the main religious concepts, whatever may happen to some particular theological doctrines.

The branches of science that are really dangerous to religious faith are astronomy, and those portions of psychology that mingle with theories of philosophy under misleading labels. The fundamentalists, differing from their theological ancestors, have let the astronomers alone, perhaps because their brand of learning involves too much of mathematical proof to be open to attack upon the facts. The modernists too often content themselves with superficial "reconciling." Both have neglected the philosopher-psychologists, the behaviorists, determinists, and what-not, whose conclusions are quite open to attack as representing theory and not proven fact, probably because they have not realized that these people were in their own field. The difference between the terminology of the theologian and the jargon of the philosopher-psychologist tends to conceal the fact that they may deal with essentially the same subject.

So-called modernist preachers are not always any more penetrating than the fundamentalists in dealing with these questions. A vague friendliness to science, usually evidenced by frequent statements that "modern science teaches us" this or that, may be but little more intelligent than the anti-scientific complex of the fundamentalist. The facile observation from the average liberal pulpit, that all the discoveries of science simply show us how wonderful God is, does little to reassure us that we are still his children. The plain fact is that the ordinary minister, whatever his brand of theology, is unable or unwilling to cope with the major intellectual problems which are at the foundation of religion.

How disappointing it is, if one is interested

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in these problems—perhaps actually worried about them—to go to church and hear a dissertation on some incident of Hebrew history, or an involved and far-fetched analysis of prophecies. Or worse, to hear a lecture on what one should drink or how one should vote.

The passion for regulation of conduct is probably a leading cause of the Protestant churches' neglect of religious problems. Of course the church should stand for righteousness and try to do good in this world, but the exaggeration of the "social gospel" has had some unfortunate and unexpected results. It has not only minimized religious beliefs but has actually repelled people who held different views on wholly non-religious questions.

My only reason for belonging to an organization with whose official views I differ on almost all secular questions is that it is a Christian church. A society that throws the weight of its numbers against birth control, against revision of the divorce laws, against adequate military preparedness, against reform of the intolerable prohibition situation, could not retain my membership a single day did I not consider it, despite its official idiocies, the church of Christ. Which, in the future, will be its main purpose, to teach the Christian religion, or to lobby for causes of which I disapprove? If it takes the latter road, it will have no claim to my support. It is only as a religious body that it can claim my loyalty.

What interest have those who are weary and heavy-laden in the churches' position on naval armaments? What cares the bereaved parent what the bishop or the General Assembly thinks about divorce? The "consolations of religion"—an almost obsolete expression—are what humanity craves. What have a man's political or sociological views, or even within the bounds of decency his personal habits, got to do with his religion anyhow? The church's reason for existence is religion, and the more clearly it realizes this, the better will it perform its functions.

There has always been confusion between religion and theology. The minimizing of theology that has taken place in recent times has on the whole been a good thing for religion. It has paved the way to church unity, and removed some of the artificial barriers that kept people out of churches. But it has helped to induce a wide-spread feeling that there is no importance whatever in beliefs.

Now religion is not theology but neither is it wholly emotion, nor even emotion plus charity. It must include some set of beliefs, not necessarily or preferably a complete explanation of everything, but some answers to the fundamental questions of life and death. Where the pendulum is allowed to swing so far that this is forgotten, or where the sociological features of the churches' activities are so emphasized that it is neglected, the church abdicates its primary function.

There is so much pedantry in formal philosophy that the subject often seems as remote from the mental processes of the ordinary man as do the technicalities of formal theology. Nevertheless the subject-matter is basically the same as the subject-matter of religion, the formulation of beliefs concerning the undemonstrable, the vital mysteries. The fact is obscured by the use of separate terminologies, perhaps indicating a mutual willingness to stay in separate compartments. The relationship, however, cannot be concealed, and it is time that the ministers of religion realized that they must be philosophers or suffer defeat.

I do not say that the churches should do less in ethical teaching or philanthropic enterprise. I do say that the ministers must not content themselves with fighting the flesh and the devil in the old-fashioned way. They must understand, analyze, and meet squarely the challenge of materialism, determinism, humanism, and every other form of anti-religious philosophy that takes its place in the intellectual life of the day.

The popularization of philosophy in elementary form has helped to cause this crisis. While it remains true that most people even of high intelligence know nothing of philosophy in a narrow scholastic sense, it is also true that the anti-religious philosophies are obtaining tremendous publicity in popular and fairly understandable forms, so that their doctrines are not unknown even to the casual magazine reader. Theology, or rather pro-religious philosophy, must not be too proud to fight.

I make no pretensions of ability to argue the case. I merely think that I see the issue and that many who could argue it, men who are professionally trained to meet the issue, for some reason do not see it. My own sympathies and opinions are on the religious side. I think the weakness lies in God's professional advocates rather than in the validity of the conception of God.

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Art and Politics

By ALBERT GUÉRARD

No, we do not mean simply that *politics is an art,* or, if you prefer, a game: for that goes without saying. Neither are we thinking of *politics in art:* that is a long and depressing chapter, which could be illustrated with pictures of Capitols, City Halls, Court Houses, historical paintings, the dashing cavalry of national heroes on steeds of prancing bronze, the indomitable infantry of frock-coated statesmen and prominent citizens. In that dismal twilit land between Art and Politics, Germany has committed more atrocities than the whole Anglo-Saxon world, and France is perhaps the worst offender of all. The Ignoble Prize for political statuary has been awarded to the Gambetta monument, in the very shadow of the glorious Louvre; and the Tuileries Gardens are invaded by a mob of marble politicians that should be dispersed by a few whiffs of grapeshot. Political Art covers a wide range. Some national monuments are truly heroic. Only General Smedley Butler could express forcibly enough our opinion of the Victor Emmanuel Enormity in Rome; and it would take several Menckens to appraise the Mausoleum of Senator Sorghum in his native State of Arkillizona. All this, although it is not our main subject, brings us nearer to our purpose. If monuments are frequently the nightmarish products of politics, they influence politics in return. *For an obscure, distorted, frustrated aspiration toward the Beautiful is never absent from human motives.*

The Average Citizen would be greatly offended if he were told that his political allegiance is in the least affected by anything so frivolous as Art. Principles he professes; passions he must at times acknowledge; interests he recognizes as supreme arguments; the True, the Good, and especially the Practical he will gladly serve and honor. But Beauty in the political field seems to him irrelevant, incongruous, alien, antagonistic. If we suggested that he, a plain, safe, sensible American voter, elected Mr. Coolidge for æsthetic reasons, he would not even smile at our flippancy.

Now it is our contention that the Average Citizen is far more of an artist than he believes; that he votes Red, White or Blue because this color or that happens to fit his style at the moment; that our political life is a drama in which we are both actors and spectators, and which we judge *as a drama.* National crises are frequently enjoyed "for art's sake"; at the decisive hour, common sense and selfish interests are silenced, and the *Beau Geste* prevails: every declaration of war is a *Beau Geste.* Soviet Russia has made the "materialistic interpretation of history" compulsory in all her schools: yet only the "æsthetic interpretation of history" could make sense out of present-day Russia. Russia is an experiment in futuristic art: if she frames for herself a civilization uglier still than the chaotic and tawdry Tsardom she has destroyed, she will stand condemned.

This "æsthetic approach to politics" might be considered as merely an academic paradox. We earnestly believe it means far more than that. If the artistic motive does exist in politics, it should be brought to consciousness. When "sensible Christians," "sound practical men" or "scholarly historians" boast that they have no philosophy, it means that they are unconsciously harboring a rather strict but rather cheap philosophy. In the same way, denying the Art factor in politics denotes that we blindly accept the trashiest form of art. Clear thinking will lead to a happy divorce between present-day politics and a primitive form of melodrama. If a handful of lurid journalists and eloquent Senators had not concocted a thrilling tale of Deep-Dyed Villainy, Injured Innocence, Timely Rescue by the Stainless Hero, we should be to-day, as common sense demands, the guiding spirit in the League of Nations.

If there be Art in the conduct of human affairs, let it be honest art, and first of all, let it be living art. The chief result of our enquiry into the æsthetic principle might well be to exorcize a number of pernicious artistic ghosts. Germany, for three generations, conducted modern business in a pseudo-mediæval Empire. France is tempted even to-day to house her democracy in Louis Quatorze palaces or Napoleonic barracks. We still affect, in this industrial era, the Colonial Style of our forefathers. All this is as incongruous as a Gothic veneer on a railroad terminal. Architecture is becoming again one of the greatest

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among the arts, because it is boldly discarding the "styles," the "canons," the "orders" of bygone periods. A skyscraper clothed in Romano-Byzantine or Neo-Classical garments was a glaring absurdity; a modern tower of business, spare and self-confident, is a vision of disciplined power; and that is Beauty. Thank the Lord, we are entering upon an iconoclastic age: Art is being released from the thrall of the Academies. When museum pieces are piously entombed in the Necropolis of Political Thought, when only elderly spinsters linger in the Antique Shoppes of Period Ideals, our national life and our national art will assume a new meaning.

The æsthetic element has been active in politics ever since politics was invented: that is to say, according to Aristotle, ever since man became human. But it grew more virulent with the advent of Romanticism, in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Not so long ago, we used to define literary periods in terms of political history, and called them by the names of sovereigns or régimes. At present, the process is frequently reversed: we hear of "Classicism," "Romanticism," "Realism," in economics and politics. This tendency is particularly marked among German writers: but it is manifest also in recent studies of American civilization.

There is little doubt that, whilst the French Revolution was a stiff pseudo-classical tragedy, the Restoration of the Bourbons was facilitated by the growth of the Romantic spirit. The new Mediævalism, the craze for the Crusades, Chivalry, the Gothic, helped to the throne the descendants of St. Louis. Among the King-makers was the arch-Romanticist, Chateaubriand. The Knights of the Throne and the Altar were Romanticists to a man, the Liberals clung to the classicism of the Enlightenment. The coronation of Charles X at Rheims in 1824 was a conscious pageant—a Walter Scott scene staged in order to foster Legitimist enthusiasm. But the returned Bourbons were no mediæval knights—only dusty fossils of the eighteenth century, *rococo* rather than Gothic. Artistically, they were a disappointment. The wilful make-believe of the Rheims ceremony soon appeared in a ludicrous light; and artistic imagination, deserting the Bourbons, set to work upon the gigantic figure of Napoleon. Napoleon became a great Romantic myth, akin to Faust, Don Juan, Prometheus. Literary Napoleonism raged in France until 1840, and culminated also in a grand spectacle, the Return of the Emperor's Remains, the second burial of the Hero. Once again, as soon as the legend was brought down to earth, as soon as the epic was turned into a parade, the artists lost interest in the theme. The Revolution then came into favor. Louis Blanc, Michelet, Lamartine wrote their impassioned histories. The moderate, economical, sensible régime of Louis-Philippe, the Bourgeois King, was condemned for no other reason but that it was "sane at any price," and thus lacked luster. "France is bored!" was the fatal verdict. The royal protagonist was unceremoniously given the hook, and the poet Lamartine became the head of a Romantic republic, all sentimental effusions and apocalyptic dreams.

But the Parisian melodrama failed to please the rural masses. The Napoleonic legend, discarded by the elite, had spread among the people; and, in December 1848, it was the legend that won the presidential election for Louis Napoleon. France wanted a new performance of the Napoleonic drama. At the same time, France wanted peace, and Louis Napoleon had pledged his word that "the Empire would be Peace." The æsthetic necessities of the *genre,* however, set to naught the best intentions of the humanitarian Cæsar. An Imperator needs an army, and an army becomes a dull expensive plaything unless there be war. The love of brass buttons leads to bloodshed. If you want to find out the responsibility for the war of 1914, look at the Kaiser's collection of uniforms, and read his fiery addresses. It was merely Art, I know: but Art is seldom allowed long to exist for Art's sake only. Napoleon III, the gentle sovereign who hated war, led France to the Crimea, Italy, Mexico—and Sedan.

The Second Empire would have had a far better chance, if it had been able to enlist Victor Hugo as its laureate. The practical rulers of the time sneered at the exiled poet: their disregard of æsthetic powers proved disastrous. For Hugo succeeded in ruining the artistic appeal of the régime, made it appear as a cheap, pinchbeck imitation of the Great Empire. Irreconcilable opposition became a favorite attitude with the younger generation: it was the romance of their political life. Half a century later, old men would remember with longing how fair the Republic was under the Empire—the Republic, their early love, now turned into a shapeless middle-aged *bourgeoise.* Brilliant prosperity could not offset such a loss in æsthetic prestige. The Empress was not wrong when she urged, in 1870, that only a victorious war could revive the

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sagging régime. The Empire was essentially a military show: it had to deliver the goods, or disappear.

Gambetta, after Sedan, attempted to perform over again the mighty drama of the First Revolution. Resistance was then a *beau geste,* if ever there was one, which "saved the honor" of France at the cost of innumerable lives and untold millions. The Commune was a melodramatic farce, led by Bohemians eager to strut at last on a metropolitan stage, with the world for an audience. In defeat, they, like Hedda Gabbler, sought to "die in beauty"; Paris aflame was a grand finale, a Götterdämmerung, an Apocalypse.

This surfeit of Romantic horror sobered the French capital for a generation. But, again in 1889, deep masses were eager to follow the dashing adventurer Boulanger—blond beard, black horse, arm pointing toward the mutilated Eastern frontier—for another performance of the perennially popular drama of war. It was then that Maurice Barrès deliberately adopted Nationalism as the political doctrine that would best serve his literature. Even in our own days, men belonging to the same social stratum, with the same education and the same interests, veer to the Right or to the Left for reasons which are essentially æsthetic. Maurras, the leader of French reaction, is first of all an artist; he and his friends adopt Royalism and Catholicism because of their traditional and classical appeal (just like our own T. S. Eliot!). Others, like Barbusse and Duhamel, incline toward Moscow as a better source of artistic inspiration. And they all unite in their horror of "Americanism," which, to them, means the death of art.

France is by no means unique in this respect. "Young Italy" was at the same time a literary movement and a political ideal: the two combined in Mazzini. Garibaldi could say: "We owe a great part of the New Italy to our poets." He himself was a poet in action, the friend and the peer of Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo. His power was due less to his generalship than to his prestige: his was a name to conjure with. And his prestige sprang from the Romantic charm of his personality and his career. The mere mention of d'Annunzio immediately evokes the fusion of poetry and nationalism. His exploits as an aviator, his impassioned outbursts of patriotic eloquence, his raid on Fiume, are all part of a D'Annunziad, a modern Italian saga of which he is both the author and the hero. And Mussolini's incomparable hold upon his people is not due to an efficient police or to mere good administration. *Il Duce* is a conductor rather than a condottiere, an impresario even more than an imperator. He is the genius who is staging a grand Italian opera for the delight of the multitude, a powerful tenor as well as a marvellous manager. So long as it remains a brilliant show, we outsiders are willing to refrain from catcalls, although the *genre* seems to us a trifle old-fashioned. *Aria di bravura, fortissimo.*

Of course, we all know that "Latins" are theatrical. But what about earnest and steadfast Germany? Was not "Young Germany," to go back no farther, a belated eddy of Romanticism at the same time as a political aspiration? Bismarck, a Realist in an age of literary and artistic realism, discarded the "futile idealism" of 1848: but Bismarck himself, and his generation with him, were haunted by mediæval dreams. What they achieved in 1871 was not a practical Germany of the industrial era (such a Germany never needed them): it was an impressive and decidedly gaudy imitation of the Holy Roman Empire. Louis II of Bavaria, the admirer of Wagner, went honestly mad in his quest of the Romantic: William II, who was not devoid of shrewdness, had a touch of the same taint. He cast himself for the part of a Wagnerian hero, a Parsival, a Lohengrin. He loved to restore feudal castles, and to don his shining armor—just a little more shining than modern taste would allow. As inexorably as Napoleon III, he was caught by the logic of the part he played. But not he alone was to blame: he was the symbol of a collective desire. Scientific, industrial, peace-loving Germany tolerated, nay applauded, the empty show of Hohenzollernism. The land bristled with Bismarck-Towers, sophisticated attempts at the rough-hewn, primitive, barbaric. Aspiring Ph.D.s in Chemistry turned up their warlike mustaches like their Kaiser; they adorned their honest bespectacled faces with safe and horrific battlescars. All this war paint and war dance, wilfully fostering the Romanticism of war, led to the abyss of 1914. It would have been ignoble, at the last moment, to confess that all that heroism was make-believe; and the plunge was taken. In the long run, cheap art is more expensive than the genuine article.

The British are eminently practical, averse to the display of emotion: is their political history free from the influence of drama and romance? Not in the least. Tongue-tied though they may be as individuals, as a nation

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they are inveterate Romanticists. Their worship of Queen Elizabeth, and, on a different plane, of Queen Victoria, is an obvious instance in point. Then there are the perennially appealing "lost causes," Mary Stuart, the Jacobites, Prince Charlie. Burke took the side of reaction against the French Revolution, because of his æsthetic love for hoary tradition, for the storied "wisdom of prejudice." Marie-Antoinette, to him, was a vision of loveliness; the logical sweep of reform was ugly: the case was clear. To the present day, the political scenery of Old England is that of a picturesque historical drama: Shakespeare and Walter Scott are constitutional powers. King, Peers of the Realm, Knights of the Garter and of the Bath, the Lord Mayor in his gorgeous Cinderella carriage, the burly Beefeaters of the Tower, all are part of the same delightful pageantry.

The ingrained conservatism of England is not rational, and decidedly not practical, but æsthetic. The most successful of British statesmen was an Oriental romancer, Disraeli. He capitalized the picturesque values of Toryism, and thus gave "a slowly dying cause" a marvellous new lease of life. When he placed the glittering crown of India on the head of his Queen, he was fulfilling a wild Romantic dream of his youth. For Britain, as a whole, as well as for Disraeli, India was the magic and resplendent East rather than a market for the cotton goods of Manchester and the hardware of Brummagem. Cecil Rhodes and Rudyard Kipling were both political poets, and both the legitimate heirs of old Dizzy. England is in a political morass at present, because none of her three parties has any æsthetic appeal.

What about ourselves? It would take a volume to give "the æsthetic interpretation of American History." Benjamin Franklin himself was a master of stage craft. As our representative in Paris, he carefully composed his personage—using his own genuine virtues to their best dramatic advantages. As a scientist, he was admired by the Voltairians; as an exemplar of "Republican simplicity," he was the idol of the Rousseauists; he knew it, and played up to his fame. The bluff Democrats scornful of effete Europe and its simpering graces, the Old Romans ready to strike the most impressive attitudes, are stock characters on our political scene. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" swerved votes and mustered battalions. A keen and sensible observer, Chester Rowell, defends Lincoln against Edgar Lee Masters, as the author of some of the noblest utterances in the English language. The Gettysburg address made history because it was literature, and Lincoln's deliberate adoption of Biblical phrases gave a flavor of righteousness to his political pronouncements. The brilliant study in hypothetical history "If Booth had missed Lincoln" makes us realize how much of Lincoln's fame depends upon the dramatic accident of martyrdom. There is no irreverence in stating that Lincoln, like Napoleon, is the hero of a legend. Every work of art inspired by the legend strengthens it, and reacts upon history. Edgar Lee Masters cannot persuade us that the man to whom we erected such an impressive Memorial was a mere politician. The temple proves the god. The temple creates the god.

On the other hand, whilst we deify Lincoln, we idealize the Old South—Robert E. Lee and the old Mammie rather indiscriminately. The Southerners themselves, of course, are drunk with their own tradition. But the Romantic glamour of the South has caught the North: I have heard people from Michigan yell with enthusiasm when the band struck "Dixie." There is no chance of ever approaching the political problems of the South in a common-sense manner: the æsthetic criterium rules supreme. "What is beautiful is right."

We have no thought of denying the high-mindedness, the ability, the energy, of Theodore Roosevelt. But he had a chance of displaying his qualities because he was popular, and he was popular because he was picturesque. The Rough Rider's dash, the Theodorian strenuousness, the Rooseveltian grin, the Big Stick, big-game hunting, made Teddy a hero of folk-lore, a combination of George Washington and Buffalo Bill, the ideal Boy Scout for all generations.

In 1917, we dramatized, not our professorial leader, but ourselves collectively. We appeared in our own eyes, very sincerely, as the knights of a new crusade. We failed: not through excessive idealism, but through faint-heartedness. Anyway, we failed. And forthwith, we "gave the hook" to that mediocre barnstormer, the Crusading American. We hastily made up for another character, the Shrewd American, safe and sane, whose sole business is Business. It pleased us to adopt these two parts in succession, as it pleases jolly merchants to array themselves in Oriental disguise. President Coolidge was the man of the hour. He was ideally suited for the part which was then in demand. There was no insincerity in him, any more than in Benjamin Franklin: still, we suspect that "Cool Cal," like Frank-

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lin, Lincoln, and Roosevelt, was shrewd enough to play up to type. No man could possibly be as Coolidgian as President Coolidge: it is not in human nature. His impersonation of silent, conservative America, although slightly overdone, was a masterpiece of art, which well deserved its *Encore*.

We have passed in breathless review a few cases in which the æsthetic definitely affected the political. In many cases, the influence was evil. We seem to be led to the conclusion: Art should be kept out of politics altogether.

If the æsthetic element were removed, however, politics would become extraordinarily dull. It would turn, at worst, into a stodgy bureaucracy, at best into the rule of efficient experts. The glamour would be gone. Personally, we would not grieve: we prefer to take our æsthetic draught neat, without political dilution. But mere efficiency would be stagnation. The æsthetic, the dramatic, the sentimental in national life, are all expressions of a quest. Politics is the collective drama of a people, history the collective epic, religion the collective lyric: without these, national life would be stale and unprofitable. Or indeed there would be no life at all. A nation would not exist if it did not dramatize itself. A nation is not a geographical area: a nation is a state of consciousness. American patriotism is the *vivid realization* that America exists: a work of art.

Let us not attempt then to eliminate art from politics: we need more art, not less. But, most of all, we need better art. All too frequently, art in politics has been of the trashiest kind, on a level with the worst thrillers and the silliest talkies. It has been insincere and gaudy, rejoicing in trappings and attitudes. It has been cheaply antiquarian, or brutally melodramatic. Is this inevitable? Can we not hope that our political art may follow the same trend as our architecture: discard outworn traditions and meretricious ornaments; express its purpose with simplicity; achieve the serene and rational order which, in architecture, is *Balance;* in the State, *Justice;* in both, *Beauty?*

Unconquerable

By Edna Yost

And if I should discover that
This jewel I possess,
This delicately tinted gem,
This bit of loveliness,
Is not the Beauty that it seems,
It would not take from me my dreams.

And if I should discover that
These books from which I sip
The veritable draught of life
Bring poison to my lip,
Are not the Truth they seem to be,
It would not take my faith from me.

And if I should discover that
You laughed my love to scorn;
That what I thought was bud and bloom
Was nothing much but thorn;
I swear by all the gods above,
You could not take my power to love.

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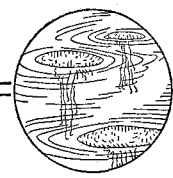

Ohio in Her Bones

A COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

By D. V. CARLAW

Glamour, romance, the desire to meet clever people and to know life beckoned Jane from Ohio to New York and thence to Europe. Her adventures culminate in meeting a Russian artist in a Riviera town. The author has succeeded in painting truly the character of a small-town girl against an interesting and contrasting background. This novel, the eleventh to be presented of those selected in the $5,000 Prize Contest, is the first published work of the author.

I

THE January sun sank and early twilight came down, greying the water and the sky. The sea roughened and wind broke against the boat, making it list. Most of the promenaders had gone inside, but one goat-bearded Frenchman still walked around and around the deck, slanting against the boat's slant, like a mountain climber, like a goat.

Jane reclined stiffly in her deck chair. Now she was going back to France from Algiers—like an old suitcase shipped back! She wondered what it would be like to land alone to-morrow in Marseilles: the toughest waterfront in the world, she had heard. Overnight in Marseilles. Well, she was nineteen. She could take care of herself. But there was the disgrace of being sent back this way!

She glanced sidewise at the French people in the deck chairs nearest hers, a young woman with a thin white face and a young man who kept tucking the rug more snugly about her feet and talking in a low voice. Once during the afternoon, as he stooped over to tuck the rug closer, she had seen him press his mouth against the woman's cheek. Now they both stood up and the young man folded the two steamer rugs and put them over his left arm. With his right arm he supported the young woman against the list of the boat. They went slowly down the deck to a door and disappeared inside.

The greyness deepened, spreading over the water and the sky. There began to be the sound of the wind and of waves beating against the sides of the boat. Jane still lingered in her chair on the empty deck, but slumped down, with her coat collar pulled up around her face. Sometimes spray was blown in upon her, wet against her forehead. She wondered what would be in store for her in Marseilles—and Nice—and after Nice, what?

All the empty deck was wet now with the spray. The grey boards looked desolate like the grey water which stretched out into the deeper grey of the twilight.

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Through the greyness the wind whistled sharp. The warmth of her long, thin body in the steamer rug seemed a small inconsiderable thing. She began to cry softly—slow tears which clung to her lashes and mixed with the cold salt spray. And the wind whistled sharper and night came, dense and black.

She rose and gathered up her rug. She swayed a little as she walked along the slippery deck. Inside, the small boat was stuffy; the smell of all its previous voyages seemed rising from its old bottom to mingle with the close warm smell of food from the kitchens.

She went along the narrow corridor to her stateroom and pulled the switch of the light. She dropped the rug on one of the berths, took off her hat and coat and washed her hands at the sink. Then she dried her hands and rang the bell for the stewardess. After a considerable interval the stewardess appeared, large-busted and grim in the doorway.

"Do you speak English?"

"Yes," the stewardess said. "Que voulez-vous?"

"When is dinner?"

"Yes," the stewardess said.

"Le diner!" Jane brought out, stumbling over the syllables.

The stewardess smiled with sudden and surprising broadness.

"Le diner?"

She broke into rapid French.

"Merci," Jane said, not understanding a word.

She leaned over the sink again until the stewardess should have left. At any rate it was not time for dinner yet. It could not be more than five o'clock. She felt that the stateroom was warm and stuffy and she opened the porthole. But soon it grew cold and the acrid smell of the sea came in, so she shut the porthole. The light in the stateroom was dim, falling with a faint lonesome glimmer upon all the neatness: the white plain walls, the dun-colored blankets of the two berths, the brown curtain which swung to and fro with the motion of the boat, her two suitcases, so familiar, and containing all the familiar belongings which she had packed and unpacked so many times in the past three months.

She ought to begin unpacking now. But she found herself hiccoughing in the stuffy cold air of the stateroom and she quickly opened the porthole. She leaned against the casing and breathed hard, trying to choke the sickness back, but it came insistently, and now she felt more miserable than ever. This was added to her loneliness. "A weak sister," she thought. Weakly, she pulled down the covers of the berth and, fully dressed, crawled under them. The wan light continued to glimmer and the boat continued to roll, creaking. The smell oozed up and up from floor and walls.

"Jane, just think of all the places you've been!" "But, Jane, you didn't see anything to compare with Ohio?" "And you went through Spain and Morocco in that little automobile with only two other girls—and you nineteen!"

The boat took sodden plunges. Sometimes it would seem to pause on the crest of a wave, shudder, then dive down again. She felt herself near to vomiting and reached for the basin beside her berth. She was very ill and lay back, telling herself that in a moment she would feel better. But again the retching seized her. Again she vomited.

She remembered illnesses when she was a child, the presence of her mother beside her and the medicinal sustaining smell of the doctor who was her uncle. Her father's thin hand which held her hand coolly. But now she was in the Mediterranean—God knew how many miles from Ohio!

"Of course, I'll be perfectly all right," she had written from New York before

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sailing, "I'll be with Eva. And anyway I can take care of myself."

Well, but now she wasn't with Eva! At this very moment Eva and Agnes Tate would be riding down toward Biskra in the baby Renault, the two of them alone in the tiny car. In the back seat, where she had bumped for nearly three months, there would be only hat-boxes and the miniature phonograph and the satchel of records, bumping.

Yes, now she was alone. And she wasn't so perfectly all right, either! The boat rolled and lumbered. The light from the deck above showed passing white wave crests, like sharp teeth coming at her. Then she would lean over the basin, and when she lay back the wan light in her stateroom showed the plain neat walls, the plain neat berth, the curtain plain and brown.

And she wasn't so perfectly able to take care of herself! If life had depended upon it, she couldn't, just then, have gotten across the stateroom to ring for the stewardess. Well, she was weak. She had practically thrown away three of her four precious months abroad. She had allowed herself to be led out of her way on a silly trip. To Agnes and Eva these three months meant little. Eva had been in Morocco before and Agnes kept comparing certain Arab houses to houses in Sicily and certain smells to China. But for her, coming to Europe was a momentous thing. She would never get the chance to do it again. And it was not enough in itself that she had seen a lot of things in three months. She hadn't seen any of the things she was expected to see—the Louvre nor Napoleon's tomb; and she had made not more than six water-color sketches in the whole three months. All the things she had expected to do on this trip, and all the things her father expected her to do! She had not even had a good time. And she had found nothing—nothing!

What could she hope to find now, in the one month that remained to her before she had to go back to Gentenville? At any rate she would be by herself. She would no longer have to be impressed by what impressed Eva, to feign inspiration when Agnes Tate was inspired. She was glad to be away from them—oh, but if only she could have got gracefully away! Those good-bys! On Eva's part, so mannerly, so contained. On Agnes Tate's part, even so gay.

Eva and Agnes stood close beside the baby Renault in front of Thos. Cook and Son's, Algiers. They were both very small beside the small car and very trim in their suède jackets and bérets. The two of them always made Jane feel especially tall and awkward.

Agnes Tate leaned over and thumped the side of the carry-all, strapped on the running board. Everything was ready for them to start for Biskra. But there were the things to be said before parting. Jane drew herself together and looked at Agnes Tate. Agnes Tate's béret was pale blue; and very large and bright on her little finger were two diamond dinner rings, identical and one on top of the other. Her nose had a piquant look between round, china-blue eyes.

"You were nice to take me along, Agnes."

Her eyes, troubled, met Agnes Tate's round blue eyes. Agnes Tate's eyes batted politely. Capably, her hand went out.

"It's been fine," she said. "Don't get seasick!"

Jane swallowed and turned to Eva. Eva's eyes were grey, oval, and deep. Jane didn't know any one who could look as though she cared as much as Eva.

"Thanks for everything, Eva."

"Take care of yourself," Eva said, "and write me how you are."

Agnes Tate sprang to the wheel of

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the Renault and Eva got slowly in. Jane stood on the sidewalk, tall and gangling, clutching her purse and the sheaf of papers which contained all her reservations in Marseilles and Nice. The taxi-driver, who was waiting to take her to the steamer, looked on, smiling with French appreciation and eyeing Agnes Tate.

"Good-by," Jane called.

"We'll wait until you go," Eva said.

"Good-by, then."

She got into her taxi and looked out the window. Eva waved with a small movement. Then Agnes Tate upraised one gauntleted hand, tilted her head, and carolled:

"Cheerio!"

And so that was the end of the trip which was to have meant so much to her. Well, somehow she could never do things straight and sure. But she would not tell her father about it. She would not tell any one how it hurt. Here she was in Europe as she had longed to be. But here in Europe she was finding that things and people were like things and people in New York and in Ohio. Wherever she went, she saw women happy and apparently with the things they wanted. Yet she herself was no closer to what she wanted than she had been in America.

Oh, the loneliness of this stateroom in the rolling boat! There was a horror in the very swinging of that brown curtain, to and fro, like a live thing. She thought of the Frenchwoman she had seen on deck, her white face under the fur cap, and thought how sick she must be. And suddenly she ached with the remembrance of the man's mouth above that cold white cheek. She longed with a sickness that was deeper than her seasickness for some one who would stay close by her, some one who would kiss her cheek, who would take her, everything of her.

II

The foyer of the Grand Hotel du Terminus at Marseilles was small, warm, and stuffy. As Jane came into it from her taxi, with the porter carrying her two suitcases, it seemed to dissipate at once all the soggy dampness of the two-day trip by steamer. A red-faced concierge behind a small but official-looking desk greeted her and checked her reservation. At the other side of the foyer a solitary guest of the hotel was reading a newspaper.

The concierge asked in careful English:

"You would like dinner, mademoiselle?"

"If you please!"

She would like it more than she could make him know. Since luncheon the day before she had eaten nothing. She had been miserably sick all the way across.

"Well, perhaps it is too late for the dinner," the concierge said cheerfully.

He looked as though his own large dinner had been comfortably eaten at the right hour—as though he always had all his meals at the right hours: fine, French, copious meals, omitting no course.

"But you would have the soup," he said—"and perhaps a little chicken, cold."

He led the way upstairs to a door labelled Salle à Manger. It was a small, dank room, but lofty and dim-lit. There were two fireplaces with over-large white marble mantels and iron shutters drawn down in front. The room was empty and cold. All the empty chairs and the tables with their cold white cloths and glassware looked ghostly.

An old waiter in a black apron served her. The soup was rich with pearl tapioca. Crusty rolls were under a warmed napkin. When the waiter was not serving, he stood in front of one of the white

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marble mantels, muttering to himself and staring into the dim corners of the room. Jane ate slowly at first, testing her stomach. But then she finished all the soup in the tureen and all of the three large rolls. There had been no chicken. However, she felt better and, rising, went down into the foyer and asked the way to her room.

It was tall like the Salle à Manger and dark, with a single suspension light over the table and a quilted red satin puff on the bed. She unpacked her nightgown, her hairbrush, and her soap. Then she washed slowly. The pea-green of her seasickness was gone and she examined herself friendly in the shadowed mirror.

She felt that it was delicious to be alone. The taut inferiority of the past three months had snapped back into this rounded sense of well-being.

She put on her padded kimono, mussed and soiled, lowered the light to the table so that the room was softly dim, and climbed into the big cold bed. It was luxurious after her berth on the steamer and gradually the warmth of her body warmed the thick mattress. She put her arms over her head and leaned back against the bolster.

The room was filled with rich, mysterious gloom, edging up to the red satin puff and the mussed sleeves of her blue kimono. There were heavy red brocade curtains which pulled on a drawstring across the window. In all French hotels she was surprised by the curtains of brocade and the red satin puffs on the beds. How were the French a thrifty race, counting sous and making their sheets of sailcloth, yet fitting out all their hotel rooms with brocaded curtains and eiderdown puffs? Surely her father, not French but a Welshman, was thriftier. Her mother often said of him:

"I can't understand your father! He seems to take no interest in his own house. The hall has needed fresh paper for eight years!"

But her father with his quick step and his rusty black string tie always went through the hall quickly, always coming quickly from his newspaper office or quickly going out.

Well, the hall would never get papered now. She knew what a sacrifice they must have made for her to come on this trip.

"Why don't you try it for, say, four months, Janey"—her father had written—"I'm sorry I can't send you for a longer period but the newspaper has suffered losses and things are still not going well. At any rate it will all be new and strange to you, and you will get a great deal out of being there for even a short while. So try and make the best of your time."

The best of her time!

People were said to travel for change, for broadening influences. And travel itself was fine. The difference of the high, gay Spanish mountains and the wise, grey mountains of Africa. And Toledo so different from Seville; and Rabat from Casablanca.

But it was much better over, that trip. Yes, much better over, though there was still the bile of its having ended as it had.

"Of course, we hate to see you go, Jane," Eva said. "But one can live in France cheaply. There are dozens of small pensions in really lovely country!"

"Mmm," Agnes Tate said significantly.

They sat beside her in the green writing-room of the Hotel St. George in Algiers. Outside the windows two Englishmen were playing tennis, leaping over the sun-hot court in white flannels, calling to each other in high English voices. They looked very fit, those Englishmen, and capable of getting through life well—not at all as though they

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would allow any one to ship them off to France to live in a small pension in really lovely country. They looked as though they had known fine times, too, and never any griping care about money. Their necks were strong and straight above their sweaters; and they had that good stringy look to their flesh which so many English people had. How would men like these make love? It would be incredible if they couldn't make love. They had both probably slept with women.

"—but one *can* live there!"

She turned and looked at Eva and Agnes.

"I'll be all right," she said.

She wanted to cry, to run out of the green writing-room away from them and cry hard, not just because she was being shipped off to France, but also because the two Englishmen had slept with women.

Oh, there was certainly something which mattered very much underneath all this business of packing suitcases and checking out of hotels and having soiled dresses pressed in time for dinner. There was something which mattered so much that her shamed feeling of being managed by Eva and Agnes did not matter at all. And it was of no consequence that her grandmother's gold necklace had been lost at Tazah. When one read certain places in poetry and saw the looks which passed between people who were unaware that they were observed; or sometimes when one stood still in a quiet place and heard from far off sounds which were familiar, but softened and changed by distance; then one was certain there was something that mattered deeply. But she had never figured it out to satisfaction. She had thought that in coming to Europe she would in some way solve things; yet she was no nearer a solution than before.

Why should those unknown women have had the Englishmen care for them? Because it had happened that way? Perhaps they were charming superior women—as though in a different world, matched to the Englishmen.

But Eva and Agnes Tate were sitting, sitting in a green sofa against the window and looking at her with the light from the tennis court full on her. She said quickly:

"I'll be all right."

She should never have stayed at the Hotel St. George anyway. Borrowing, as she was, on Eva's letter of credit until her own allowance for January should arrive, it was sheer folly for her to stay there. But they had been on the road steadily for five weeks when they drove into Algiers, tired, cold, hungry. The lights of the city in the fast-falling dusk looked inviting after the windy sea-road from Tenes.

"We ought to look for a cheap hotel," Eva suggested from the front seat of the Renault.

"Mother stayed at the St. George last year," Agnes said, "I thought of going there."

"That isn't cheap," Eva answered.

She glanced at Jane in the back seat.

"I'd better look for a cheap hotel," Jane said.

They rode on through the lighted streets. It was deep dusk now and the air held a suggestion of rain. Agnes, driving, said nothing.

"Oh, well," Eva murmured after a moment, "let's go to the St. George for to-night."

And the Hotel St. George was warm and light. A tea orchestra was playing somewhere as they signed in the office. Standing in a pile on the champagne-colored carpet of the lounge, their luggage looked worn and dilapidated. Two smartly dressed women came through from the carriage stoop.

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Agnes took a suite of two rooms and bath, and Eva and Agnes shared one room. The rooms were big and pleasant and soon after dark a large moon came up over the tennis courts and made strange mysterious shadows among the palm trees.

They went down to the dining-room together that first night, fresh-scrubbed, combed, and powdered. The dining-room was vast and bright. The orchestra was playing and everywhere were evening clothes—women with shining coifed hair and well-groomed men. Eva and Agnes and Jane in their mussed daytime dresses went to the table assigned them. And through the meal Eva and Agnes were notably silent and inconspicuous.

Then, the following morning, Jane was awakened by a clatter in her room. She sat up abruptly and saw that Eva was unpacking. The bromide tablets, the aspirin bottles, the first-aid kit were huddled together on the dresser. Eva's black hat was on a shelf inside the wardrobe, and her dresses on hangers below.

"I'm unpacking," Eva said. She came and sat on the edge of the bed and continued seriously: "Jane, I thought if it is agreeable to you, we would stay here. It's such a short time before we go to Biskra, and moving to a cheaper hotel might not be much saving."

So they stayed on. But Jane was more unhappy in the Hotel St. George than she had been at any time in the three months since leaving Biarritz. As she saw the hotel guests, most of them English, their fine ruddy skins, their good plain looks, their excellent clean clothes —as she observed them more and more closely—something within her seemed to swell and ache. From her shuttered window of a morning, she watched them going down toward the golf links and they were bright and fresh under the early sun. They came into the dining-room at noon with high color. At night they looked plainer in rather ugly evening clothes. But even their plainness was candid and charming. She thought of the weekly wash going out from her father's house in Gentenville, coming back grey and spotted and ill-ironed.

"Mrs. Wilton gets worse with the wash every week," her mother complained.

However, Mrs. Wilton owed her father a sum of money and was working it out in washings.

"Mrs. Wilton has a new baby and neuritis in her arm," her father said, terminating the discussion.

Like Jane, Eva and Agnes seemed to feel at odds with the life of the St. George. They sidled in and out of the dining-room and preserved a sort of genteel hauteur in elevators.

"We might dress one night at least!" Agnes said.

"Jane didn't bring any evening clothes," Eva pointed out.

"I can wear my grey dress," Jane said. "There's no reason why you shouldn't dress because I can't."

"But of course we won't," Eva said.

However, the very next day while they were in a French department store, they chanced to find themselves near the evening-dress section. The dresses were marked one hundred francs, one hundred and fifty, and two hundred . . .

Jane turned and twisted under the sailcloth sheets and frowned fiercely at the red satin puff.

"To hell with them!" she said aloud.

The friendly shadowed room seemed to disperse the words, then build them up again, and send them back against her. Why was she so bitter about Eva and Agnes? Let them alone! She had no right to be bitter about them. But that dress!

"Perhaps this white one," Eva said,

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holding up a shroudlike garment with the trimming all on the front.

One after the other, they held them up to her to measure the length. All were too short.

"Still," Agnes said, "this one might not be so bad!"

They went into a dressing-booth with an obsequious French clerk.

"Mademoiselle is very tall."

Pleasant laughter all around. The French always said pleasant things like that. Or else—"Mademoiselle has not much hair!" Pas beaucoup de cheveux! As far as that went, she had learned French. It was too bad she couldn't travel on it. Pas beaucoup de cheveux; a ticket to Chartres and back. Pas beaucoup de cheveux; roast beef and chicory salad.

"But the tan one isn't bad," Eva said.

Well, if not bad, then what? It made her feel ill to see herself in the long mirror of the dressing-booth. Tan georgette, size forty-four through the shoulders. It hung sadly and the skirt slanted down on each side of the hem which struck her just below the knees. Her legs in grey lisle stockings looked extra thin and forlorn. She felt so ill she could not protest. And this way they could wear their evening dresses which they had packed without using all the way from Paris.

"All right," she said, "the tan georgette. But I haven't any slippers."

"Oh, your oxford ties will do," Eva murmured.

"All right," she said and opened her purse.

"No, no!" Agnes Tate cried, laughing gaily. "This is mine!"

She thrust her hand with two hundred-franc notes at the clerk.

"Merci, mademoiselle."

My God! Why hadn't she stamped on the dress and sworn horribly? Why hadn't she told them just once what she felt about them deep inside her? But no. She climbed into the old grey dress again. She tried to act as though it were all quite natural. She said something casual about show-cases in passing out of the store. And all through tea she tried to act as though it hadn't happened. . . .

She turned violently in the bed. Oh, let them alone! Had she got to be so damned female as this? After all, it was done now. Here she was in France; and they were on their way to Biskra. It was no effort to picture them rolling along in the tiny car, the carry-all humping and rattling with every motion and the hat-boxes bumping on the back seat.

"Poor old Eva," Agnes would say. "A jolly good riddance for you!"

And Eva would protest, looking modest. But that was unfair. Eva was truly superior. A dear and superior girl. Then Eva ought always to travel with superior people and not go sharing rooms with jellyfish from Ohio. There was that look of hers which was so patient—the look with which she attended to things, bought all the tickets and made the arrangements. Linked to it, the look which could be reproachful. "Come, step all over me!" Urging—"Step hard." But then sharply—"Be a little careful. You almost stepped on me."

Well, Eva was superior; and if one had the wisdom to realize that manners were just manners, one could thoroughly appreciate all Eva's helpfulness and graciousness. How wonderful it had seemed back in New York when Eva and she had planned the trip together, just the two of them:

"One *can* live in France cheaply," Eva said.

"I have only thirty dollars a week!"

"That's all I will have," Eva said tactfully. "But it can be done on that."

So they had planned to go to Paris and live for a while very cheaply. Then they

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would travel if they saved anything out of their allowances. It was considered essential to an art career to see the galleries of Europe; and every one said there was endless material for painting.

But, of course, the real reason she had jumped at the chance was to get away from herself and from her life, which she had felt with increasing clearness during all that last summer in New York to be empty.

In Europe she would see new people; and she would be truly close to Eva, whom she liked more than any one she had ever met. At the same time she could be painting and seeing galleries and doing all the things she should do. It would be a new life, and she would be like a new person.

During four months in Europe almost anything might happen. Then afterward, if she had to go back to Gentenville forever, she would at least have something to remember. It would be better than nothing.

Just a week before they were to sail, Eva called up long-distance from her father's country house in Connecticut.

"Agnes Tate is here for the week-end. She's sailing to Vigo this Saturday with her Renault. She's going to drive from Biarritz down to Algeciras, then across northern Africa, and she wants me to go with her."

"How fine!" Jane was able to say unconvincingly after a minute.

"She wants you to come, too," Eva said.

"Oh, no—and, besides, I couldn't afford it!"

"She insists upon paying all the expenses of the car," Eva's far-away voice went on, "travelling won't cost a thing. And you ought to see Spain."

Eva had made the whole thing seem so very enticing and so very simple. If she had only known that Eva was being mannerly! Her instinct said strongly that Agnes Tate wanted only Eva. Yet she had let Eva's words over-rule the instinct.

Well, she had been a jellyfish with Eva and Agnes. And Agnes had acted rather better than was to be expected, considering that the jellyfish clung on, not only through Spain but across Morocco as well. Agnes Tate was a woman of action. Having offered hospitality, she kept up the semblance of it till the end. When she could stand the jellyfish no longer, she simply took herself down to Thos. Cook and Son, arranged for one good reservation to Nice, and said jauntily:

"It's been fine having you. Don't get seasick!"

And—"Cheerio!" she had said, too.

No use to try not to dislike her. But it was only fair to say she had despatched a disagreeable job neatly. Of course, it was natural with her, that ability for action. It wasn't taste. She wouldn't be able to let the action go at that. She would have to send a postcard from Biskra, a picture of a camel, a date palm, and a message:

"Having good trip. Missing you lots. Cheerio!"

Still she had been clear-headed. She had seen things as impossible and she had ended the situation with a stroke. And damned wise of her. For the jellyfish would have clung on clear across Tunis, and maybe up through Italy. Although it suffered agonies all the way, the jellyfish would have clung like death. It wasn't just the reservations which it had paid for in advance. Nor the fact that it knew not enough French to order itself along. No, it was because it was constituted that way. Somehow it didn't see things plainly. It hadn't seen the situation as so impossible that it couldn't be endured any longer. It must have been with a sort of muscular terror that it clung on so.

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But Agnes Tate had seen. Perhaps it was the plan of the world that there was always some one like Agnes Tate at hand to see and act. For she never could.

Why hadn't she said:

"I want to pay for the Goddam dress if I've got to wear it!"

But, no. Agnes Tate's money had been quicker, and her laugh surer.

"No, no! This is mine!" she said.

What was it that gave Agnes Tate the power to act?—while she herself stood stock still in a kind of inner agony, like one under a spell, seeing the money pass from Agnes Tate's hand to the prettier not-so-clean hand of the little French clerk.

It was not just that once. Dozens of times, she knew, Eva and Agnes had found her slow—incomprehensibly slow. For there had always been times when she went away from the things that were before her. As a child, looking intently at crumbs of bread on the tablecloth, she had felt herself go immeasurable distances away; and it was no matter that her father spoke to her, nor that there was a question in his voice; she was living far away from everything, although she could hear the voice speaking to her. And it seemed neither possible nor worthwhile to come all that way back. She sat like a dumb child.

"I said you were starting her wrong," her grandmother said.

Suddenly she was back. Her father was bending over her and his eyes, kindly, looked at her with a richness she had never known before.

"What was it, Janey?" he asked softly.

No, there was no reconciling Agnes Tate and her. They could never come together smoothly. She did not feel it meanness on her part. She envied Agnes Tate her trim little body as much as she despised her wearing the twin diamond rings. Agnes Tate had a sureness which was an entire thing; and though it would have weighed only as much as a dried pea, still it was whole like a pea, complete in itself. It did not stretch out toward anything; it had few adventures and got few knocks; but it would be there always, hard and round and whole.

Agnes Tate had a knack of being effective. A certain small effectiveness which was like a pea bouncing. She seemed to know just the proper instant to raise her hand jauntily and carol—"Cheerio!"—and put it over for the delight of the gaping passersby. In a world where so many splendid thrusts were turned aside and their force dissipated, the bouncing of the pea was effective, very effective.

"Oh, hell!" Jane said suddenly, scowling into the darkness.

One could keep up this way indefinitely. Picking, quibbling, backbiting!

She threw back the covers and got out of bed. She went to the telephone and called the concierge.

"Please wake me to-morrow in time to make the ten o'clock train for Nice."

"Yes, mademoiselle. Good night, mademoiselle."

"Good night."

She opened the casement window, drawing the red curtains a little aside. Down below, the empty street looked blue, frosty, and foreign.

III

It was a bleak, cold morning. The telephone rang once, twice, three times. It rang with a French nasal accent. There was a short pause, then it began again. Jane could imagine the concierge at his telephone, calling, and she imagined that he would be a persistent gentleman. At last she got out of bed, shivering, and answered. But she forgot to order breakfast and had to call again. As she hung up the receiver a second

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time, she looked at her warm bed and longed to crawl back into it; but she knew she dared not if she were to make her train.

In the grey light of morning the room was like a different one from the cozy room of the night before. Even the red satin puff was a chilly red. She washed in cold water, dressed herself in her cold clothes, and then put on her coat, too. When breakfast came, she ate it, sitting on the edge of the bed. She drank the thick, chalky chocolate and ate large mouthfuls of cold, damp bread, chewing heavily as though her mouth were full of mud. She hurried to re-pack the things she had used in dressing and strapped her two bags. Then she went down into the foyer but it was cold this morning and bleak like everything else. The concierge was behind his desk and produced her bill. She paid it and asked the time of her train. The concierge informed her that she had still nearly an hour.

"Do you know Marseilles, mademoiselle? You should see some things of the city while you are here."

He went with her to the door and began pointing directions: a beautiful church down that street; a fine picture gallery some distance off, but it would not be open before ten o'clock; a big park over there. She could reach the park by walking to the left until she came to a magnificent building which was the Department of Postes, then around this building, and to the right three squares; and there was the park. A splendid park. She could not miss it.

She mumbled that she would see the park and set off, leaving him in the doorway shouting directions. She turned a corner to be out of his sight, then walked slower, for she still felt shaky. She did not notice where she was going and she came to a park quite by accident. It could not have been the one the concierge meant, for this was a mere patch of frozen earth, grey and bleak, shut in by a tall iron fence. The fence looked very strong and neat, each straight black iron rod rising perfectly parallel to the others and each capped with a formidable spike. Inside the fence, the few trees were pale and ghostly, shivering in the wind. Now as she stood, snow began to fall: large, loose, indolent flakes. It fell on the frozen ground and clung to the ghostly trees. It came thicker, making a white scum over things. Only the black iron fence was left untouched. It remained neat and upright and the snow streaked diagonally past its black rods, giving them a deeper blackness. Jane realized that she was standing quite still, looking at the fence, but to all appearances looking at the park. She thought that the concierge would approve if he could see her.

She did not want to walk any farther. She was cold through. She turned back and came to the Brasserie in one corner of the Hotel du Terminus. Inside, behind broad steamy windows, people sat at small tables, eating and drinking. She hesitated a minute, then opened the door. A close human warmth came out around her. She sat down quickly at the nearest of the small round tables and took off her gloves. A waiter stopped beside her and she was seized by the paralysis which always came with the need for ordering in French. She gazed dumbly up at him—the fierce little pig-eyes, the pert mustache. Just behind him on the wall was a sign: Cognac Martell. And she wanted something which would warm her. She just managed to say:

"Cognac!"

"Fine Maison?" he asked.

"I don't speak French," she muttered in a low voice, feeling conspicuous.

"Comment?" he asked.

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"Cognac," she repeated, getting red.

"Bien!" he said in fine disgust.

He went off and came back with a small glass and a bottle. He smacked the glass down in front of her, uncorked the bottle, poured the glass to the very top, corked the bottle with a flourish, and departed. She sat hunched in her chair, miserable, looking at the glass, not daring to look around her. . . .

"Don't mind people looking," her mother had told her when she was a child on her first visit to the city, "it seems as though every one is looking at you. But people's eyes have to rest somewhere."

Still she had felt the eyes. All along the unfamiliar crowded streets where street-cars clanged and the milling of bodies was worse than any Saturday night in Gentenville, she felt the eyes.

"Just resting somewhere," she had whispered consolingly to herself.

Then her mother stopped to gaze in a window and she stopped, too, and there were three girls who looked at her, giggling. She had worn her best coat for the trip, and her hat—purchased only two days before and much prized for its yellow plush flower—sat over her plaits of hair. Yet these girls, not much older than she and amazingly dressed in coats with fur collars, continued to stare and giggle behind their hands, even after she turned heartsore and looked straight at them. Then it was no good to pretend that people's eyes had to rest somewhere. She knew they rested on her. . . .

After a moment she raised her full glass, spilling some over the sides, and took a sip. It was burning, and she did not relish the taste; but she felt that it would warm her. She drank the glassful slowly. She became conscious of the liquor in the pit of her stomach like a small hot ball with hot threads reaching out. She sat some time with the empty glass before her. Then, as she saw the waiter passing, she held her hand up and said again, distinctly:

"Cognac!"

He nodded a bit more affably and returned with the bottle. She sat back slowly in her chair and began to look at the people about her. There were as many women as men in the Brasserie. Most of the women wore black; some had long mourning veils. One woman with a large nose and wide-set watery eyes sat at a table near by. She was with a man, but neither of them talked. Jane looked at the woman, strangely attracted by her expression. She lifted the second glass of cognac and sipped it, meanwhile looking at the large-nosed woman. She began to feel more and more attached to this woman's face and she could not take her eyes from it. She drank, looking over her small glass at the large nose and watery eyes. The woman noticed and fidgeted with her veil, turning slightly away.

The Brasserie looked beautiful in a kind of golden gleam. The black bulks of the women in mourning and the round tops of the tables, beautiful in foreground against the street outside. The snow fell increasingly thick through the bluish air. It was sad, infinitely sad. As sad as the expression of the large-nosed woman. But beautiful, all of it, the large nose, the snow, and the golden gleam.

Some one bowed in front of her. She recognized the porter of the Hotel du Terminus. He was bowing in his striped vest and black apron. He was talking French fluently, courteously, smilingly. She smiled back at him, helpless. He looked quite nice; but he was one of the most unintelligible persons she had ever encountered. She felt no embarrassment at being unable to understand. Everything was slow and beautiful, and her not knowing French seemed a part of it. She had tried to learn French. Only

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two days out from New York she had commenced to learn about the French money and to say: "Deux verres de porto, s'il vous plaît!"

Eva had been anxious to teach her French. Eva had been reared in France. "You can pick it up once you're in France," Eva said. But Eva hadn't been very helpful really. "Ne laissez pas les enfants jouer avec la serrure"—she would ask Eva constantly about signs and try to pronounce words. "Prière de ne pas uriner"—and then she would see Eva frowning slightly. But it must have been decidedly dull for Eva driving down the Rue St. Honoré to be constantly asked:

"What does Nettoyage mean?" "What is Laiterie?" . . .

The porter grew positively insistent, standing before her. He made gestures as of sweeping things. Ah! He wanted her to go through that door. He left her and ran once to the door, then came back, making the sweeping movement again. That door opened into the foyer of the hotel. She stood up promptly. Well, she would go through the door; and by being very careful, she would go through it straight, neither to one side nor the other. She took a step away from the table, and the waiter came rushing up. He, too, talked French very fast and his mustache bristled on his small face. She watched him for a time, then looked back at the porter. The porter leaned far forward toward her and said something. She could not understand and shook her head. But he leaned closer still and said very loudly:

"Quatre francs!"

Oh, francs! So that was it. She had to laugh it was such a simple matter. She drew out of her bag a ten-franc note and gave it to the waiter. Then she closed her bag and made again for the door. The porter went ahead of her; and, following him, she came straight upon the concierge standing in the middle of the foyer. He looked at her, disapproving.

"I do not know that you will make your train," he said. "Nonetheless, you must hurry!"

He looked very significant somehow, as though there were more to be said but as though he was strong enough to keep from saying it. She gazed at him, trying to think hard.

"You must hurry," he repeated but still with the look.

His face was round and red and his mustache curled tenderly—like those of young men in pictures of a bicycle club which her father had belonged to before he was married. He was so different from the fierce little waiter; yet there was something. Suddenly she remembered and dived into her purse. She handed him a ten-franc note.

"Thank you, mademoiselle."

He bowed; and she could see over his bended back the porter with her two bags, waiting impatiently. She went toward him and he led her through a door which opened directly into the station. He began to run. She ran, too. Through the station, bumping into people, the porter ran, and she followed. They reached a long platform where a train was drawn up. All the doors were closed. The porter craned his neck into windows. He stopped, dropped one of her bags, and jerked open a door. He pushed the bags inside and helped her up. She searched and found a ten-franc note. He grabbed it, grinned, and leaped out, slamming the door of the compartment behind him. Whistles blew; steam was emitted. The train jerked forward and rolled slowly, creaking, out of the station.

IV

Jane leaned back in her seat. She could not see very well and her mouth felt thick and fuzzy. Outside the station,

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the light of day poured into the compartment and for the first time she realized that there were two other people in it. One was a young woman with her head tied up in a great roll of grey veiling, the other a small young man with a mousy brown mustache. They sat opposite each other in the two seats next the windows, and the young man talked constantly in chirping French to which his companion paid little attention.

The train rolled through flat country. There were red-roofed houses and dark cedar trees; and the snow streaked diagonally past everything. After the rain and mud of Spain, the blinding sun of Morocco, Jane felt this snow like a fresh new delight, as though she had never known snow before. The country changed character with surprising quickness, widening out to large stretches of fields and mountains, then tightening into narrow gulches. The train dived into tunnels, skirted ridges where tiny houses perched. Sometimes it passed blue lakes; and the snow fell into the blue water.

The dullness of the liquor had worn off, but with it had gone the last vestige of warmth. She felt all the chill of the compartment and noticed that the young woman was huddled in a fur coat with her feet wrapped in a rug. She had lost her own rug on the boat to Marseilles.

She had no notion of the time. It might be eleven, it might be twelve. She could not tell. The train had passed so many places. She decided that while she was in Nice, she must buy some sort of clock. All the way down through Spain and across Africa she had depended on Eva's wrist watch. Now she was hungry and she had no idea what time it was. Driving along cold mountain tops in the back seat of the open Renault, she had been always hungry before luncheon, sinkingly hungry almost immediately after breakfast.

For the last half hour the young man in the compartment had been taking out his wrist watch, looking at it, putting it away. Now he looked at it a last time and crowed and looked at the young woman opposite him and smiled. He stuck the watch into his pocket, rose, and pulled a folding-table out from the door between them. He reached up to the rack above his head and drew down several packages. He opened the packages, making many small pleased exclamations, and set out petits pains, cheese, cooked meat, fruit, and a bottle of white wine. Then he and the young woman sat forward at the table and began to eat. The smells of the food and the wine filled the compartment.

"When the conductor comes by, I'll ask if there's a dining-car," Jane thought.

But how did one say "dining-car" in French?

The young man and the young woman ate slowly, masticating and looking out the window. They ate nearly everything. When they had finished, the young woman settled back in her seat, drew out a pair of manicure scissors, and started paring her nails. The young man collected the luncheon scraps into a newspaper, rolled them up tightly, and carried the bundle to the end of the compartment where Jane was. He glanced sidewise at her as he stuck it up into the rack just across from her; then he went back to his own place and sat heavily down. He pushed the two empty bottles under his seat, kicking at them with his heels and wearing a grave manner. He collapsed the table once more against the door and brushed his hands vigorously.

"Voilà!"

He looked across at the young woman; but she was interested only in her

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finger nails. The newspaper full of scraps gave out its thick merged smell.

Greyer and greyer grew the day. It had ceased to snow. The train went faster through many small towns, tight clusters of red roofs and yellowish walls.

Jane had no idea how far it was to Nice. She had forgotten to ask the concierge and she could not begin to calculate the distance. Back in New York, just before she sailed with Eva, some one had told her that the whole of Europe could be put into New York State. It had presented an ideal prospect. Get on the train in Paris, one hour, and Italy. Another hour, and Spain. But then she had gotten on a train in Paris at eight o'clock of a dismal November morning. She and Eva were leaving for Biarritz to meet Agnes, who was waiting there with the car. They had gotten on the train at eight o'clock in the morning and by dark they were not nearly to Bordeaux.

She took out her papers from Thos. Cook and Son, Algiers, and looked at the reservation. The Hotel Beau Rivage, Nice. Beau meant beautiful. What did Rivage mean? Ravage? Perhaps she'd better root down into her suitcase among the American mouthwash and the lamb's-wool underwear and dig out the French-English dictionary. Oh, why didn't she know French? Here she was, buffeted over the face of Europe, arriving at Nice she knew not when—and all because she could not ask a simple question in French. Also she was hungry; but she could not ask for the dining-car. How ridiculous!

It was beginning to get dark. Suddenly the young woman sat up straight and unwound the grey veiling carefully from her head. When it was off, her hair showed, twisted in an exaggerated wave over her skull. She patted the wave complacently, took from a paper bag her black hat, and rested it on the top of her head, pulling it down a bit here, a bit there. The young man watched every movement, scolding, approving, with low pigeon sounds. She paid no attention to him but went on pulling, first at the back, then at the sides, now at the front. At last the hat was down around her ears. It covered completely the upper part of her face. Well back, beneath its jaunty brim, the suggestion of two eyes shone. The young man looked and smiled tenderly.

"Mais chic!" he said.

He rose and helped her into her coat. Then he got down all their luggage and fussed with it, feeling the buckled straps and thumping the fat sides. They both looked out of the windows and he talked excitedly.

The train pulled into a station and they got down. Jane stuck her head out. The sign on the platform read Cannes. The name was familiar to her; but she did not know where Cannes was situated in relation to Nice. The train started again and she went back to her seat. Now that the two French people were gone, the compartment seemed much colder. In the gathering dusk the country whirled past in small tornadoes of houses and trees and people.

She looked up at the newspaper package in the rack opposite her. It had ceased to give forth odors, now that the compartment was so much colder. But she remembered the cheese she had seen on the little folding table. How hungry she was! Wait till she got to Nice—these French restaurants with their stores of pâté, chicken, cauliflower in cream, mushrooms, thick soups, crisp fried potatoes, cold fish, veal, fruit, cheese!

Then she remembered her meal in the Hotel du Terminus: the tall mirrors, the red curtains, the empty tables, and the old waiter talking to himself. Suddenly

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His Idea of a Mother

By KAY BOYLE

THE road wound straight on, with a small branch to the left, and there seemed no reason at all to turn and cross the stream that slid along on the other side. A queer thought it would be indeed to follow the cattle path up over the hill.

But the little boy was on his way home from school one day when he stopped at Drury's Crossing and looked up at the sign-post that was insisting that the branch to the left led to Shopton, and the road straight before him to something else again. It came into his head that the path and the way it was going had been left unmentioned. He sat down there to have a good look at the hill that was stretching away beyond.

Across the stream there seemed to be a great amount of soft sweet turf and of greenness spread out all over. Higher there were trees springing up, as lyrical as dancing women, though all he could see in them was the way they moved in the wind. Beside the stream there was a willow or two drying out its hair.

The path did not quite make the grade to the castle of trees that was bowing this way and that at the top. Just a minute before it got there, it threw up its two small white arms in despair and was lost forever in the blowing weeds. The little boy sat looking at what lay before him and calling upon the courage that would take him over the fence and the stream and up the hill.

The whole of the hill itself was spotted with islands of dung, and if he had summoned any courage at all it perished at the sight of a cow making her way down. He thought she must be on her way down to drink, but when she spied him she stood quite still and looked at him with her soft dim eyes. He sat hard and small against the fence wondering if she had any young ones behind her and watching her full sagging throat and the gentle shifting of her jaw. Presently another great angular cow followed the first one, and then another, and before the little boy could get to his feet and move away, at least eight of the beasts were stumbling down the stony path.

He stood for a while in the road watching them lower their muzzles to drink at the water, and the bright beads from the stream that gathered on their sparse beards, and the long ribbons of slobber that hung from the ends of their mouths. Every time they flung wide their rosy nostrils to drink, he could see the clear ripples which their breath tossed across the surface of the water. He had no great feeling of pride for himself as he stood on the other side of the fence from them, for if men and their courage were strangers to him, at least he knew that the delicate thing which the sight of big animals set shaking between his ribs was fragile enough to be the ornament of any little girl. His father had been dead eight years and what he was like he had no idea at all.

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His idea of a mother was something else again. How long she had been dead, he did not know. He was thinking of her as he walked backward up the road. His dragging feet were startling up fine clouds of dust in the roadway, and in the soles of them was more than languor, as if he did not care whether he ever found his way back to her or not. "Aunt Petoo, skee-doo," he thought. He looked at the cows and watched their tails moving venomously across their bony rumps. "Aunt Petoo, skee-doo."

He found her squatting down in the garden before the house. She had a trowel in her hand and she was prodding at her flowers. She looked up at him and pushed her straw bonnet off her brow with the back of her hand.

"Did ye ever take a walk up the path over the hill at Drury's Crossing?" he said to her as he swung on the gate.

She shook her head absently.

"Will you get me some water in the can, there you are," was what she said.

The little boy set down his books.

"Don't set your books down there," she said. "Why do you have to swing on the gate every time you come in like that?"

"Did ye ever take a walk on that path over the hill at Drury's Crossing?" asked the little boy.

"Will you get me some water in the can?" said Aunt Petoo.

The little boy walked off with the can in his hand. He was looking around about him, and up, and over, and looking at the house in its vines and the trees waving and the birds flying over his shoulder, and in this way he tripped on a croquet wicket and fell down.

"Get up," said Reynolds.

The little boy sat rubbing his shins and looking sourly at the toes of Reynolds' boots. Reynolds was the only man he had ever known intimately. His vest was black and yellow and it was his place to ride behind Aunt Petoo's horses and to mow the grass. He could drown kittens, dispose of rabbits with one whack of the hand, and he could swim. In the summer he could swim the river with the muscles of his breasts swelling and gathering like snow-balls in the water. As he stood above the little boy on the croquet lawn he was red with anger. In one hand he held a carriage whip, and in the other an urchin.

"Look here at this urchin!" he said in contempt to Aunt Petoo. "He was come across stealing cherries!"

There in the sun shone the flushed and dripping face, the contorted mouth, and the terror of the urchin boy. The little boy himself began to whimper at the sight. When he lifted his hand to wipe off his own tears with the back of it, he could see it was shaking as if in the very teeth of cowardice.

"What are you going to do with the urchin?" said the little boy. He whispered it in terror across the grass.

"Thrash him," said Reynolds. "It's what his own father ought to be giving him, not me!" Reynolds swung about to the old lady. "I'm going to thrash him proper, Miss Petoo," he said. He held the urchin up in the sun.

"Not here," said Aunt Petoo. "The wretches squawk so." With the greatest precision she pinched off the leaves that sprang up along the stalk of a begonia. Her mouth did not relent. "Take him around by the stable," she said. "The slugs got into the very best strawberries last night. Not a sizable one for tea, Reynolds!"

"Aunt Petoo," said the little boy, "don't let him thrash the urchin."

Aunt Petoo looked up from the flowers. The little boy was standing beside her.

"Don't, don't, ah, please, don't, Aunt Petoo!"

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He spoke very quietly and the "ah" seemed a strange sound for such a small boy to be making. It was a church, a poetry sound, and to hear him using it for a moment put her out.

"But, a thief," she said. "A thief who steals. . . ."

The little boy's face was shaking like a small fist in her face.

"Aunt Petoo, Aunt Petoo," he said. "Please, please, ah, please, please, don't let him do it!"

The garden was as soft and melting as an all-day sucker between the teeth. Aunt Petoo cracked off a great bite of it.

"Oh, skee-doo," she said. "Get along with you! Let Reynolds do his own way and you get about yours! I've been after you for water in the can. . . ."

The little boy flung himself against her knees.

"Ah, Aunt Petoo, Aunt Petoo," he cried. "No, no, no, no, Aunt Petoo! Let the urchin go once this time, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, Aunt Petoo!"

A terrible look of venom crossed Aunt Petoo's face. He had made the garden go sick on her very tongue. Reynolds had walked off with the urchin under his arm and the little boy lay on the ground at her feet, biting fiercely at the turf.

"Now, listen here," she said. She shook at his shoulder. "Your Uncle Dan is coming home. What do you think of a soldier hearing all this crying and this screaming?" Her voice would never give in. "It's a shame for a boy and no soldier would bear it."

The little boy lay still.

"Who is my Uncle Dan?" he said without lifting his head.

"Your father's brother," said Aunt Petoo. "With long whiskers and a sword."

The day had begun to fade away when the little boy started off down the road. That his father's brother was coming back was the thought that remained in his mind. He thought of this until every tree he passed became a menace to him and his shoe-lace untied and tapping at his ankle made him skid with terror in the gloom.

When he came to Drury's Crossing he slipped with the greatest glibness beneath the bars of the fence and leaped across the stream. His blood was singing like a harp and he was not afraid at all. As he ran, he startled a little group of cotton-tails across the path. He stopped and watched them scampering off through the impenetrable grass. The water was shining like a mirror far below him, and the willows looked as soft and airy as feathers blowing along the stream.

Milk-weed pods were tapping at the cups of his knees, and now and again the wing of a moth caressed his cheek. The sight of a moth in the room with him made his spine crawl, but here in the dark it was natural and left him with no fear at all. When he seated himself in the deep grass, he felt as if he were crouching on the hearth close before the fire. Even the wind that rose was as warm as a scarf around his neck.

Whether he fell asleep then, or whether his eyes were open all the time, he did not know. But however it was, he had not been sitting there long when he saw the cows beginning to loom out of the darkness and make their way down toward the stream. They were going slowly down, with their heads hanging like heavy copper bells between their fore legs, their jaws endlessly and softly crunching, and when they stopped at all it was to lift their heads and call softly out through the falling night.

The deep mellow sound of the cows calling to one another was so beautiful that the little boy tried the sound of it in his own throat. He lifted his head to catch the soft shape of the cows' mouths

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and the turn of their velvet tongues in their jaws. His nostrils were stretched wide open, imitating the cows' nostrils which were spread full as harvest moons.

The great dark beasts seemed in no great haste to descend the hill and they loitered here and there in the rich night. Had they been horses, thought the little boy, the least sound of him stirring would have sent them off in alarm, but here were the cows cropping at the grass and munching it almost at his feet, as though the smell of him there meant nothing to them. Any movement he made seemed natural to them, and when he put out his hand and stroked the fore leg of one cow that stood near by, she lifted her head in no dismay whatever and snuffed deeply at his neck. Such a blast of sweet meadowy odor passed across his face that he shuddered with delight.

It was then that the beast he had stroked bent her knees under her and lay down in the grass. He could not perceive her in the darkness, but from the sound and breath of her, and the soft swing and crunch of her jaws, he knew that she had folded her gray horny hoofs under her heart and was chewing gently there beside him in the grass. When he moved closer, she made no sign. Even the touch of his hand on her strong shoulder did not cause her to stir. When he stroked the stiff, sleek curve of her ear in his open hand, she flicked it solemnly back and forth.

The little boy shifted himself against her and pressed his small lean back into her strong covered bones. The endless rhythm of her cud swung easily through all her rich shoulder and bosom. Great tough ribbons of movement ran strongly through her flesh. The little boy had laid his face against her neck, and there was his ear stroked and soothed with it. He could hear the soft humming of her belly as it greeted and returned the food from her fruitful jaws. On the ground he could feel the feast of white violets and clover heads that had been spread there before her. As he lay against her he thought of the great full sack of milk that was hanging between her legs.

He was thinking what a comfort it was to have the great warm body of the cow against him in the field, and while he was drowsing, suddenly she whipped her head about so violently that she gave him a fierce blow in the ribs with the side of her horn. When he had found his senses again, he thought it must have been a fly that had disturbed her or else she would never have struck him with such force. This was the thought that was in his head when she turned again toward him and rubbed her great bony face against his arm. Such blasts did she thrust from her nose on him, like a mother-cat smelling out her young, that he thought he would be blown down the black field. But presently, when she had snuffed in enough of him, her tongue began to move rudely across his hand, lifting his fingers up and turning them over as if they were so many stalks of clover. When she had done with his hands, she licked her way up the coarse stuff of his jacket and there was his neck and his ear and all the hairs on his head getting such a scrubbing and such a loving as would have taken his hide off had it been any one else that was doing it to him.

It was when the half-moon was coming up from behind the trees that the mother-cow, without any kind of warning at all, suddenly straightened out her legs and stood up in the grass. A terrible feeling of despair pierced the little boy's heart. But she went ambling quietly off, with her tail swinging, and the little boy himself started reluctantly down the hill. The whole world was returning again under the illumination of the moon.

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The trees were uncurling out of the darkness, and the grass was moving like a sea. When the little boy reached the water, he stopped for a moment. In the middle of the stream lay a little broken moon, rippling back and forth. He knelt down and put his two hands about its moving edges and tried to lift it up. In a moment the little moon was rippling back and forth again and his hands were wet and cold.

The little boy crossed the fence and started up the dusty road. The old landmarks were familiar to him in the strange light. When he came to the gate of the garden, some kind of human fear possessed him. It was a surprise to himself when he pushed the gate open and walked up the path. A man, with a pipe in his mouth, was turning up and down the terrace. The little boy stood still for a while and watched this sight. When the man turned again he looked down the garden, and he too stopped in his walk.

"Hullo," he remarked. He had no whiskers.

"Are you Uncle Dan?" said the little boy.

"Right you are," said the man.

"Are you going to thrash me?" said the little boy.

"Is that customary in greeting a nephew?" asked Uncle Dan.

"I ran away," explained the little boy. "If my father was here, he'd thrash me——"

"Hold on, sir," said Uncle Dan. "Gentlemen don't thrash their sons, you know."

The little boy stood staring at him in silence. Uncle Dan glanced over his shoulder.

"I say," he remarked in a lower tone, "shall we walk down the road a bit so we shan't be disturbed?"

Frans Hals Grown Old

By Margaret Emerson Bailey

Frans Hals grown old in wisdom, would have done
His wenches turned to beldames, crumple-chinned;
Cluttered his canvases with thicker-skinned
And coarser faces, the vermilion gone
That gave a slap-dash to each hoyden cheek.
The mouths once smeared from toss-pots of brown ale
Or careless kiss, he would have painted pale,
And curved the noses like a parrot's beak.

A Rembrandt woman with sad, questioning eyes,
Hals would have ousted from this company
Of slattern gossips taking their sage tea,
Matching gross truths with little need for lies—
Lest "Why and wherefore?" should disturb the flow
Of those still gulping down life's "So, and so."

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Dorothy's Chamber Undefiled

By DAVID BURNHAM

They stepped down from Kirby's high, old-fashioned touring-car and hurried up the walk, faces rosed with the cold. Groping behind her with one hand for the door-knob (finding it, the chill of the brass bit through her glove), Dorothy held out her other hand to Kirby and reached through her mind for words to seal the moment. But what could you say?

"You won't believe how nice this has been."

"But it's I who must thank you." Kirby took Dorothy's hand in both his and smiled into her smile. "I still insist, you know, such a person as you just doesn't exist in this frightful town."

"And people like you always run away from our frightful town the moment we discover them."

"You're cruel."

"And we'll never see each other again."

"But we must!" Kirby, still holding her hand in his, looked about him in mock alarm. (This is the moment; remember. Speak.) A sudden noise like a long sigh from inside the house turned Kirby sharply back, and he listened while a clock inside followed its sigh with four heavy notes. Then he smiled again.

"You hear? Only four times. Cinderella mayn't vanish for hours. At four she has just asked Prince Charming to step inside to warm himself before his cold ride home. We'll have a cup of tea. Wait," and he was running down the walk to throw a rug over the radiator of his car.

Watching him, Dorothy felt her body shrink against the door in unreasoned panic. The moment was broken; the broad bend of Kirby's back, stooping to spread the blanket over the hood, frightened her; when he turned and came up toward her, smiling, her body and back-stretched arm blocked the doorway.

"The Spirit of Verdun," he smiled, "defending the Motherland. Remember the medals?"

His smile half-bitter, as this afternoon, knowing too much of her but too young, passed before her into the house as her grudging fingers spun the cold knob. When she came down-stairs, his hat and fur-lined coat were hunched in a corner in the hall; in the drawing-room he was squatted before the fireplace, arranging the logs. Without the coat, his stooped back was frail and young. Fear forgotten, her fingers reached toward his hair in a sudden return of her gratitude.

"Your man has no conception of how to lay a fire," he told her over his shoulder. "This fire would strangle itself in five minutes."

"Our man says she's sorry, she doesn't know any better." Immediately she regretted; it embarrassed rich people to be reminded of poverty.

But Kirby said, without changing his impersonal tone, "Come here, I'll show

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you. I always lay my own fire. See, the kindling mustn't be choked with so many logs. Like this——"

Dorothy came closer and stood over him, wanting again to stroke his bent head. He piled the logs wigwam-fashion. This room in which he knelt, she stood, enfolded Dorothy in a genial embrace that made her, as she felt them wrap round her, as her back and sides, seeing, assigned each to its familiar place, love even those details most hated in a so-hated room. The carpet, chairs, pictures, even the hideous light-fixtures she could love now.

"There," Kirby said, and straightened up so suddenly he almost struck Dorothy. She stepped back while, dusting his hands, Kirby watched the flames under the logs flicker up and fire, rocketing out loud sparks, first the kindling, then the birch logs.

"See," he said, turning. "And here"—he dragged an armchair nearer the fire —"is Cinderella's chimney-corner."

When he had bowed her to her seat, he turned out to face the room and surveyed it as he had surveyed his fire, with a surprised pride.

"But this is delightful," he said.

He began a tour of the room, stopping to exclaim at what he found. He ran a finger over the row of yellow-back French novels in the book-shelves and bent over (Dorothy was terrified he would notice it was uncut) to read the title of another on the table. Stopping before the Pascin girl-in-an-armchair: "But they've never heard of Pascin out here! You must have the only one in all Ohio." Beside the piano, he hunted through the music on the rack. "Tristan," he muttered excitedly. "Debussy, Ravel——

"I must look at you again," he said, turning.

Dorothy met his still half-bitter smile with her own open gratefulness, feeling the unrealized excitement she had used to feel eight, ten years ago when she had dressed for a party or walked into a room filled with strangers.

"And this is your husband," Kirby said, picking up the silver-framed photograph from the piano. Dorothy wondered again how she could have been afraid to let this man into her house; feeling for her husband a sharp wave of unaccustomed affection.

"And now shall I ring for tea?" Kirby asked, "or shall we just sit? Luncheon was almost too heavy to want tea."

"I never want to see another bite of food. And if you rang for tea, who would come?"

Kirby sat down on the couch opposite her, legs crossed, grasping one ankle in a long hand.

"I must have known your husband," he said. "What's his name? I don't even know that, you see. But *your* name's Dorothy. You have no idea how long I've known you."

"Four hours now—almost five."

"Oh, no. I've known you for ten years, or more. My mother always writes me all the news, even of people I've never known. She began writing about you at least ten years ago."

"The letters *I* got before I came home were all telling about the disgrace of young Noel Kirby's going off to Paris to write a novel. Did you ever write your novel?"

"Never. Mother's first letter described the triumphant return of this beautiful young lady from her school in—was it Florence? I didn't believe her; it was absurd to ask me to believe that anything beautiful should have come out of this town, or that it ever might have sent one of its daughters to Florence. Was it really Florence, or is there a Florence, Ohio?"

"Florence, Italy. I was there two years."

"Then she wrote about your marriage.

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The romantic details depressed me so much that I remembered your name. Besides, I was going through my Baudelaire period then. *'C'est la chambre de Dorothée——'"*

"'La brise et l'eau chantent au loin——'"

"Every one in town wanted to marry you, Mother wrote, but there were two principally. One who was rich and one you loved. So you married the poor architect."

"And lived happily ever after."

Kirby smiled again his bitter smile, but without irony.

"I imagined, after such a story, that you must be perfectly frightful. Very prim, spilling over with mispronounced Italian phrases, immensely pleased over your spectacular renouncement of Mammon."

"Don't," Dorothy said. "I'm very fond of that young girl. *I* thought of *you* as something with a flowing tie and long hair. You would have a studio in Paris, and a midinette mistress à la Mérimée, and write prose-poems."

"I did, you know, at first."

"Oh, you must let me see them some time."

She broke off abruptly, remembering that there wouldn't be another time. Kirby got up rudely and walked over to a front window, where he stood with his back to the room looking out bitterly smiling at the snow and the falling night. Dorothy stared into the fire. It's slipping, she thought.

"And to think," she said, "I almost called up this noon to say I was sick and couldn't come."

"And if you had arrived fifteen seconds later," Kirby said, "you would have met me running screaming down the front walk."

"I generally manage to faint, just before the last course."

Kirby didn't respond, and Dorothy went on, "You weren't at Mrs. Isham's last week. It was even bigger, even duller than this noon. Half-way through lunch——"

"If I wasn't at Mrs. Isham's it was through the grace of the Almighty God." Without seeing, Dorothy could feel Kirby's face sharpen with his voice. "I've been to seventeen local entertainments since I arrived, and each time I've sworn I'd never go to another, and each time Mother's persuaded me I ought to, and each one was worse than the last."

"Each one is always worse than the last."

"Don't say that so smugly." Kirby swung around to face her. "How do you stand it?

"You're thinking," he said when she didn't answer, "that you don't mind it. But you minded it last week, you minded it yesterday, you'll mind it to-morrow. How can you give yourself to people like that?"

It's slipping, Dorothy thought, it's no use; why did you come in? Why did you spoil it?

Kirby, watching her face, repented the moment he saw his purpose accomplished. "Play me something on the piano," he said, though still sharply, walking away and back to the window.

"I don't play any more."

"Nonsense. Play something."

"I tell you—" But she was repentant too, because of the anger she felt still against Kirby. She walked over and lifted the key cover. There was music on the rack, the music Kirby had glanced through. Dorothy rejected Tristan and Strawinsky and began a Haydn sonata.

Kirby stood looking out at the snow; then he came and, leaning his elbows on the piano at the end opposite Dorothy, looked into her face as she played with eyes lowered. The silver-framed photograph stood in his way, and he set it down on its face.

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"You're lovely," he said softly, "perfectly lovely." In his smile now the bitterness was only a faint white edge to his lips. Dorothy looked up at him, then quickly down. It's spoiled, she thought angrily, playing louder, he's spoiled it.

"Lovely," Kirby breathed, watching her face.

"But that damned piano's horrible," he said abruptly. "Please stop. Hasn't it *ever* been tuned? Why can't your husband buy you at least a decent piano?"

Dorothy jerked back her hands from the keys as though they had burned her; when he spoke like that about her husband she was too angry to speak and she got up without speaking and crossed over to the couch and sat down on the end near the fire so that her back was to Kirby.

Kirby lit another cigarette and crossing after Dorothy stood against the mantelpiece, watching bitterly Dorothy's anger. "Well, I seem to have put my foot in it," he said.

He stood there until his cigarette had almost burned out, without speaking, while Dorothy stared into the fire and wished he would leave. Then suddenly he flicked his cigarette into the grate and sat down beside Dorothy on the outside edge of the couch so that one knee rested on the floor and he was bending toward her.

"Look at me," he said quickly. "You must smile again; I can't leave until you smile. I'm not leaving to-morrow," he said; "I can't go away and leave you here, you don't belong with these people, you *can't* go on living with these people, you——"

His words came in a rush that beat against Dorothy's anger as she bent away from him, realizing only that he had spoiled what he had given her. She heard, without attending, words she had repeated to herself a hundred times but now they brought not solace but a sullen anger. His face was close to hers and she pushed away his searching lips.

"You're hurting me," she said sharply.

"And you're hurting me a thousand times more. Oh, if you could see yourself as I just saw you, playing—playing that frightful cheap piano that can't sound a sharp from a flat."

"No," Dorothy struggled. "No. Please, no."

"You *must* listen to me. You don't know how lovely you can be when you smile, and these people are making you forget how to smile. I'm not going back, I'll stay here——"

"No," Dorothy repeated. "Please."

His lips were on hers again and her own lips were stinging and she tried to push him away. She tried to push back and then she felt herself falling, falling, and his lips were stinging and she was falling away, her lips spread apart and his lips were moist and sweet against hers, and then suddenly her lips were free and Kirby was staring at the doorway.

In the doorway stood quiet a tall, thin boy of six, watching them with expressionless eyes. He stared at the couple a full minute, none of them speaking, then he solemnly crossed the room to the couch where they were sitting. Kirby had swung around off his knee and was sitting on the couch in normal position; and the boy walked up to him. Very solemnly he kicked him in the shin.

Kirby's leg snapped up and he covered his shin with his hand, and the boy solemnly kicked his other shin.

"Dickie!"

Dickie turned his blank face to his mother, and Dorothy reached out and slapped him. She slapped with all her force, and the report and the redness that sprang to Dickie's face frightened her when he didn't cry; he stared at her, uncrying, without expression.

Kirby had got up and crossed to the

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window, setting his back to them. Dorothy, watching her son's vacant insolent stare, felt all her anger against Kirby resurge against Dickie, and her eyes swelled with sharp tears. She jumped to her feet and seizing Dickie by the arm dragged him from the room and up the stairs stumbling and into her bedroom. The pulse was throbbing in her neck from her anger and the climb. In her room, she still held Dickie by the arm; looking down at him through her angry tears, she was unable to think what she had meant to do to him.

Suddenly sensing the hatred behind her anger, Dickie began to cry, and Dorothy pushed him away from her, sickened.

"Get out," she hissed at him as he stood weeping and looking down at the carpet. "Get out, go in your own room."

Dickie backed out, sniffling, and Dorothy clung to the foot of her bed, trying to steady her trembling and quench the angry pulse in her head. The violence of her own emotion frightened her, and she sank down on the bed.

The thought that Kirby would have left brought her suddenly to her feet and she ran out into the hall. Kirby's coat and hat still lay in the hall below. Dorothy went back into her room. The trembling was stopping, but when she sat at her dressing-table she found herself too weak almost to raise her arms to arrange her hair, and she walked into the bathroom and drank some whisky from the flask in the cupboard.

When she went down-stairs, Kirby was standing at the same front window. Past the silhouette of his head and shoulders, Dorothy saw that it was already dark. Gerry would be home within the half-hour.

I love him, Dorothy thought; nothing else in the world means anything to me now.

Sensing her, Kirby turned. His face was chill and hard and his bitter smile was now without softness. He was irritated, and a confused apology rushed to Dorothy's lips, but Kirby was speaking before her.

"I should have left before you came down, but I couldn't go without offering an apology——"

"Oh, but it's I——"

"No. Please." (No, I hate him, hearing Kirby's frigid, formal words.) "I am very sorry over what happened. I quite forgot myself; I can't understand what came over me. We shall never see each other again, but I couldn't leave without first apologizing."

He turned abruptly from her, and walked out to the corner of the hall where he had dropped his coat and hat.

Dorothy ran after him and tried to pull his coat and hat out of his hands. "My son is a little beast——"

"Please," Kirby said coldly. "This is very painful for me."

Dorothy released her hands; she watched Kirby button his coat, slip his muffler inside the collar, draw on his gloves. He opened the door and walked out and the door closed behind him, and Dorothy, hating him, trembling, could hear his heels crunch the packed snow of the walk and then the steps stopped. I hate him, oh, I hate him.

She heard the door of his car slam, heard the rasp of the starter, then the coughing of the cold motor, and the weakness that had returned to her when she saw Kirby's face as he turned and heard him speak left her and she jerked open the door and ran outdoors, the cold air striking her face and body like arrows. Kirby had shifted clumsily into gear, the gears grinding. He raced the motor and he was going to start.

"Stop!" Dorothy shouted, running. "Oh, stop, stop. Stop!"

Kirby looked back, then turned again and slipped in the clutch; the wheels

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skidded on the snow, and Dorothy was almost to the car, slipping like the car on the packed snow, and then the car jerked forward and the force of her run carried Dorothy half across the street.

She stood in the street, breathless, trembling, staring after the car, its chains kicking up behind the wheels twin cones of snow.

"Take me with you," she said softly, her breath gone. "Take me away. Darling, darling, oh, take me away, I love you, I love you. I can't stand this, I can't stand it any more."

The red tail-light appeared suddenly between the cones of snow; then it rounded a corner and was gone.

"Darling, darling," Dorothy whispered, her breath spreading frosted about her face. Darling, she thought, and the frost penetrated, she felt, to her brain. Her feet and wet ankles were numb. It must be going to snow, because this stillness was too much to endure. From inside the house Dorothy could hear above the snow-heavy stillness Dickie sobbing. A figure turned into their block at the corner and she recognized her husband and he would scold her for coming out without a coat but she couldn't move. She could tell him she had run out to get the newspaper.

"Darling," she whispered, her numb cheeks waiting for the snow, and she could tell Gerry she'd run out to find the newspaper.

Truce

By Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger

I have found it only yesterday
In the breaking of the sullen sky
Bravely into banners, and a day
Quiet and gold and beautifully high.
I have found it, peace as swift and cool
As a wind that skims the shallow pool.

Memory is gone, and all desire
Gray as the ashes of a little fire,
Crumbled as browning shreds of casual leaves,
And quiet as sparrows dead in attic eaves.
Even the bayonets of the slanted rain
Are gathered back into the sky again.

Here is my truce, this treaty in my breast,
Impervious to beauty or unrest;
And here my territory, wide and far,
Of silent days, and nights without a star;
And only I, victorious beyond belief,
Cry half my heart away for vanquished grief!

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As I Like It

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

In reading a book like "A New England Vista," by Walter Prichard Eaton, I am conscious of a mild if unproductive sense of sin. There are of course many men and women who spend very little time outdoors. Some of them are so busy indoors all day long that when night comes they are too weary to seek any form of recreation; others actually prefer bridge or the movies to physical exercise. But the millions who are both able and eager to change the gear of their minds by breathing the air of heaven may be divided into two classes; I will call them respectively the Botanical and the Sporting. Mr. Eaton belongs to the former and more intelligent group; I belong to the latter.

The attitude of each of these classes to the other is quite different. We of the sporting fraternity regard the solitary strollers in the woods and pastures with respect, and even at the worst with amused tolerance; if they prefer to commune only with Nature, why not? Live and let live is a good mental attitude for everybody; never more so than now, when so many individuals and organizations are trying to control not only the actions and speech, but the very thoughts of others.

But I regret to say that those persons who despise games are prone to despise those who play them. One cannot possibly imagine Henry David Thoreau teeing up on the Concord golf course, with three jolly companions, or indulging in an hysterical post-mortem in the locker room. And as for W. H. Hudson, we know what he thought of those who played golf, for he expressed himself in no uncertain terms. When, in the round of his observations of nature, he came upon a links, and one does every few minutes in England, he became violent.

Whenever he saw people playing golf, they seemed to him obnoxious, offensive, almost obscene; they befouled the fair bosom of nature with their sand bunkers and with their implements of torture; but what was worse, they exacerbated his intelligence, like a boy drawing his finger-nails across a slate. When there were so many interesting sights to be observed in a walk through the green and pleasant land, why should these barbarians assault the grass?

From the standpoint of pure reason, I suppose many men and women who love games must seem absurd. I remember, many years ago, trying to induce an amateur botanist to take up the game of golf. "Oh," said he, "I much prefer a quiet walk along the countryside." "But," I rejoined, "that is exactly what golf is. It is a quiet walk along the countryside, and in addition to that, you have also the excitement of the game." "But the game is an impertinent nuisance. When I take a long walk, I don't want to be bothered by looking for a little ball." These two attitudes toward nature are irreconcilable.

In order to enjoy games and be devoted to them, one must have sporting blood. Now sporting blood is something you very definitely have or you have not. Those who have it not cannot understand it at all, and they cannot see how men of mature minds can also be playboys.

Sporting blood has nothing whatever to do with courage. There are many

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people who are wildly excited about games, and yet they may not be physically brave; and there are those who have for outdoor sports only contempt, and yet they may be intrepid. The late President Eliot repeatedly declared that intercollegiate football was "uninteresting"; but he was one of the bravest men in the world. In fact, it may have taken some courage to make that very remark.

The famous novelist Wilkie Collins wrote a long novel, "Man and Wife," a very interesting story, in which he ridiculed athletic sports. He wrote it primarily as propaganda, but, being a born novelist, the intention did not defeat the fable. He attacked the Oxford-Cambridge boat race and all other major athletics. Then he gave an exciting description of a four-mile running contest between two champions, and commented on the imbecility of the enormous crowd, assembled to see which man would run faster than the other, when the result was of no conceivable importance to civilization. He applied the test of pure reason to a fundamental instinct.

Mr. Eaton's book, "A New England Vista," describes his sincere happiness in taking walks alone in summer and in winter, observing the varying aspects of the country in the changing seasons; finding the first shy flowers that bloom in the Spring, and hearing the songs of the returning fowls of the air. His own passion for the country may have been somewhat increased by the fact that for a number of years he was a professional drama critic on a New York daily newspaper, and a very good one indeed. During those years, he lived mainly indoors; his evenings were spent in the theatres, he went to bed between two and three in the morning, and slept late, missing the glory of the awakening world. Having left that particular Gehenna for the paradise of the Berkshires, he revels in his freedom. And I will say that he writes about "the great outdoors" as skilfully and as artistically as he ever wrote about the new plays. "A New England Vista" is an admirable book; and sometimes he almost makes me wish that I too might prefer fauna and flora to golf and tennis and shooting, though I know I never shall.

It is possible that playboys like myself are intellectually inferior to those whose main delight is a solitary walk; these botanical strollers at all events are self-reliant; they have resources of their own. They need no companions and no apparatus; they commune with nature, and instead of trying to escape from themselves, they do just the opposite; they loaf and invite themselves.

I have more respect for Mr. Eaton and his kind than I have for myself; and yet —heaven forgive me!—I glory in my shame. For while the pleasure of sport consists largely in human companionship, still I love the sport for its own sake. I have reached an age where in playing golf I put the weather first, the company second, and the game third. I had rather play a rotten game in good weather than a good game in rotten weather. Yet even so I had rather play golf alone than take a walk alone. Thus, while I respect Walter Eaton, I do not envy him. For if I envied him, I should erase that emotion by copying him.

I respect all men who love to potter around in a garden, but for me such diversion would be an intolerable bore. When I talk with a respectable citizen and ask him the familiar question what he does for exercise or recreation, and he says that he spends an hour in the garden before breakfast and another hour when he returns home from the day's work, I look upon him humbly as a superior intelligence, but I would not imitate him for anything. If I were obliged to mess around in a garden, even

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though I were so successful as to behold the desired fruit of my labors, I should feel unutterably depressed.

I love fresh woods and pastures new, but I love them more with a golf club in my hand. If, instead of going out with three good fellows to play golf, I went out alone to find the trailing arbutus or something like that, I should feel an enveloping depression.

And there is another thing about solitary walking in which I am sure my experience is not unique. I can play eighteen holes of golf, which means three hours of walking, I can play three sets of tennis doubles, which means an hour and a half of violent exercise, without fatigue; over and over again I have felt less tired at the end of such exercise than I did when I began it. But if I go for a slow saunter with or without companionship, I become unutterably exhausted. My back aches horribly, and my legs feel as if they were going to sever their connection with my frame. And when at last I do sit down, instead of a pleasant fatigue, I feel as if I should never smile again. I can distinctively feel my heels eating my kidneys.

There is only one fatigue worse than that; it is where some obliging person shows you the "sights" of a town, or the interior of a museum.

Furthermore, the majority of creative writers are not playboys; they care nothing for outdoor or indoor games. So far as I can find out, Browning never took part in any athletic contest; his chief physical exercise was playing the piano, horseback riding, walking (he never took a cab if he could help it), and, up to the time of his marriage, dancing. Elizabeth expressed her surprise that the author of "Paracelsus" should dance the polka all night. Tennyson played no games; his chief exercise consisted in booming out his own poems in his sea-captain's voice, or taking the dogs for a walk on the edge of the cliffs. In answering the stock question, "What is your chief recreation?" Bernard Shaw wrote, "Anything except sport," and George Moore wrote, "Religion."

In the world of literary scholarship, one of the most important events of the twentieth century is the appearance of an entirely new and magnificent edition of the works of John Milton. The glory of this courageous and superb enterprise belongs to Columbia University, to whom the homage and gratitude of scholars and lovers of poetry is due. Curiously enough, there has up to this time never been printed a complete edition of Milton. These volumes will contain every scrap of poetry and prose that the editors have decided is authentic; the numerous pieces written in foreign languages are adequately translated into English; the text is based on the latest edition published during the lifetime of the poet; things not published before his death are here printed from manuscripts or from the earliest edition after 1674; the original punctuation and spelling are preserved, which give a quaint flavor to many familiar lines; the notes supply all necessary textual information. There are beautiful illustrations in color.

This magnificent array of volumes has been in preparation for nearly twenty-five years, and the editors should see the travail of their souls and be satisfied.

Two thousand copies have been printed on rag paper and fifty numbered copies on handmade paper. The composition and printing were done at the printing house of William Edwin Rudge.

The shape and weight of the separate volumes, the admirable dull, opaque paper, the beautiful letterpress will delight lovers of literature and literary epicures.

The names of the editors who have

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been at work on this undertaking for so many years form an honor roll:

Frank Allen Patterson
(General Editor)
Allan Abbott
Harry Morgan Ayres
Donald Lemen Clark
John Erskine
William Haller
George Philip Krapp
W. P. Trent

The editors pay a noble and well-deserved tribute to the President of the University:

> The editors deem it but just to say in conclusion that this edition of the Works of John Milton owes its existence to the unflagging sympathy and support given it by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of the University. Ever since a suggestion that the Columbia University Press should issue a complete edition of Milton was made in Dr. Butler's presence nearly a quarter of a century ago, he has borne the proposal in mind, has kept watch over the evolution of the work, and has furthered the labors of the Editorial Board in every way in his power.

Let me say to all those who can afford it that here is a chance to own one of the most attractive set of books that I have ever seen; also the only complete edition of the Second Poet in English Literature.

Even as we owe to the Oxford University Press so many definitive editions of great writers, so I am glad to pay a tribute here to the University Presses of America, which have produced so many important works and in so elegant a style. The Stanford University Press of California now prints an English translation of Robert Burton's play "Philosophaster," together with his other minor writings in prose and verse; his major work being of course "The Anatomy of Melancholy," that unique storehouse of learning, wit, humor, and human nature. Burton wrote his only contribution to the literature of the stage in Latin, in which language it was acted by the students of Christ Church, Oxford, in the Hall of Christ Church, on Monday, Feb. 16, 1617; "it began about five at night and ended at eight." It was its first and last appearance.

After more than three hundred years, it is now for the first time translated into English, by Paul Jordan-Smith, who furnishes introduction and notes; it will be remembered that with Floyd Dell, Doctor Jordan-Smith produced in 1927 an edition of the "Anatomy" with all the Latin quotations Englished. If Robert Burton is now conscious and aware of terrestrial events, three things are giving him pleasure; first, that his play is edited and translated by so scholarly and sympathetic a Burtonian; second, that the appearance of the book is so beautiful a specimen of the publisher's art; third (because he loved paradox), that his editor lives in Hollywood!

Speaking of handsome books, let me call the attention of Scribnerians to the Ebony Library, a series of tall volumes bound in black, printed in bold type on very thick paper. The latest holds the two masterpieces of Shakespeare's contemporary, John Webster, called "The Duchess of Malfi" and "The White Devil." Considering the casualties, it is quite appropriate that this White Devil should be robed in black.

Once in a while a great creative artist is not afraid to collect and publish his fugitive contributions to newspapers and periodicals. Some years ago Bernard Shaw's old reviews of new plays appeared in the permanent form of two thick volumes called "Dramatic Opinions and Essays," and all sensible readers of good books were grateful. And now his intimate friend, Max Beerbohm, gives us two tallish volumes, with a special preface for the American edition; this work is called "Around Theatres," and appro-

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priately follows in the wake of the Irishman; because it contains the papers that Max Beerbohm wrote for *The Saturday Review* from 1898 to 1910, on which periodical he was the direct successor as dramatic critic to George Bernard Shaw. We should be grateful to the American publisher for rescuing these essays; they are a delight in themselves, and they form an important chapter in the history of dramatic criticism. What Max Beerbohm says in his preface about the value of "journalism," that is, being forced to write a column every week, should embolden and encourage every writer for the newspapers. Quite often those men who would eagerly accept an offer from a newspaper editor sneer at those who are fortunate enough to receive it.

Another noble work, of immense interest to students of English poetry, is a spectacular, lusty volume called "Famous Editions of English Poets," edited by John O. Beatty and John W. Bowyer. Between the covers of this mighty tome are the contents of eighteen complete volumes, each the most famous edition, of twelve great poets. There are illustrations and portraits, reproductions of manuscripts and title-pages, and facsimiles of specimen pages from the original editions. This is most interesting, even beguiling. Roll-call of the poets whose work is included: Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning.

The twentieth-century climate is unfavorable for dead heroes; but really, you know, I had always thought not only that Sir Walter Scott was a literary genius, but also that he was a good man. To those who would like to think otherwise, I recommend the perusal of "Scott and His Circle," by Donald Carswell.

One of the most brilliant, original, and exciting murder stories I have read in some time is "The Second Shot," by Anthony Berkeley. Its method of narration is new and strange; its revelation of character and temperament worthy of the best psychologists; its literary style excellent; its revelation of the actual murderer a stunning surprise.

My colleague at Yale, Professor George H. Nettleton, who is lecturing in various universities in France during the present academic year, took a few days' vacation in Berlin. He attended a gala performance of the opera, held in honor of the sixtieth birthday of the Musical Director. A booklet, containing a number of advertisements, was distributed between the acts; it contained, with portraits, announcements of German translations of novels by Joseph Hergesheimer and Sinclair Lewis. It is interesting to see that the Germans have translated Lewis's first novel, which I have often publicly praised, "Our Mr. Wrenn."

UNSER HERR WRENN

Deutsch von Franz Fein

Heute, da die Meisterwerke des grossen amerikanischen Schriftstellers und Nobelpreisträgers dem deutschen Publikum bekannt sind, ist es von besonderem Reiz, sein Erstlingswerk kennenzulernen, in dem seine Darstellungskraft, sein Wissen um die weite Welt und das kleine Menschenherz und seine grandiose Ironie in besonders liebenswürdiger Weise sich kundtun.

Here is an interesting letter from Mary Eleanor Peters, Instructor in Romance Languages at San Mateo Junior College, California.

I came across your comments on the tendency of American publishers to change the names of English books in the American edition. I was interested in your theory that Americans require the sensational, and on the whole I agree with it, but in this case I am tempted to see another reason for such changes

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as that of the title of "The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones." It is my opinion that there would be very little sale for such a title because the majority of Americans would not know who in the world that man Jones was! The discriminating and informed few would not furnish purchasers in sufficient numbers to warrant publishing the book, but with such a title as "Taking the Curtain Call" a double purpose is served: sales are increased, and many readers are enlightened, and introduced to a very worth-while acquaintance. Many, reading the book, learn for the first time of the dramatist's work, and are inspired to purchase his plays or to read them in anthologies. Perhaps I must plead guilty to a personal reason for this theory, for while I do know Henry Arthur Jones, I confess myself unknown by my inability to identify "R. D. B." of the Diary!

As one *aficionado* to a fellow *aficionado* of the detective thriller, perhaps I may trespass on your time to tell you a bit of conversation which I recently had with the desk sergeant of our local police department. I had gone to inquire as to the possibility of recovering some jewelry stolen by some thief who entered the house in my absence. A man had been caught and had confessed to a long series of jewel robberies, and it was said that some of the articles had been recovered. In this conversation, the sergeant explained that in this instance all jewelry had been at once turned over to a fence who had within twenty-four hours broken up the pieces and melted the gold into ingots of which he had disposed. And then came this sentence: "Captain Matheson of San Francisco says the biggest fence of them all is the United States Mint." It seems that the Mint makes no inquiry as to the source of gold brought to them, its only interest being in the raw product of the mine, which it investigates searchingly. But any small dealer can dispose of his little bars of gold without questioning on the part of the Mint officials.

Many letters and specimens concerning dream and subconscious poetry have been sent me since I brought the question up for discussion in these pages. It is not possible to print even a small fraction of the verse I have received. But here is an interesting letter from Francis Uridge, of New Haven.

Judging from your continued discussion of subconscious poetry, you will be interested in the published dream-poems of Anna Kalfus Spero, 1912 Virginia Street, Berkeley, California. The University of California Press has published a complete collection of these dream-poems of Mrs. Spero's, a copy of which was given to the Yale University Library recently, under the title "Dreams in the Dark." And, in the January issue of the University of California *Chronicle* appeared twenty-seven of these poems under this same title. My interest in subconscious productions of this kind is far greater than my ability to judge what is poetry and what verse, so I leave the authority for the quality of "Dreams in the Dark" in the hands of those who sponsored the publishing. So far as I am able to judge, however, Mrs. Spero's work seems unique in being not one or two but many poems produced throughout a lifetime.

New members of the Fano Club are Edward Donnelly, of Georgetown University, now at Collegio Beda, Rome. He wishes to know when he must pay his dues to the Fano Fascimo Club. They are due on April 31, 1999.

Helen E. Mitchell, of Perth, Canada, joins the pilgrims, and adds that the Angel is torn from its niche and is in the Museo; "as the Church is *much* under repair."

Ten days later the Angel was seen by Doctor and Mrs. H. Everton Hosley, of New Haven, who write: "We find the church of San Agostino partially destroyed by Earthquake."

Here is an interesting letter which brings up for discussion many and various things. Albert W. Davis, of Pittsburgh, writes:

You made the sincere statement in your column "As I Like It," that if you could live nowhere in America you would rather live in Munich than any place in the world. Coupling this statement with a sports photograph I recently saw of you (which stated you were an ardent golfer) I have disclosed a slight incongruity, for the reason that the golf course in Munich is hardly worthy of your residence there.

Last summer I had the pleasure of slipping

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out of a performance of the "Maester Singers of Nuremberg" to play on the sheep-mown course of Munich. The place was in charge of the inevitable Scotch professional who lent me several old clubs for which I had to pay when I returned one broken, not even receiving what was left of the destroyed club.

But the most interesting experience of the day was when after playing the first nine holes I was informed that I might not continue to play unless I removed my suspenders. "Pride goeth before the fall." Do not these facts change your opinion of Munich as a true golfers' residence?

Well, I have often played golf on the Munich course, though I never walked out on Wagner to do so. My chief objection to that course is the splendid mountains; we know that the Psalmist, however striking his virtues, was a poor golfer, for he said: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." That is the very last place to look for help in golf. Far better is it to follow the advice of another poet, William Wordsworth, who was a real golfer, for he said

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes——

Now in Munich it is almost impossible to keep your eyes off the mountains.

So far as the suspenders go, one reason (apart from the climate) why Englishmen play golf in jackets and Americans do not, is because they are braced and we are belted. Knickerbockers with suspenders are atrocious without the concealing coat. And nearly all Englishmen wear them; and many believe that you can drive a straighter ball with the shoulders held in place by suspenders than you can with shoulders free.

The curious thing is that suspenders, after a long exile, are returning to America. One of the foremost haberdashers in New England told me some time ago, that he had not sold one nightgown or one pair of suspenders in fifteen years; but during the last year he has had a run on suspenders and the nightgown is also coming back. Last year I received an immediate and a happy retort from an undergraduate Pundit, Hedges Macdonald. On a day in June, he appeared on the campus with no coat but with brown suspenders; I inquired, "Why, are suspenders coming back?" He rejoined, "Can you ask?"

As for pajamas, I have never worn them and never shall. Many years ago, Mark Twain tried these *beinkleider* just once, and said he felt as if he had gone to bed with his pants on. But some years after that episode, women adopted this forked garment, and thus the famous Beau Nash could have entered it twice in his theatre programmes, under the headings What the Man and What the Woman Will Wear. As for me, I have always obeyed Lady Macbeth's command to her husband,

Get on your nightgown.

New books mentioned, with names of publishers.

"A New England Vista," by Walter Prichard Eaton. W. A. Wilde. $1.50.
"Complete Works of Milton." Columbia University Press. $105.
"The Duchess of Malfi and The White Devil," by John Webster. Dodd, Mead. $6.
"Philosophaster," by Robert Burton. Edited by Jordan-Smith. Stanford University Press. $5.
"Around the Theatres," by Max Beerbohm. 2 vols. Knopf. $7.50.
"Scott and His Circle," by Donald Carswell. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.
"The Second Shot," by A. Berkeley. Doubleday, Doran. $1.
"Famous Editions of English Poets," edited by Beatty and Bowyer. Richard R. Smith. $6.

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Ohio in Her Bones

(Continued from page 72)

the remembrance of all the lonely meals she had ever had rushed upon her. Eating butter cakes and stewed apricots in a Fifth Avenue Childs'. Club sandwiches and hot chocolate in Reuben's. Lamb chops and Baked Potato Special in the Cottage Tea Room. The table, the chairs, the salt and pepper shakers, and her food. Not far from her, other people eating; over the plates, their eyes looking furtively, then glancing away. All those meals in New York—one after another—by herself! And she had thought it would be so fine to go away East to Art School.

"I'll be all right," she had told her father, just as she had told him she'd be all right in Europe—"Of course, I'll get along all right!"

Yet it had been awful! Not for anything would she have let him know what it was like. He would have wanted her to come back to Gentenville; and that would have been worse. It would have been like admitting that she was beaten—that she was unfit for life.

How she had paced her small rented room with its limp curtains, making up situations and adventures for herself! When she could stand the loneliness no longer, she went out into the city and walked around. Once she went to a band concert in Central Park for the express purpose of talking to some one. She found a place on a small hill up from the bandstand and sat down on the grass. There was a faint glow from the lights. The music swelled, then sank to a murmur. All around her people panted and breathed and fanned themselves; and more than ever she longed to have some one beside her. Now the band played "Tristan and Isolde" and she seemed to feel the night beating away, while she sat alone. But when a young Italian in a straw hat seated himself beside her and said something, she stayed as if frozen, staring at the lighted bandstand and not hearing the music at all. In a minute she rose and walked hurriedly away. . . .

Now this remembered loneliness linked itself to her present loneliness in the cold, jolting compartment. She was clutched with a revulsion against all loneliness. She would have given much to be back with Eva and Agnes, sitting at the dingy table of some Transatlantique Hotel, feeling miserably inferior, but close to people, without a chance of being alone.

They were far away; and she was going in the opposite direction toward an unknown city and another unknown hotel where she would sleep in a cold unknown bed.

She had a picture of herself arriving. The valet de chambre would back out obsequiously and close the door. She would be there with her two suitcases. They stood side by side on a flowered carpet; and the carpet was strange, but the suitcases were too, too familiar. All the well-known dents, and the locks which had been broken open at the Tangier customs. And, inside, the mussed kimono and the grey knitted dress and the left-over Mothersill's and the bottles of American mouthwash.

This was not life, but a nightmare. Travelling to strange places all alone, and arriving with a feeling of loss at the strangeness, but with always the same suitcases and the same things packed inside them.

She began to cry softly. All the people there were in southern France! Yet she knew not a soul. Then she remembered that Frank Lester was somewhere on the Riviera. He was on the Riviera somewhere, writing a novel. She stopped crying and sat bolt upright in the half-dark compartment. She had had a postcard from him with a picture of the hotel where he was staying. Eva had had letters from him and had said that he was living in a village in the hills above Nice.

Oh, to get to him! To get to him quickly! To obliterate this loneliness! The moment she got off the train, she would wire to him at his hotel. He would come somehow by train or automobile or boat. They would talk in the parlor. Perhaps there would be a fire in the grate; and she would give him coffee and liqueurs. She remembered that, back in New York, he had liked liqueurs and knew their names.

Eva read the letter, folded it up, looked self-conscious, and said:

"I don't know what to do about Frank Lester—coming to Europe this way!"

"What about him?" Jane asked, knowing.

"He thinks—he cares."

"Don't you like him?"

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"Yes, but not that way."

"Well, he's probably getting a lot out of being in love with you!"

"Yes," Eva said, "but it's difficult to know what to do about him."

Suddenly Jane hated Eva for having Frank Lester in love with her. She stared dully out the window of the compartment at the dark landscape flying past.

Oh, why was she never able to feel at one with people—men or women? Only Eva had she ever looked upon as a friend. Through her three years at Art School, she had dined with some of Eva's little circle of acquaintances several times each week. But she could not talk as they talked; and she felt in some way removed from them. Perhaps it was a consciousness of herself and of something newly come into her which shut her off from things. She was aware of new significances and was made feeble by them. She knew it was not good to be so aware. Other women, successful women, took things casually and seemed to fit in. That Frenchwoman with her head wrapped up in grey veiling and paring her nails so unconcernedly—she would be able to look any man in the eye without distress. She would not be ashamed of the small female tricks she used so naturally. And any man would like her for them.

Frank Lester sat between Agnes Tate and Mary Thurlough at the big round table in Tony's, Fifty-eighth Street. Mary Thurlough was a thin, small young woman with black hair and eyes. There was something in the plain unpowdered look of her face, her shapeless nose, and flat cheeks which suggested a pioneer woman. But she dressed in a way to make people turn and stare—a tight-fitting basque with full billowing skirt, a silver link belt with a poignard slung at one side, and a cocked hat tilted over one ear. She had a direct manner; and when she greeted one, stuck out a firm, unbeautiful little hand and gave a short meaningful grip. She was a sculptress and accomplished a great deal of work. Frank Lester was impressed by her, although he was drawn to Eva and came to these dinners as Eva's suitor.

Next to Mary Thurlough sat Mr. Seton, whose khaki collar was conscientiously rumpled and whose hair stood in a wild disorder upon his head. Mr. Seton's expression, as he gazed with a sketching eye at other occupants of the restaurant, was subtle, fierce, and vital.

Eva and Jane sat together opposite Frank Lester.

Frank Lester with his crinkly hair and lean red face was persistent in getting the orders. As a newspaperman, he seemed to feel it his duty to organize things for these artists, relay their orders to the waiter, though the dinners were always Dutch.

"What can I give you?" he asked, smiling at Mary Thurlough.

"I'm down for a soup," she said. "I was looking at your head. Has any one ever done you?"

"Yes, a small modelling."

Perhaps unconsciously, he tilted his head to an angle better for his cleft chin. Then he looked at her again.

"Of course, I chisel mostly," Mary Thurlough said. "I feel that when one hacks things out, they have a greater scope."

"Yes," Frank Lester said thoughtfully, while his eyes, looking straight ahead of him, became vacant.

"Chisel"—Jane thought—and "hack" and "scope"! He's salting those down for future use. At some tea he'll bring them out—bang! bang! bang! Also, Eva is busy gazing into space and there is the opportunity for him to improve the minute. Also, Mary Thurlough is rather attractive in the equestrienne outfit, although in it she looks more like a brigande.

"I'd like to do you in granite," Mary Thurlough went on. She ran her experienced eye over his arched nose and high cheekbones—"Just a crude, simply stated sketch——"

Frank Lester glanced sidewise and caught Eva's eyes upon him. Quickly he turned to her.

"What can I order for you?" he asked.

"I haven't decided," Eva said in a low voice, looking down at the menu.

Frank Lester turned back to Mary Thurlough; but she was leaning over Mr. Seton, watching him sketch an old man across the restaurant.

"How is it?" Frank Lester asked her almost pleadingly, trying to see over her shoulder.

Mary Thurlough paid him no attention. She continued to watch Mr. Seton sketch; then suddenly she laughed outright.

"That's *very* clever!" she said, looking into Mr. Seton's face with direct appreciation.

Mr. Seton momentarily dropped his fierce look. He smiled fatly and looked quite ordinary in spite of the khaki collar and disordered hair.

"You like that?" he said.

"It has simple strength," Mary Thurlough pointed out.

The orders came straggling in.

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"I'm going to eat my soup while it's hot," Agnes Tate announced, not waiting.

Jane looked at Eva, who had a calm, unhappy look. She touched Eva's foot under the table and grinned. Eva smiled wanly.

"How are you?"

"Fine."

Eva dropped her voice to a whisper.

"He insisted upon coming again," she said, just glancing in Frank Lester's direction.

"Well, it's hard on you," Jane said.

Yet she felt it wasn't so hard. Apparently it was harder for Eva to see Frank Lester's eyes on Mary Thurlough. Oh, Eva was so female! And not female like an animal—or maybe it was like an animal. How could one know? All these different-looking, different-acting females sitting around the table. Agnes Tate so sprightly and ignoring both Mr. Seton and Frank Lester. Eva so deep-eyed and mysterious. Mary Thurlough dressed up to represent a romantic lady. And herself the least interesting female of all, yet underneath probably just as capable of crooked female tactics.

Where had Eva learned that trick—the most potent of the female tricks, suggesting mystery—and what was there in her which could excuse the trick? For it was a tawdry one in spite of its infallibility—or perhaps its infallibility did excuse it. Nature had begotten it for her own ends. So Nature would approve. But was she herself so unnatural that she couldn't excuse it? Men straining toward women, and women practising world-old tricks to keep them straining. But she stood by and was sickened by the sight of Nature in action.

Many people looked down on Nature's ways. That was a popular form of cynicism. But it was coldness. She was not cold. She was all for warmth and force. Only, she was for her own warmth—not Eva's warmth nor Mary Thurlough's nor couples' at Coney Island. But why was she so unsure; why did she blunder so? Eva's look, that dumb provocative shifting look, had its sure force. Frank Lester had turned like a weather vane from Mary Thurlough, who wanted to hack him out of granite, to Eva's dumb look. And so Eva was clever in her dumb way. She was the real female, the little female dog that ran close by the male, idly, aimlessly, and was surprised and a bit displeased when the male pursued. And yapped and barked at the panting male as though reproving. Would Eva yap?

Oh, that was unfair, even in her inmost thoughts! What if thoughts presented themselves, written out upon the table-cloth, like the head which Mr. Seton was blocking in with a soft pencil? It would bring Eva up in a horrified jerk.

Frank Lester so aware of them all, yet so unaware of their tactics! She felt sorry for him. Staving along with his poor male ideas, salting away his little portion of culture, and feeling quite capable of taking care of himself.

Unexpectedly, he looked up. He looked straight at her. Surprised, she returned his gaze, then involuntarily dropped her eyes. As she did so, something within her mounted like mercury. She felt hot and dizzy. And the next moment a guilty realization made her heavy as lead. It was like a regulation which all women must follow. If you weren't born that way, you soon contracted it from other women, the sooner the better, so that you fitted the regulation.

No, she would not wire Frank Lester. She would not bother him in his little hotel somewhere in the hills above Nice. Yet she told herself that she had liked him. When they had arrived at Madrid and Eva had had a first letter from him, she too had felt like writing some word to him. She had sent him a view of the Prado with a scribbled message, facetiously welcoming him to Europe. Then, when they arrived at Algiers, she received a card from him, which he had enclosed in one of his letters to Eva. The card was an old-fashioned one, a picture of people on the terrasse of the hotel where he was staying. He had written:

"My dear Jane: This is tit for tat. I wish you could be here to see the night life. It's really tremendous. Frank Lester."

That hurt! A card with a message like that, he could surely have mailed by itself. It was a slap in the face. Tit for tat! Men were certainly discreet creatures. No, she wouldn't wire him. He would think it presumptuous of her to phone him. The most she could do would be to write him a note, saying that she was near by. But no, she wouldn't even write him.

The train pulled into some large town with a great clanking and blowing of whistles. It rushed through tunnels lined with warehouses and came to a stop in a big station. There was a bustle and scurry in the corridor. Jane peered out the window and saw a sign: Nice-sur-Mer. Then it was Nice, after all. A porter came to her window and bawled for her luggage. She got it down from the rack and handed it out to him.

"Hotel Beau Rivage?" she questioned.

"Beau Rivage?" he asked her, squinting intently.

"Hotel Beau Rivage," she repeated.

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"Ho-tel Beau Ri-vage!" he instructed her, accompanying each syllable with a quiver of his mustachios. Then he caught up her bags and rushed away.

Outside the station, on the broad pavement, many bus drivers lined up and shouted at the outcoming passengers from the train.

"Negresco!" one shouted.

"L'Hermitage!" another.

"Hotel Beau Rivage!" her porter bawled.

It was repeated all along the line; and a small man separated triumphantly from the others and hurried toward his bus. Jane followed and the small man helped her in. Then they waited, but no other passengers came. At last he started the bus; and it rattled off down the paved streets through the gaily lighted town.

V

The next morning was bright. Jane had a bath and breakfast and set out to look for the office of Thos. Cook and Son. It was crowded and she had to stand in line to get her mail. There was a cable from Eva:

"Wire me Biskra how youkar."

Jane sent a reply cable and went again into the Promenade des Anglais. Before her on the broad street milled shining motors and carriages. Smartly dressed men with boutonnières and women in light furs brushed by her on the sidewalk. Children played primly on the beach with their nursemaids. The palm trees waved and the blue harbor sparkled in the sun. She had a sudden remembrance of the Moroccan desert, the grey earth, the sad, wise grey mountains, the clumps of dusty sage.

She thought that, if she hadn't come abroad, she wouldn't have seen all these things which were so different from Ohio. She would never have known about the lighthouse on the coast up from Tangier. Nor have seen the Arabs tilling soil under olive trees. She would never have suspected the arid pink walls of the Marrakech fort, nor the way the light strained down through the mattings into the souks.

Around her the Promenade and its cream-colored stucco buildings seemed to glitter in the bright sun. Two children in lace dresses went by, one on each side of a nurse in crisp dark-blue linen.

Jane felt suddenly very conscious of her own shabbiness. She went away from the Promenade down a small side street and stopped before a window displaying laces. Just across the way was the sign of a coiffeur, and after a minute she decided to go in.

The scant-haired but affable man at the desk spoke some English. He greeted her and showed her into a booth. She had a shampoo and a friction and a wave set with combs. Under the drier she drowsed in her chair, gazing lazily at her flushed face in the mirror, the elaborate set of the combs in her damp hair. It was a bother to go through this every so often, to sit while the coiffeur frowned and muttered trying to set a wave in her thin straight hair. It would be so much easier to have her hair bobbed.

In Madrid, Agnes and Eva had gone to the Ritz and had had most of their hair cut off. Just like two orphan boys, they looked. In the evening, when they went into the dining-room in their ruffled dresses with their prickly heads, people all over the room sat up stiff, staring with continental directness. Agnes liked it a little too obviously.

Well, and Eva? Had Eva disliked it?

She had always thought of Eva as so superior. Of course that was before she had shared rooms with Eva, before she had come to observe the working of Eva's manners:

"Do use my new hat-brush a lot."

Then later—crossly:

"This hat-brush is getting all frayed!"

Oh! Let them alone! . . . Her grandfather sat there, looking mildly over his coffee cup. His wife behind the tall coffee urn and his wife's sister beside him worked their faces in acid glee. Perhaps it was a different woman that they raked each time, but always the same words, the same expressions. He looked at them over his raised cup. "Let them alone!" he burst out suddenly, so violently that the two women jerked up, startled.

Yes, let them alone. Wasn't the trip over now—the whole incident closed? There were Eva and Agnes rattling on toward Tunis, free; and here was she in France, free. Damned free! Without enough French and with no place to go and with her four months three months gone—but riding on top of things, getting her hair waved in a booth with blue walls. Why should Agnes Tate have sent her off riding on top? Had civilization scratched so deep into Agnes Tate where taste had made no impress at all?

The coiffeur came and felt her wave. Then he shut off the drier and removed the combs carefully. The wave showed fine and silky and very unnatural. He pricked at it here and there with a comb, fearfully, as though it might all fall straight again in an instant. Then he stood back, clicked his heels, and showed his teeth in a smile.

"Voici!"

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She paid her bill and went quickly back along the small street to the Promenade. The sun was brighter than ever and the palm trees still waved and the blue harbor sparkled. She went along the Promenade toward the Hotel Beau Rivage. She had still fifteen minutes before luncheon and she walked slowly. Somehow, having her hair washed and waved had wrought a tremendous difference in her. It did not matter now that her coat was last winter's nor that her hat had been faded by the hot African sun. A faint perfume of the Quelques Fleurs friction clung to her; and as she passed a mirror in a shop window she caught a glimpse of her face still slightly flushed from the heat of the drier. There was a fluffy strand of hair which showed out from under her hat.

Then she noticed a man staring at her. He was a fattish sandy-haired man with a respectable-looking brush mustache. He had on belted tweeds and an English hat. He stood beside a table on the open terrasse of a café just off the Promenade. His eyes, never moving from her, had an incredulous pleased expression. Fascinated by the intentness of his gaze, she stared back, but then recollected herself and looked quickly away. As she passed beyond him, some inner faculty told her that he had left the terrasse and was following her. Involuntarily, she quickened her pace. Now she was hot with excitement at the possibility that he might come up to her. She could not even see the other people on the sidewalk; yet they seemed startlingly near, swimming past her. She went more quickly.

She knew without looking that he had come alongside of her. Suddenly there was his face urned slightly over his shoulder and his mouth smiling at her. Even then she did not look directly at him; but her head went up, stiff on her neck, and her cheeks burned.

It was only a block now to the Beau Rivage. He did not look around at her again and he had stopped smiling. She could see him walking along just a few feet ahead of her; but for any sign he made, he might have been any one of a thousand other men on the Promenade. Abruptly, she felt a keen disappointment that he no longer looked at her, did not smile, did not speak. The heat of her first excitement was chilled. Why had he ceased to pay her attention? What should she have done to keep him paying attention? Other women would have known what to do. If she looked at him now, would he smile again? Not that she wanted to have anything to do with him! But this coldness weighed her down.

She came to the Beau Rivage and mechanically turned in at the steps. Out of the corner of her eye she saw his head move around but he did not pause. He went on past the hotel and she walked up the steps into the foyer.

VI

Jane walked all round her room in the Beau Rivage—past the window and the oldish-looking chaise longue, past the bed, past the door, past the fireplace with its iron shutter tight down over the grate—then again past each in turn. The room was damp in the late afternoon; and she was stiff and cold from sitting on the beach. She turned on the switch, but things were even more dismal in the faint overhead light.

She recalled vividly the thought she had had on the train, of entertaining Frank Lester by her fire, giving him coffee and liqueurs. She saw plainly the way his face would look in the firelight—the slight sardonic lift of his eyebrows, the smile on his wide mouth. And out from his face, in instant relation to it: the dark corners of the room, friendly; beyond the windows the sound of the wind, a pleasant sound, and having, vaguely, something to do with the softness of the air beside the fire; the smell of kümmel and wood-smoke and his shoe polish and tobacco.

But that was all imaginary; she had imagined the whole situation. In reality such things did not happen to her. She would not write Frank Lester; she would never see him. It would be like her contact with that man on the Promenade, stumbling and ineffectual, arriving at nothing.

At least, she might have the fire. She went quickly across the room and rang the bell. After a few minutes it was answered by a cross-eyed valet de chambre who stood in the doorway, grinning.

"Do you speak English?" she asked.

"Ah, non," he said gaily, without regret.

She turned into the room, beckoning him to follow. She pointed to the fireplace with its painted iron shutter. He bent over and stared at it, attentive, then raised his crossed gaze, questioning her.

"Fire!" she said.

"Comment?"

She stooped and made a movement as of raising the shutter. A light broke over his face. He burst into a torrent of rapid French. She watched him as he went on and on and as his eyebrows drooped and he shook his head and every breath and intonation expressed his sorrow. She had already reconciled herself to the

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impossibility of a fire long before he stopped talking.

As soon as he left, she bolted the door, then turned back into the desolate cold room, put out the lights, lay down on the bed, and pulled the red satin puff up over her.

She wakened with a start and the feeling that she had been asleep a long time. She sat up in bed and listened but there was not a sound from the hall. It was pitch-black outside the window. She made her way warily across the room, opened the door, and put her head out. There was a faint sound of music from somewhere which reassured her. Perhaps it was not too late for dinner. She washed hurriedly, put on her hat and coat, and went down into the foyer. The clock marked ten minutes to nine. The dining-room, she knew, would be just closing. She felt she should be ashamed of herself for wasting money this way, oversleeping and missing good meals which were included in her hotel bill.

She went out the front door of the hotel past a group of elderly Englishmen who looked at her indifferently. The Promenade was damp and quite deserted. Evidently it had been raining. There was the sound of the sea a distance off; and the wind rushed strong over the wide spaces. She went along the Promenade, looking for a restaurant. She passed a terrasse where a good many people sat with liqueurs beneath a low awning. She did not want to go in there. She passed the Negresco with its statues knobby in the light from the corner. Several brightly dressed people came out and got into a car, and a liveried man slammed the door after them.

Now she came to a section of old houses converted into dress- and hat-shops and florists' and coiffeurs'. Here no lights at all showed and she saw no prospect of a restaurant farther along the Promenade. She took the next side street leading back from the sea and went along it until she saw a lighted doorway.

Here was a small dingy restaurant, its windows already shuttered for the night. No one was inside at the tables. In the rear were two waitresses sorting out napkins. She sat down near the door. A man in a black coat came up, and she asked for dinner, using the French word. He went away stolidly and brought back a soiled menu. She knew some of the French names of food and pointed them out to him on the menu. He said "Bien!" after each item; but when he asked a question in French and she did not understand, he turned half away and muttered something. Then he pointed to the bar with its bottles. She understood and said quickly, trying to conciliate him:

"Oui, vin rouge, si'l vous plaît!"

"Bien!" he said, overloud.

He came back with a basket of bread and a large carafe of red wine. She did not want a large carafe; but she did not feel able to argue with him. Instead she poured out a glassful and began to drink it. It occurred to her that she might even drink the whole carafe. She would sit here and purposely drink and drink until this dismal restaurant grew golden around her, as the Brasserie in Marseilles had changed, becoming slow and warm and beautiful.

She took a long time over her dinner; but at last she called for her check, paid it, and went out into the dark street. The man slammed the restaurant door shut behind her. There was no one to be seen in either direction and no lights showed in any of the windows. She continued along the street away from the Promenade. She turned into a wider, brighter street where there were a few people. She went quickly along, not knowing which way she went, not caring. Soon she came to a park—a large open park, dim in the diffused light which hung over the city. She went into it and along the path where were benches and clumps of shrubbery and small trees planted around an ornate bandstand. The path went on and on but twisting around and around. An old man passed her, mumbling, and she had to chuckle to think of him walking all by himself and saying things only for himself to hear.

Now the path turned sharply and there were scattered lights among the trees. Two women went by her; but she could not make out their features. She saw an old woman sitting on a bench with a loose bundle on her lap. A charwoman, going slowly home, resting from time to time. Very tired. A man and a woman, young, on another bench. If we had ten thousand francs, we could marry. Still we've got each other. A man going rapidly along the path, his heels clicking occasionally with a smart sound. On his way to his mistress. A full-bodied woman with brown long hair. And a pink chemise, very thin. In a blue room. And two lamps on a dresser.

Another man was coming toward her, a bearded one. She could see his beard, thick and fuzzy in the light from a lamp. Old, but with a firm step, and very pompous. What had he got to be pompous about? His children all prodigies. One a violinist, one a chess player, one an artist. That was what parents were proud of. She ought to have been a prodigy.

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How her father would have felt proud deep inside! And her mother would have beamed, pouring out tea for guests. Tea in Ohio! "Yes, Jane has always drawn—ever since she was able to hold a pencil!"

But this Frenchman's beard frizzed so benevolently and his large stomach stuck out and his short legs moved like a pair of scissors beneath him. She had got to laugh—and the sooner, the better! But wait until he passed.

She let it come exploding out, then. And she kept on laughing all along the path. The wind was cold and it blew on her. Her mouth was full of the taste of wine, long swallowed.

A gendarme stood at the end of the path where it ran into the street again. She hurried past him. On this sidewalk there was no one —no one at all—but far up the street, on the other side, she could see two men coming toward her, walking arm in arm and very slowly. David and Jonathan out in the night. She crossed deliberately to their side of the street; and as they came abreast her, she observed them, interested. They did not even notice her. They were talking French very fast to each other, looking into each other's faces. She caught a glimpse of a pale orange neckerchief and a large ring on a soft white hand. She went on.

But of a sudden she stopped. She stood stock still for a minute in the centre of one large white square of the deserted sidewalk.

"Well, then, I will!" she said quite loudly.

She wheeled about and went back in the direction she had come from, hurrying. She did not know the way; but she struck up a side street, firm in the conviction that she was going toward the sea. She did finally come out upon the Promenade, although far up from the Beau Rivage. Now she hurried even faster. She arrived just as the cornice lights which faced upon the Promenade were switched off for the night. She went up into the gilt and marble foyer. There was a light in the small office off the lounge; and she walked in, breathless. A young clerk was putting away some books.

"Would you make a telephone call for me, please?" she asked.

He looked surprised, but said:

"Certainly, mademoiselle!"

"Attendez, then," she said.

She went quickly out to the elevator. In her own room she switched on the light, rummaged in a suitcase, and fumbled through a packet of old letters until she found Frank Lester's post-card. She noted the address, folded the card so that it could be stuck into her purse, and returned to the office. The young clerk was waiting.

"Will you please telephone for me, now?"

"With pleasure," he said.

"I want to talk to a Mr. Lester at the Hotel Ravigotte, St. Paul, A.M."

She glanced hastily down at the post-card to be sure this address was correct.

"St. Paul," the clerk repeated.

He had gotten out a directory and was running through it. He pursed his lips and looked up.

"There is no Hotel Ravigotte at St. Paul," he said.

Under her hand was the card with the legend upon it: "Hotel Ravigotte, St. Paul, A.M." And to prove it, people sitting at small tables beneath a swinging sign: "Hotel Ravigotte." She could have shown the card to the clerk; but not for anything would she have had him see the message. Tit for tat! She swallowed.

"Are you sure?"

It was true, the people in the picture looked old-fashioned. The hats of the women sat high upon pompadours.

"Could they have changed the name?" she asked.

"That is possible," the clerk said. "There are but two hotels in St. Paul. One, the Hotel des Alpes-Maritimes. The other, Le Pomme Bleu."

"Please telephone both!" Jane said.

"Very good."

He stepped into the telephone booth, and there was a long wait. Then she could hear a faint murmur through the glass. After a minute he stepped out.

"There is no Mr. Lester at the Hotel des Alpes-Maritimes," he said. "I shall try the other."

She waited, staring through the glass door at the back of his head, while he repeated the operation. Then he came out, shrugging his shoulders feelingly.

"Nor at the Pomme Bleu is any Mr. Lester known," he said.

She laughed.

"Well, thank you for calling for me!"

"I am sorry," he said, looking at her.

"It doesn't matter!" She smiled and nodded. "Good night!"

She must have dreamed, for she wakened very happy. There were pleasant things about her in the darkness when she opened her eyes. She stirred sensuously, felt her fur cuff against her cheek, and sat half up.

Her mouth was thick; and she realized that

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she had lain down fully dressed. Gradually the pleasant things dispersed, leaving her conscious of her aching head. She stayed, propped on one elbow, trying to recollect. She could hear no sound anywhere; and the close dark room was cold. If she could only recapture that pleasantness!—that feeling of nearness with which she had wakened!

She lay back wearily on the pillow. The head-board of her bed was flat against the wall; and now, from the other side of the wall, came the sound of low voices. She could not make out whether they were men's voices or women's; and she could not hear what they said. She lay and listened to the rise and fall of them. She seemed to feel the bodies attached to them, there on the other side of the wall. They drew her most acute attention. And they brought before her mind the image of a little candy box, decorated all over with cigar bands, red and gold and blue. It had been a belated gift which arrived well after her ninth Christmas. It was for her; but she was allowed to eat only one piece of the candy. Then her mother put the box on the lower shelf of the centre table. But, when bedtime came, Jane took the box, concealed it beneath her skirt and carried it to her room where she put it under the pillow. She lay, feeling the hard lump. When her mother came to tuck her in and straighten the pillow, she found the box.

"Did you put it there, Jane?"

"No, mama."

"Then, how did it get there, Jane?"

"I don't know."

Her mother went out and she could hear voices on the other side of the wall. Then her father came in. He was dressing for his lodge and was in the midst of shaving. The white lather was on his chin like white whiskers. He turned up the light and stood looking down at her.

"Didn't you put the box under your pillow, Jane?"

"No, papa."

He looked at her for a moment.

"All right, then," he said gently.

He stooped over and put his cool hand on her cheek. She could see his lathered chin close above her.

"Good night," he said.

He turned down the light; and she was alone in the half-dark, hot with shame. She could hear her mother's voice, shrill in the next room:

"What's to be done with a child like that?"

And until she fell asleep, her mother's voice on the other side of the wall kept rising and falling. . . .

She lay uncomfortable in her hat and coat, feeling the old sense of shame as she listened to these unknown voices. What were they saying? What in the whole world was of such importance to them that they lay and talked in the middle of the night? Why didn't they sleep?

Oh, to be close to some one, any one! To get to know some one unselfishly. To be deeply interested in some one not herself. Over and over, these well-known recollections of her past—all the petty jerking emotions which were so clear to her, yet which helped her not a bit in getting on through life. She had come to Europe with only two suitcases, the pick of her belongings in them. She had left behind her in New York and Ohio the old clothes which her mother always considered too good to throw away. How well she remembered the texture of a woollen dress, sadly out of style but strong and unbroken. Her mother shaking her head and saying: "This serge is perfectly good!" And odd pieces of underwear, too-bunchy petticoats, a silk slip which never hung right. Those were stored away somewhere in the house in Gentenville. But she had brought over in her mind all the old remembrances and shreds of past misfortune.

The voices stopped suddenly and she leaped up, in a panic lest they cease altogether. What did people talk of in the middle of the night? Oh, let her hear what they talked of—so that she might once forget herself! She crept to the wall and knelt there, straining to hear any murmur which should tell her the voices began again. They did start then—but lower—and though she pressed her ear hard against the wall, she could not make out a word.

Without a minute's hesitation she slipped off her shoes, glided out of the room, and closed the door softly. She crept on hands and knees along the dark hall until she was beside the door of the adjoining room. Then she leaned close, trembling and listening. The sound of the voices came through the door clearly. They were English voices, a man and a woman speaking. They must be lying in bed, talking intimately. She felt hot, listening to something which was not meant for her to hear.

"Can it be as far as that?" the woman said.

"Oh, yes, rather!" the man said. "From Milan to Venice——"

She turned in the dark and crept back into her own room, closing the door softly again. She stripped off her clothes, found her night-gown beneath the pillow; and climbed into bed.

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VII

Jane wakened with a start and with the distinct feeling in her mind: "Something must be done about this! Something's got to be done!" She sat bolt upright for several minutes, blinking; then lay back and looked dazedly at the grey room.

Through the open casement window came a steady sound of dripping. She raised herself a little on one elbow and peered out at the faint day. Just opposite, across the narrow street, a grey building rose straight up, shutting off the sky. Against this grey dismal building the rain slanted steadily down. She got out of bed, padded across the room barefoot, and looked down into the narrow street. Only one man in a flapping slicker coat was visible, going along the wet sidewalk. All the windows in the house opposite were dark and as if blind.

She did not want breakfast and told herself that, as she had eaten so late the night before, she did not need food. She looked at the cold shuttered fireplace but did not consider having the matter out again with the cross-eyed valet de chambre.

She washed herself and dressed. Then she noticed Frank Lester's post-card lying on the mantel, creased and crumpled. "My dear Jane: This is tit for tat." And hot within her was the memory of her telephoning last night!

She got out her water colors and pad and drew a chair up to the window. She began to sketch a vista of the street below. She sketched quickly, easily, with a facility which she hated but which had won her prizes in Art School.

The day was as grey as when she had risen and the rain came down as steadily. Suddenly one of the windows in the house opposite glowed orange in the grey wall. She stopped sketching involuntarily and gazed at it. Through sheer curtains she could see into the bright room. A plump Frenchwoman was seated at a bureau, putting up her hair. Her hair was thick and dark. She wore a yellow robe; and from its wide sleeves her arms, uplifted, were round and beautifully flowing. She fixed her hair into a large loose knot at the back of her head, put in some pins, then lifted a cup from the bureau. She sat, sipping. From her own window Jane watched raptly; and in between the two windows the rain fell unceasing. The room in which the woman sat was small and gaily papered. On the bureau were two gold and pink vases; and a small lamp on a table threw a golden glow over things. All the room and the movements of the woman were so intimate.

A maid came into the room. The woman tipped up her cup, drinking the last that was in it. She set it down on the bureau again, nodded to the maid, and went out. The maid stooped and picked up a brush from the floor. She put it on the bureau, then turned out the light. The window snapped dark. There was no longer anything to be seen but the grey wall and the rain falling.

Suddenly Jane slammed her paint-box shut and threw down the unfinished sketch. She got up. That was how things were! They seemed to come close for a minute; but then they snapped off and showed that they had not been really close at all.

She began to pace her room just as she had done the night before. Two days she had lived with these red curtains, this armchair, this bed. And she liked them. But always they seemed a part of all the other people who had lived with them and liked them. For fifty francs a day they would belong to any one. Prostitute curtains and armchair and bed!

In New York, even in furnished rooms, her books and the green jar she had found in Chinatown had given her a feeling of possessions. Oh, but it was something more than possessions she wanted! Not just books and green jars, but some of everything! That Frenchwoman across the street, putting up her nice hair and drinking chocolate, had everything. No doubt she fussed for new hats or a different necklace; but it was evident in all her gestures in the gay little room that her life was full. She didn't know this sharp, hopeless hunger. The fat brown bureau, the pink and gold vases, the yellow robe were all only a part of her life which was full in itself.

Miss Hetta Wright in Gentenville had a lovely house surrounded by elms; and she liked to have people come to see her. She liked to tell about her Sheraton table which came over the mountains from Virginia. When she hung new toile curtains in the sitting-room, she went around to all the second-hand stores, looking for just the right tie-backs to go with them; and she bought two Staffordshire dogs to put on the pine chest. She liked to tell about how she assembled her things. But she was thin and sharp-faced and grey. And at the time when all the people went home, the house must be very lonely and the china dogs seem very still, sitting against the stiff new curtains.

But it wasn't only old maids who were lonely. Lots of married people unhappy.

Why should some men marry ugly women —when they were all of them reputed to be wild over beauty? Didn't the sight of a shape-

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ly leg send them into some sort of ecstasy which was entirely an affair of men? Women weren't like that.

What did men really want?

"Your time will come, Jane!" her mother had used to say.

But she grew taller each year and thinner; and her head seemed to have been meant for a shorter girl. She had banked so certainly on her mother's promise, had been content to wear middy blouses and hair ribbons.

She picked up Frank Lester's post-card and looked at it idly. She went and stood close by the window, holding it crumpled in her hand. The rain fell unceasing. The house opposite remained grey and blind. She wondered if there was any mail for her at Thos. Cook and Son's; but she did not feel like going after it. There was not anything she could think of that she wanted to do. Here she was in Europe and her last four weeks ahead of her; and she had not the vaguest idea what to do with herself. She wondered how other people managed to keep so busy—their days teeming, full. Were they really busy or were they like herself, but more clever, hiding it?

How she had been impressed by Eva when she had first known her in New York! She had wondered often how Eva could have any time for her. Eva was always off to Europe for two months or off to the country on a hurried week-end. She was always off to keep an engagement at the other end of the city. Yet Eva seemed to like to come to see her. Eva seemed not to mind the climb up five narrow flights of stairs to her small room; but once she was there, she never stayed long. Always she had a train to catch or an engagement to keep.

Eva liked to lunch with her, too, in small out-of-the-way places. They would go in a cab. Eva always took cabs and insisted on paying for them.

"And please hurry," she would murmur to the driver.

The cab would hurry, skidding down side streets, squeezing in and out of traffic jams. It would pull up in front of a Second Avenue restaurant and they would find a table and Eva would sit, looking around her with the manner of one who snatches what she can of life between irksome tasks. She would ask Jane questions about herself. Jane would be just beginning to enjoy Eva, to be relaxing into a rare feeling of intimacy—when up would go Eva's sleeve, showing the dial of her wrist-watch. Eva would sigh softly.

"I'm afraid I must rush off," she would breathe, "I said I would meet Edith Terry at the Metropolitan Museum and I can just make it!"

She would stand up reluctantly, hold out her hand, and look at Jane deeply. Then she would hurry out into the street, hail a cab, get in, and say something to the driver. The driver would slam the door; the cab would turn and make off around the corner on two wheels.

Once, when it was necessary that they lunch hastily at the Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street Childs', Eva hurried away extra fast. Jane sat on in the restaurant, finishing her luncheon; then went along Fifty-ninth Street toward Art School. As she passed the corner of Central Park, she was surprised to see Eva standing quite still in a path, looking with an intent expression at seven ducks which swam placidly around and around a small pond. Jane stopped, uncertain whether to call out. But as she hesitated, Eva pulled up the sleeve of her coat, glanced at her watch, and hurried in the opposite direction toward Fifth Avenue. . . .

Well, but Agnes Tate? She managed to keep busy and she got what she wanted. My God, yes!

Jane looked at the picture on the front of the post-card. Those old-fashioned-looking men and women at the tables. The Hotel Ravigotte. That was a funny thing—about there being no Hotel Ravigotte. In his letter to Eva, Frank Lester had said definitely that he was staying there. Perhaps the little clerk who had telephoned for her had mispronounced Frank Lester's name.

She held the card up and studied it carefully. Probably all those women on the terrasse were women of action, to be there with the men, talking and drinking and enjoying life. If they didn't know enough to go after things, they'd be moping alone in hotel bedrooms. At bottom, women had no pride. They pretended to have; but all the time, underneath, they did sly crooked things to get what they wanted. If Agnes Tate wanted Frank Lester, she would go after him to St. Paul. Even if she knew it was Eva he cared about? Why not! And why shouldn't she herself go? Oh, my God, no! Tit for tat. Besides, he loved Eva.

But why not? She didn't want to take him away from Eva—but just to talk to some one. And here were only the bed, the chaise-longue, the chair, and the fireplace. She would go mad with them!

VIII

Jane left her room and took the elevator down into the foyer. As she passed the hotel office, she saw several people in it and she went

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quickly by, not wanting to be noticed after the telephoning last night.

She hurried out into the rain, ducking her head down into her fur collar and picking her way carefully along; and turned up the next side street away from the Promenade. It was nearly lunch-time and she had had no breakfast; but she was not thinking about food.

She came to a wider, busier street and paused, looking around her for a likely shop where English might be spoken. Then on an impulse she addressed herself to a Frenchman who was going along the sidewalk. He stopped and removed his hat.

"Pardon me," she said, "do you speak English?"

"Ah, non, mademoiselle," he said, smiling.

"À St. Paul?" she brought out, enunciating each syllable with care.

He stared; then said, "Ah!" comprehendingly. He turned and pointed up the street where she could see there was a switching-place for trolley-cars. She thanked him.

"Il n'y a pas de quoi, mademoiselle!" he answered politely.

Not understanding what he said, she became confused and hurried off. She could feel him looking after her. Some one had told her they were insulting you when they called you mademoiselle. Well, if they were, what could she do about it? She couldn't insist that they call her madame, when she wasn't a madame. Probably this Frenchman could tell by one look at her that she wasn't a madame.

She went to the switching-place he had pointed out. After she had stood a time in the rain, a car turned a corner and clattered to a stop. She got on. There were few people aboard. The car went through the city, out a wide tree-bordered street. Soon the shops and houses thinned out and she caught glimpses of green gardens behind wet brown walls. The conductor came to take her fare and grumbled over the ten-franc note she handed him.

"À St. Paul," she told him.

He stopped grumbling and looked at her.

"St. Pons?" he bellowed.

"St. Paul," she said.

"St. Pons!" he reiterated, looking very annoyed beneath his mustache.

A young Frenchman at the other end of the car got up from his seat and came toward her. He bowed.

"I speak a little English, mademoiselle," he said. "May I be of service?"

"I want to go to St. Paul," she said.

"St. Paul près Cagnes," he said. "It is near Cagnes, yes?"

"I'm sorry, I don't know."

"Yes, it is near Cagnes."

He turned to the baffled conductor and explained in flowing French. His voice soared up and down pleasantly, soothingly. The conductor emitted a long, enlightened "Ah!" He began talking very fast, gesturing with his two fists, which were full of change. The young Frenchman turned again to Jane. All the car was watching and listening now, intent.

"This car goes to St. Pons Hospital," he said. "You must go back to Nice, then by train to Cagnes, then take a tram to St. Paul!"

"I can't get to St. Paul by this car?"

"No, mademoiselle. This car goes to St. Pons. You must take a train to reach Cagnes. Then a tram to St. Paul."

The conductor was still talking, evidently to the car at large, saying at intervals: "Ah!" in a pleased way. He gave her her change and rang the bell prolongedly for the car to stop. They were already well out in the country. Jane thanked the young Frenchman.

"At your service, mademoiselle," he said and returned to his seat.

The car stopped between two green fields and let her out. Then the door banged shut and it rolled on. Three women turned and looked at her curiously out of the windows. She could see the conductor talking to the motor-man, waving his fists, shrugging and laughing.

Away out in the country in the opposite direction from St. Paul—in the opposite direction from Frank Lester! Whenever she attempted to be forceful, this was what happened. She had better accept it as an omen, go back to the Beau Rivage, and spend the rest of her days in France, walking up and down her room. But what if she went on to St. Paul in spite of everything? No, turn back and go to the hotel. It was a crazy, foolish plan anyway. Go back, give it up. She stood in the rain, close by the car-tracks, and looked at the wet green fields on either side of her.

A car came along the track toward Nice. She held up her hand; and as the car stopped to let her aboard, she decided definitely that she would go to St. Paul.

She was beginning to be very hungry now. As soon as she got back to the switching-place, she hunted a café near-by. Sitting on the terrasse, looking out beneath the awning at the rain, she ate two ham sandwiches and drank a cup of thick chocolate. She left the café, took a carriage to the railroad-station, and found that there was a train to Cagnes in thirty-five minutes. The station was crowded with men

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and women clustered there out of the rain. She tried to shake the wetness from the worn grey collar and cuffs of her coat; but the fur remained spiny like that of an alley-cat caught in a storm. At length the train pulled in and she rushed with the others on the platform into the already crowded compartments. The train started.

She looked for the name of every place where the train stopped; and when she saw Cagnes-sur-Mer, she got out. She went through the small station and out the station door into the street. All this had been very simple.

The rain had ceased; but the late afternoon was dull and everything looked sodden and grey. Several people had preceded her out of the station; and she noticed four of them who stopped at the edge of some trolley-tracks and stood huddled together. She wondered if they were waiting for the trolley to St. Paul, and she kept apart and watched. Soon a trolley came creaking around a corner and drew to a stop before the station. It was a ridiculous contraption, small and rickety. A kind of box-car, Lilliputian, was hitched on behind. The conductor jumped down into the street and began pulling packages out of the box-car. The people who had been waiting climbed into the passenger-car; and Jane followed them, only asking the conductor first:

"A St. Paul?"

"St. Paul, oui," he said, going on with the unloading of the packages.

The trolley started down the main street of Cagnes, turned a corner by a factory, and commenced climbing a steep hill. It went slowly, wabbling up the hill. She looked out at the small houses which lined the road and track on either side.

She was going to Frank Lester after all—or rather she was doing what she could to go to him! The clerk at the Beau Rivage had said there was no Hotel Ravigotte. At the two hotels of St. Paul they had said there was no Mr. Lester. At least there was a St. Paul.

But he must be there! Such a little while ago he had written Eva that he was there. Well, suppose he was! He might not care that she had come. "How do you do," he might say coldly; "and how is Eva? Still in Africa? Well, it's awfully nice to see you. I know you'll excuse my rushing off. I've had this engagement three weeks."

But perhaps he was lonely. A little French town; and he had been there by himself. "God, but it's good to see you! Shall we have tea and then go see the village? There isn't much to see, but we can talk a lot!"

But tit for tat! "I know"—coldly—"that you'll excuse me if I have to rush off. But really"—coldly—"it was good of you to come."

Now the trolley teetered into a village at the top of the hill; and she had made herself so miserable that she didn't even care to look out to see what was the name and whether or not it was St. Paul. She caught a glimpse of a window, however, with a fat white jug sitting on a sill. She was interested in spite of herself and leaned forward, gazing at the groups of small houses as the trolley passed among them. Walls an earthy yellow-white and roofs of moldering red. Here, a pink house—but such a faded pink behind ragged poplar trees. Here, a courtyard, giving onto a road, and a pile of twigs at the door-step.

Oh, if only once, before she had to go back to Gentenville forever, she could live in a small house like one of these! To be close within the intimate-looking aged walls and to have there perhaps an armchair and red curtains and a fireplace of her own! And to have some one who would be close—if only at tea-time! Frank Lester could come striding into the courtyard and knock on the door; and when she opened it to him, he could smile widely. "It's cold this evening!" "Then let me give you your tea at once!" All day to look forward to tea-time.

Quite by accident, she saw the name of the village: La Colle. Not yet to St. Paul. The trolley paused once; then went on, slow, rheumatic, but passing steadily through the village.

The car swerved now, creaking in every joint; left the houses and came out upon a bare ridge. Below this ridge the land dropped away into a hollow toward Cagnes and the sea. But, up ahead, she could see where the hollow narrowed into a deep gorge; and there was a high trestle across it at this point—a treacherous white fretwork of beams and girders, suspended in the air. Gleaming in the dullness of the late afternoon, the two steel car-tracks ran across the high trestle. Her eyes followed them across; and for the first time she noticed what was on the other side. She sat up, startled.

The trestle ended there upon another ridge which joined onto a hill. This hill rose in a peak above the ridge, above the trestle. Except for the ridge, it sloped down from the peak sheer into the deep hollow. But what was most wonderful of all was that the peak of the hill was the highest-pointed roof of a village which spread upon the hill-top. Now there was a sudden flush in the west and the light was thrown over across the hollow full onto the village, bringing out in relief the close roofs,

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each at a different level and all surrounded by a wall which clasped the top of the hill and seemed to hold the houses in, safe from tumbling down into the hollow.

Appearing suddenly out of the dullness of that late afternoon, it was to her like nothing she had ever seen before. She stared at it, forgetting all the charm of La Colle. The car rattled out on the trestle, seemed to waver, then crawled across; and steadily the village became plainer and more real. Windows could be seen, the spire of a church, and the bulwarks of the wall digging deep into the hill. It was all of it old, grey-green, grey-brown of age, but gilded on the surface with the sunset light which shone out for this moment brighter than ever, then faded, leaving the village its dull old color, the color of the hill and the color of the hollow beneath.

Slowly the car crossed the trestle and went along the ridge. Now the village was obscured from view by a copse of trees. The car went more slowly, skirting the hill and the village. It stopped by a small wooden platform; and the conductor looked at Jane and crooked his finger. She got quickly to her feet.

"St. Paul?" she asked him.

"St. Paul, oui," he said; and she climbed down.

The car rattled away around a curve and was lost to sight. This was St. Paul. Now she was here. And now what? As she stood in the fading light on the bare deserted platform and looked toward the village, where the tallest aged roofs were visible—a new influence seemed to touch her from its nearness. There was not a person to be seen; and every minute the light of day grew more dim, merging the trees, the road, and the outline of the hill and the village.

"Everything is lovely at dusk!" she told herself.

Ohio, Central Park, Tangier—all lovely at dusk. The trees then took on new shapes. And white things were lovely low-white in the greyness. But here was something more. From everything around her a force seemed to well up, holding her to the place. Why had she come here? As in a procession, she reviewed her thoughts at the Beau Rivage that morning. She almost laughed, thinking of her determination to ape Agnes Tate—to be a woman of action. It was as false for her to assume action as for Mary Thurlough, back in New York, to wear the eighteenth-century costume: the sweeping skirt above brown oxfords, the black intaglio ring on the grubby brown hand, the cocked hat over the flat honest face.

It was not to a woman of action that the twilight stillness of this place appealed. She felt suddenly close to something—something which mattered! It must be from the very mud of the road that this thing welled up. Standing so still and alone, on a wooden car-stop, and all around her a satisfying feeling. Not a quiet feeling, either. She stood and tingled in the gathering dusk.

With sudden impatience she thought of Frank Lester. He seemed to be in no way connected with the place. She could but barely remember his characteristic expression which had stayed strangely with her through the last three days. Now she told herself that he was Eva's suitor—and nothing to her. She had come here to find him; yet she hoped he was not here.

She stepped into the short road which led to the village, and passed the dark copse of trees. A couple of hundred yards beyond, the road ran into an arched gate in the wall. Nearer—outside the village—there rose, square and ugly at the right of the road, a new building, showing faint brackish yellow through the dusk and with large letters painted across it: Hotel des Alpes-Maritimes. Directly opposite, across the road, was another building with a courtyard and a sign swinging over the gate. Probably the other hotel. But she would try the Hotel des Alpes-Maritimes first. So great was her certainty now that Frank Lester was not here that she ached to inquire and confirm her presentiment.

A door in the front of the Hotel des Alpes-Maritimes opened into the bar. It was chilly and poorly lit. A good many French people sat with their drinks at small tables. A waiter went rushing past; and she stopped him.

"Monsieur Lester?" she asked.

He peered at her—in a hurry to be about his business.

"Quoi? Comment?"

She stood solid and said again:

"Monsieur Lester?"

He frowned, then beckoned to the proprietor, who was standing near the bar, and rushed off. The proprietor came forward, a pasty-faced Frenchman.

"Monsieur Lester?" she asked him.

"Monsieur Lest'?" The proprietor shook his head—"Pas ici, mademoiselle!"

He was continuing; but she thanked him quickly and went outside, closing the door behind her. Well, just as she had expected! She felt lifted up. Now for the other hotel! She could just make out its sign above the courtyard gate: Le Pomme Bleu.

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She grimaced, thinking that this might as well be Greenwich Village—with Romany Marie's next to the Pomme Bleu. Yet the name turned in her mind, rich and of a round pottery blue but with the fragrance and smallness of an apple.

She went through the gate into the small courtyard and looked through a window. Inside, a number of people were having tea at small tables around the walls. The room was wide and long, stretching out into nooks and corners with the people lost in its shadows. Yet, as she opened the door, all the room seemed to leap forward at her. There was red-and-white-checked stuff on the tables and at the many low windows; and the walls between the windows were entirely covered from wainscot to ceiling with pictures, large and small and of every color and in every medium. There were two fireplaces with fires in them, glowing.

She stood close beside the door and looked around her for the proprietor; but no one seemed to be in charge. A few people glanced up from their tea but took no further notice of her. She passed through the room slowly. At the farther fireplace, a long man was sprawled alone before the fire. He turned his head and looked at her; but she did not approach him. She discovered a door and opened it. It led into a dark corridor beyond. As she looked, a small Frenchman popped his head out of a door at the other end of the corridor and saw her. He nodded pertly and came toward her. She stepped back into the main room and waited for him.

"Monsieur Lester?" she asked as he entered.

"Monsieur Lest'?" he said, puckering his forehead.

"Monsieur Lester at le Hôtel Ravigotte," she said.

His face brightened.

"L'Hotel Ravigotte d'autrefois," he said; then added grandly: "Maintenant, le Pomme Bleu!"

She shook her head, not understanding.

"Attendez," he said, holding up his hand.

He went across to the fireplace, energetically beckoning her to follow, and stooped above the long man sprawled in his chair. He said something in French.

The long man turned, looked around at Jane and got slowly to his feet. He was very tall and spare. He was bald. His shoulders stooped; and his clothes, which were faded and mussed, hung with the thinness of old cloth. But in his brown face, which was wrinkled and had a dissipated look, were amazing blue eyes—young and holding an expression as sure and untroubled as a child's. He stood, taller than she but stooping, before the fire. Looking into his eyes, she felt herself caught up in their untroubled gaze. For a moment it blotted out the room, the fire, and the small Frenchman. It was as if the long man had reached out to her. Then—so suddenly that it was a shock—she was conscious of the complete indifference of his attitude as he stood there. She looked at him quickly, wondering what could have happened. But he was the same, his eyes still very blue in his brown face and his look still upon her. Staring slightly, she noted again his stooping shoulders, the whole lax attitude of his figure; and she was shocked at the contrast, the appeal of his expression, the indifference of his person.

He spoke; and she recognized at once a certain accent so that she knew he was not American nor English, although his appearance would have led her to think he was an American.

"My name is Starrk," he said. "Monsieur Brossard, the proprietor, has asked me to say that this hotel used to be the Ravigotte but is now the Pomme Bleu. Were you looking for some one?"

"Yes, for a Mr. Lester," she said. "I had believed he was living here."

"He's not here," he said. "He went to Florence two weeks ago."

"Oh."

She made no effort to give her exclamation a tone of regret.

The Frenchman had stood by meanwhile, his head cocked, attentive, but obviously not understanding a word. Now the long man turned to him and colorlessly explained. The Frenchman nodded many times.

"Oui, Monsieur Le*stair!*" he said, holding up two fingers. "Depuis deux semaines!"

Both he and the long man stood silent now, waiting for her to speak. There was a pause. She looked at the long man suddenly.

"Might I ask about staying here? Are there any rooms?"

She was amazed at herself. She had had no intention of staying here. What would he think of her?—coming to inquire about a young man at a hotel, and then asking for a room! Yet the words seemed to have slipped out of themselves; and as she stood, wondering, she saw the long man turn to Monsieur Brossard again and colorlessly translate her request. She saw the Frenchman nod doubtfully and heard him burst into a flow of French.

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When at last he desisted, the long man turned back to her.

"Perhaps at the first of next week there would be a room—you could telephone to make sure."

She thanked him. They remained standing; and after a moment he said:

"Won't you sit down?"

She moved to a seat by the fire. Monsieur Brossard ducked his head at her and went out the door into the corridor. The long man sank again into his chair, but sprawling less. Jane asked him if he had known Frank Lester. He said "Yes" without interest but politely. She said that she had supposed Frank Lester was staying on at St. Paul for some time. He said he believed Lester had gone to Florence to study voice. She said, surprised, that she had understood he was writing a novel. He said he thought he was; Lester had mentioned something of the sort.

"Are you French?" she asked.

She had not meant to ask, although she had been wondering; but the words slipped out in exactly the same way as when she had asked about rooms.

"No, I'm Russian," he said.

Then they were silent, but all the time his blue eyes were upon her; and it was again as if she were caught in their gaze. She felt keyed up so that she sat erect and kept saying things. But the slightness of his responses and the whole indifference of his attitude, she felt like a barrier between them.

"Would you like tea?" he asked.

And it was a deep thrill that he asked her; but suddenly she knew that, for the life of her, she could not have stayed a minute longer. Her whole body was aching for action, to walk fast, to run! She felt full of power. She found herself standing up and saying:

"Thank you, but I think I'll see the village!"

She felt a brief crazy hope that he would ask to accompany her. He stood up.

"As you like," he said.

He stood lax, and his expression did not change; but it was as if he shrugged. She was filled with a confusion of impulses. She felt that she could not go gracefully away.

"Good-by," she said and went quickly across the room to the courtyard door. Once outside, in the cold damp air, she broke into a run. She ran up the muddy road, past the two hotels, toward the village.

There was a gate in the thick wall and she went through it. The street inside was paved with rough cobblestones, slippery under foot. There were no lights, and the dark houses loomed close on each side of the narrow street. Through the whole village there was a damp, deathly as of a vault. It seemed to breathe out at her from the walls and out from the dark doors and windows as she passed. The street wound upward, and at a turning she came full upon a stone fountain splashing into its wide bowl at the intersection of three streets. A single lamp inside a shop sent a dim light out upon the water as it rippled over the bowl and ran into a gutter down one of the streets. She paused by the fountain and watched an old man, driving a cow through the village, go down the hill in the direction she had come from. Then she went on, following the street with the flowing gutter, which led her down in another direction, past other houses with here and there a shop, until she came out upon the parapet of the wall. She leaned over. Dark as it was, she could make out how the hill fell away beneath the wall, dropping sheer into the hollow. A strong wind blew up against her face and rustled the grass and bushes growing along the parapet.

Behind her, the houses rose to a peak; and here and there were faint lights. But over the village and the hollow and the hill was a great hush; and beneath the hush she could hear the wind blowing against grass and bushes, and the murmur of the gutter as it flowed out into the hollow.

Oh, the brown face and the long body and the blue eyes! "Would you like tea?" Why did she always run away! "As you like." It was certainly as though he shrugged. But his eyes. And there by the fire had been an unaccountable closeness. It had been close like life. Why had she run away? But it had been close like something she needed.

Somewhere in the village behind her, a violin struck up strains of Chopin. The sad sweet music seemed to float, yearning, above her head, out upon the cold air of the valley beneath her.

She clung to the wall and felt the strangeness of her being in this place. She was an American, with an American upbringing; and she had nothing in common with this pile of old houses stuck on the top of a hill, and an old grey wall running around them. In Gentenville the houses were square and white and spaced carefully away from each other. Yet here, for the first time, she felt herself close to life.

The music stretched out, overlapping in the air above the parapet. Then it stopped; but a poplar tree on the hill below shivered with a thin musical tinkle of its leaves. She leaned far

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over, pressing hard against the cold damp stones of the parapet. And a kind of ecstasy seemed to reach up to her. Oh, rushing, twisting! Perhaps here she would be happy. Perhaps she would never be lonely again. Oh, life —this was surely life! And it was beautiful, sharp and warm, hurting her. And it must come close to her. She must let it come close!

She straightened up suddenly and began running back along the parapet to the gate in the wall. There was a largeness in her throat as she ran stumbling out of the village, past the two hotels, and up along the muddy road to the car-stop.

IX

Monsieur Brossard himself carried Jane's suitcases from the car-stop up to her new room in the Pomme Bleu. The hotel was quiet in the late afternoon. There was no one at the tables in the dining-room, and the chairs before the two fires were empty.

Her room was pleasant enough but cold and damp. There was one window overlooking the court, another with a balcony overlooking the road. On the farther side of the road was a copse of olive trees, beyond that the deep bowl of the hollow. A fire had been kindled in the small fireplace; but it burned smudgily giving off little heat. She set to work at once unpacking her bags, shook out the dresses and laid the clean underwear on the bed. She had bought a new blue silk scarf in Nice, a bottle of Premier Mai perfume.

As she unpacked, she thought of the long man, Starrk. She pictured him sprawled before the fire, alone, as she had seen him last. Perhaps if she went down a little before dinner, he would ask her once more to sit beside him. This time she would not run away.

Now there was a commotion in the court below her window. An automobile sputtered as it was backed in; and some one shouted directions in an American voice. She looked out the window. The court was too dark for her to discover anything except the glare of the headlights. But there was no mistaking a Ford. In a moment people went tramping past her door. Some one called loudly: "Ham!" and then "Peg!"

She was surprised that there were people other than Europeans in this out-of-the-way little hotel. She went on dressing. Monsieur Brossard had made plain to her with seven fingers that dinner was at seven. But she must have miscalculated the time, for, when she went down-stairs, she was confused to find the whole dining-room full and every one else already seated. There were perhaps thirty people at the different tables; and it seemed to her that they all looked up at once. She walked the length of the dining-room, wishing it had not happened this way. Monsieur Brossard came out of a corner by one of the fires and showed her to a small table by herself.

She sat down, keeping her eyes lowered, and applied herself to the soup as soon as it was set before her. This was the first real pension she had ever stayed in; and she instantly disliked it—the feeling of being shut in with all these people. She remembered the dining-room as she had seen it that first evening when she talked to Starrk: a room with shadowy corners, and the few people in it as if unrelated, impersonal, drinking tea.

Presently she became aware of loud talk from an opposite corner of the room; and at the same time realized that this was the centre of interest for the other pensionnaires. At once she felt less self-conscious. Now, as she raised her eyes from time to time, she could see people all around her glancing with genteel furtiveness toward that corner. At last she, too, turned and looked down the room and instantly saw Starrk, seated at one end of a large table between two large women. He had a glass of wine in his hand and was laughing with his jaws loosely open. It was a shock, seeing him. All the gravity seemed to have gone out of him. Because he was hunched between the two women, busty and ponderous, he looked smaller. There were about ten people at the table, two other men and the rest women. They were eating and drinking while they listened to the woman at Starrk's right who was telling a story. She had dyed red hair and a rich booming American voice; and the low cut of her black dress showed the full whiteness of her bosom. She finished her story and laughed outright, and there was a snickering all around the table. Then, while they watched, she half rose from her chair, leaned, and kissed Starrk full on the mouth.

Jane bent quickly over her soup. Just behind her, she heard an Englishwoman whisper quite audibly:

"Isn't she dreadful? These impossible people Archy Starrk brings up from Nice!"

Jane could not finish her soup. It was not just because of the kiss. Probably other people had kissed him, too. But she was sick at seeing him the centre of so much gaiety and so much attention. At once, with an acid contempt, she reviled herself for coming here, packing up her suitcases, buying the blue silk scarf and the

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bottle of Premier Mai perfume instead of the clock she needed, and coming here to spend her last few days in Europe, to be near him.

She ate little of the other courses. Monsieur Brossard leaned over her once, anxiously, to ask if all things were all right; and she said, "Oui!" wanting him to go away. But then, as she raised her eyes, she caught the fleeting look of a pale English girl and sensed that it was directed toward Starrk; and, as if in some way connected, she noticed the expression of a middle-aged woman with eyes lowered to her plate. So! He was surrounded closely by these others and the red-haired woman kissed him full on the mouth! She was filled up with a revulsion against the whole pension. Although she kept her own eyes down, she felt that all the women in the room were looking, looking at Starrk. My God! Weren't there any other men in the world—that all these women had to fix on him? She deliberately brought up into her mind her impressions of the other men pensionnaires at the tables around her. The frog-eyed gentleman reading in a paper-backed book. The two pale young men at a table together. The red-faced American, named "Ham," who sat with his wife. The handsome wooden-faced Englishman with blond hair, taking in his pudding as though he nor the pudding had any other interest in life. And all the rest were females and Starrk alone so male.

The meal dragged on. After the pudding there was fruit and cheese, then coffee. Every one stayed long at table; and they drank liqueurs; but, except for the party with Starrk, no one seemed to have much to say. There was a dreary kind of boredom in the room—and a listening furtiveness. She had not the courage to walk out before them all. She waited until many had risen and had gone to fill the chairs in front of the two fires. Starrk and his friends were still at their table drinking. Starrk had ordered champagne. The dining-room outside the area of the two roaring fires seemed to be growing more and more damp and chill. It was as if some of the deathly atmosphere of the village itself were creeping in through the thick walls. And she felt her revulsion, too, grow cold and sodden within her.

At last she got up from her table, went out into the dark corridor, and up to her room.

The next morning she rose resolutely and set out with her water-color box and pad. Turning and twisting half the night in her bed, she had reasoned with herself, had swallowed her disappointment at the state of things which had to do with Starrk. After all she was here. She had only three weeks now before she returned home. She had planned to take back a lot of sketches; and she ought to be able to work here as well as in another place.

She went up a slippery cobbled street of the village; and as she walked through the sunny cold morning, there revived within her a kind of enthusiasm for the oldness—the mouldering moss-grown gutter-stones, the grey doors, and the verdigris-covered knockers. She read off the names of several streets, faintly lettered on corners of the houses: Rue des Vaches, Rue Carnet, Rue des Grandes Dames. She guessed at the meaning of this last; and was pleased with the thought of big women picking their way down the steep street, their wide skirts sweeping the stones.

She passed the fountain and saw a squat black-eyed woman washing clothes in the stone bowl. As on the first night, she heard a violin playing; but this time it played scales up and down and up and down. The sound came from an upper story of a house which she was passing; and she noticed a name on the letter-box —Reginald A. E. Peckham. She went on up the street.

She reached the peak of the hill, where the black imposing church stuck its spire above the roofs surrounding. Its door was half open; but she was content to stand outside, looking.

Two women came out the door, descended the stone steps, and stood beside her. One of them, holding an open book, leaned far back to peer at the black cornice rearing above, then looked down at her book and read crisply:

"The cornice was renewed in the year 1800, but the portal is the original."

Jane sketched badly that morning. Luncheon in the dining-room of the Pomme Bleu again disconcerted her. The red-haired American seemed to have disappeared; but two blond young women sat at the table with Starrk, constantly calling him Archy. Jane told herself fiercely that it was nothing to her, but she could not help listening to what they said. Their talk was all of the party last night and of something Archy had done later in the evening. In one comparative lull, a little old Englishwoman, who sat alone at the table next to Starrk's, called out loudly—and with spinsterly artfulness:

"You'd better be careful what you do, Archy! I'll tell your wife when she gets back!"

Instantly avid, the dining-room waited. Clothes rustled, chairs creaked, and forks and knives touched on china gently. Jane felt all the listless ears pricked up to listen. Then his answer came:

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"It wouldn't do you any good, Rosy! There's nothing you could tell my wife that she doesn't know already!"

Every one tittered; then the usual sounds broke in again. The wooden-faced Englishman complained to Monsieur Brossard that his wine was watered. Miss March, the little English art teacher, indignantly narrated how the postmistress in the village had short-changed her on a purchase of stamps.

Jane told herself that she could not stand them—these pensionnaires! They were all so bored, with nothing better to do than ruminate their food and drink and count their foreign money. They were concerned with such petty lifeless things because they knew nothing else. But when this other one spoke up, they listened and were suddenly vibrant like dry grasses in a wind. He said nothing worth hearing—as they should have expected, living here week after week beside him. Yet when he spoke, they couldn't keep from listening. And she was like the rest of the dead ones, pulled for a moment aside from her foolish dead way.

Her mind mulled the matter over all through luncheon. She wondered why it had never occurred to her that Starrk might be married. Now it was like a hurt to think of that afternoon when Monsieur Brossard had led her up to the fire and to Starrk, sprawled in his chair, and when his gaze had for a time wiped out the room and everything in it. She had seemed so close to something real; yet she had not been close. She was as far away as ever. He had a wife, although she was not with him now. And here, close in the same house, were more than a dozen women, clustering around him, watching him and each other with regulation female watchfulness.

But these women were not like Eva and Agnes and Mary Thurlough—and herself—who were young and whose tricks, imbedded in them by nature, had in any case a kind of large simplicity. Many of these women were old. The handsome grey-haired wife of the miniature painter had an almost sphinxlike expression of knowledge as she looked at Starrk; and as she looked at him, she would be saying conservatively: "I think we shall have a good sun to-day." And, sphinxlike, she walked along at the side of her mild-faced small husband in knickers and green golf socks.

The effect of all this upon Jane was as sure as any chemical formula. She kept strictly away from Starrk, only saying "Good day" in passing when they met by chance in the dining-room or corridor. She could not have sat beside him with pretended calm, as did the Englishwoman called Peg, who was a widow and who had a face which must be just past its handsomeness. Nor could she have leaned on the mantel before him and flattered his every remark as the pale English girl did. Archy this and Archy that.

It took her only two days to ascertain that he was almost never alone. There was his gang; and there were the others who drew away from him, shocked. But always he was the centre—around which they gathered or from which they drew away. At the fire after dinner he had the boisterous Americans, Ham and the rest, about him. During the day, when he lolled in the sunny courtyard, they gathered around him again, talking around him, drinking around him. Yet he said little and laughed rarely and sat always, his body sprawled in his chair but his eyes young blue in his brown face.

She overheard some one say that his wife was in America to sell his pictures. She would never have suspected that he was a painter. He had a son, too, a child of five, who was in the hotel with a nurse, a sad-looking French girl. Once Jane saw Starrk and his son in the courtyard together in the morning light and instantly noticed the likeness of their eyes.

Jane met no one at the pension; and so each evening she left the table and went up-stairs to her room to sit by her own small smudgy fire. She would sit there until she grew so cold through and through that her teeth rattled. Then she would make a leap into the death-damp bed.

She sketched each morning and afternoon, but she could get up no enthusiasm for her work, and on her fifth morning—in the very middle of a sketch from the parapet—shut up her water-color box and went back to the hotel.

The empty dining-room was cold and damp. Outside in the courtyard the sun shone bright; but it had not yet risen high enough to warm things. Monsieur Brossard was just laying one of the fires in the dining-room. She went to him and ordered a cognac to warm her. She swallowed a mouthful, standing in the doorway; and then there was the round burning ball in her stomach. She felt a little wicked to be drinking this way in the morning and wondered if she was forming a habit which she could not break.

She finished the glass and went out into the courtyard. After a time the sun flushed the whitewashed walls of the hotel and warmed the camellia trees which stood in tubs by the door. Now the hotel guests began to come out

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one by one and settle themselves in chairs. From where Jane sat by the farther wall, she could see the deep hollow smoothing into the lowland which stretched to the sea and the long peninsulas above Nice reaching out ghostly-grey into the blue Mediterranean. Behind her—distant, but surprisingly clear—the first of the range of snow-capped Alpes-Maritimes rose. Nearer, close under the courtyard wall, the oranges were green-yellow on the knobby trees. In one corner of the wall a sickly looking French girl and her hawk-nosed mama sat under the bright sun in black clothes and wide black hats, solemn and imposing before the orange trees.

Archy Starrk slouched out, his body gangling, and let himself into a chair. Jane glanced toward him involuntarily, met his gaze, then said:

"Good morning."

"Good morning," he responded, his blue eyes looking at her from under the brim of his old felt hat. He continued to look until several others of the guests spoke to him and it was necessary for him to remove his eyes and grumble in turn: "Good morning."

The pale English girl, an orange scarf tied around her head, sidled out the door and slid into a chair beside him. He glanced at her and said colorlessly "Good morning" but continued to sprawl. Then the rest of the Starrk gang was out, laughing overloud and perfectly conscious of the other people in the courtyard but pretending to take no notice. They dallied by the door, fingered the buds of the camellia trees, pushed each other, and laughed. Then slowly they settled—as though inevitably—around Archy Starrk, dragging chairs up beside him, complaining of the coldness of the hotel, men and women both, gathered in a knot about him.

In the corner of the wall the French girl and her mama sat dark and still, as though graven; and the elderly English couple with their backs to the door looked out and out over the hollow to the sea. Jane made marks with her finger-nails on the whitewash of the wall.

Madame Brossard came to the door and announced in her rich gruff voice:

"Le dejeuner!"

The American, Ham Bates, let out a shout and dived for the door. The others stood up. Archy Starrk stretched himself up out of his chair; and they all went in, laughing. Quietly the English couple arose from their chairs by the wall and with marked lack of haste made their way to their own table. Jane went in after them.

Now Madame Brossard came in from the kitchen, padding across the floor in felt slippers. She was a fine-looking, black-eyed woman and held her head like a horse. A fat cousin followed her. They brought the hors-d'œuvres on in saucers: a curl of yellow butter, a slice of pâté, and crisp radishes. There were the sounds of corks being drawn and cutlery clinking and the two fires crackling. The room was still cold; and the napkins, which had lain all night on the tables, were damp. Outside, the court was warm and bright and the camellia trees showed fat buds, ready to burst.

After the hors-d'œuvres came game pie and salad. Then cheese and fruit. As each person or group of persons finished, they rose and left the room. Jane was almost the last, for she could never bear to walk the length of the crowded tables. She sat, drinking more of the sour wine than she wanted and fingering her fruit knife and gazing at the endless pictures on the walls.

In her room she washed her hands slowly and looked at herself in the mirror. It was just one o'clock. There was the afternoon before her; and she must either walk, sketch, or read. Good God, she didn't want to sketch. She had read herself to boredom the night before. And she didn't want to walk. She didn't want to do anything which had to be done alone.

She went down into the courtyard; but the French girl and her mama were in the corner of the wall again, solemn and depressing in the bright sun. She started out toward the road; and at the gate by the trough she came upon Ham Bates strapping a picnic hamper onto his green Ford car. His wife was bawling directions from an upper window of the hotel; and on the running-board stood the English woman, Peg Grace, putting on a dust-coat. Jane had to walk around the car to reach the road into the village.

"You're doing that all wrong, Ham!" the up-stairs voice persisted. "It'll never hang on in that position!"

"All right! All right!" he whined, tugging at the straps, his face redder than ever with the luncheon wine.

Jane did not pause nor look at them; but as she passed around the car, she caught Peg Grace's eye for a moment quite by chance. The long brick-colored face, which must so recently have been handsome, moved in a half grimace. The deep-set blue eyes blinked humorously and Jane could not help looking back. Then Peg Grace, buttoning the dust-coat up to her neck, said simply to Jane:

"Heavenly day, isn't it?"

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The next moment the voice from above called:

"Peg—did you get my robe?"

And Jane went on through the gate into the village—but suddenly so miserable, so thawed by that one friendly remark, that she knew she must spill out tears! She hurried along the village street past a boucherie where a man stood smoking in the door, watching a cat as it licked its foot. A name was lettered on the wall and she glimpsed it in passing. Rue Ravigotte. Tit for tat! And that was an extra burden she carried with her along the street.

She passed the dark walled-in school, the cold green plane trees around it; then dived through a gate in the rampart at this farther side of the village and kept on the narrow path which wound over a grassy hill to the small cemetery. Here the hill fell sharp away; and the cemetery was surrounded by a low stone wall. She climbed the wall and got in among the graves and headstones. She was crying violently even before she went down on her knees and put her hands to her eyes.

It had come to this, then, that she must burst into tears at any chance kind remark. "Heavenly day, isn't it?" Any one might have said it. But any one hadn't! That was the whole trouble. She was so terribly alone. Oh, it was disgusting to be in this situation. And always snivelling. In Gentenville there was a perfectly good home waiting for her. But going home would be just like crying to herself. It was beside the question. She had come to Europe to find what she hadn't found in Gentenville and what she hadn't found in New York. What she hadn't found yet. Now, if she had to go home without it, she would be worse off than ever. After only one year in New York, when she had gone back for a summer, everything in Gentenville had seemed out of joint. All the pleasant things she had remembered about the town had been somehow less pleasant. Her grandmother had snorted and said she spoke with an Eastern accent. Even her father had seemed in certain ways removed from her. At the end of the summer, when her father had said she might return to New York if she liked, she had not been able to conceal her eagerness—though she saw the fleeting wistful look in his eyes.

Now, after Europe, what would it be like—going back to Gentenville? Dear God, was there nothing for her any place?

She cried harder and threw herself on a sunken grave. Crying on some one's grave! Some one she had never known! Having to cry on a stranger's grave!

And what was it she was looking for anyway? And what was it she hadn't found?

The grass, short, stubbly, and yellow, pricked her tear-swollen face; and the feel of it soothed her crying. Oh, this at least was near to something that mattered very much. The strong invitation of earth. It was like a magnet to flesh; and the soft comforting smell of it was like a drug. People talked about earth and its bounty and raised flowers and vegetables up out of it. They wrote about strength rising from it. But always—below growth and the new strength welling up—there was room for sinking down, losing form and movement and color in the earth. Still, there was the earth's stubbly yellow skin between, insisting that one consider again. Earth could be infinite and deeply darkly sweet. But one must choose.

She rolled over and looked up at the sky. It was white and hot and hurt her swollen eyes. Well, it was fine for her to think in this vein. On a par with her snivelling. Not for anything would she go down into the earth! In the mornings when she rose and was shaky with cold and her face was green with nausea, she fought to get warm. She walked around and beat her arms and swallowed cognac. All the same, after luncheon, when she had drunk too much wine and the sun beat down hot upon her, she could trifle with thoughts of dying.

She sat up and looked around her. There was not a person to be seen anywhere; but the cemetery was crowded with graves. Some had tin hoods which protected their elaborate headstones. On many of the graves were beaded wreaths. So practical. "Will not fade, madame, in rain or wind!"

To our uncle! To our father! To our dear son!

Purple beads eternal and shining, dear uncle. Two hundred francs, dear father, but it will last ten years. Nothing too good for our son.

She leaned to read a stone near by:

Pierre Raynes 1887–1910.

Then this wreath had lasted fifteen years. Or had some one remembered so long? That was too much to ask, Pierre Raynes. The earth did not remember.

Marthe Maloisin 1871–1911.

Perhaps some levelled out easier than others. Why, Marthe Maloisin, should you level out easier than Pierre Raynes? A lovely name: Marthe Maloisin. At twenty you must have been round and blooming as a strawberry; and the boys pushed to kiss you on fête days.

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Even at death you must have been a strapping, handsome woman. No, there is no reason why you have levelled out so soon. And there is no wreath upon your grave. Perhaps that is the way of strawberry-kissable women. You have everything while you are here. But once under earth you level out and there is nothing. And if you cannot understand that sort of reasoning, that is because you are French and cannot understand American retribution. Any American who grants you the charm you had on earth will make out Pierre Raynes a sickly youth with scant hair and teeth going bad. But his mother always remembered; and she saved on her butter and cheese to buy a wreath which would last fifteen years. The one goes with the other.

An American born would reason that way until she died. Yes, she was an American, with Ohio in her bones. She had an Ohio dowdiness in her person; and it was no good her going around to Paris and Algiers and Nice, seeing fashionable women and how they walked and put up their hair. Forever she must walk the way she had learned as a child to walk and skin back her hair as it came natural for her to do. Yet here she was, sitting in a French graveyard, soliloquizing over the graves of French men and women, pulling their bones about to comply with her Ohio conceptions of things. It was no good. She had come to Europe to find something which she should have found, like other girls, at home and might have found perhaps, had she never left home. Fool's journey. Wandering from Gentenville to New York to Paris, then crazily down through Spain to Morocco and across Morocco to Algeria. Then over to France again. Stumbling, faltering, uncertain of her way. She had lost things in this journey: her self-respect and her grandmother's gold necklace and the friendship of Eva. Still she pushed on. What she looked for was more important than any friendship or any possession. If she found it, she could do without a gold necklace and she could forget her own self.

But she had not found it! Three months of futile journeying; and now she must go back to Gentenville. Go back, empty-handed, without satisfaction and with nothing to show for her pains. She ought to be sailing in two weeks' time, with an armload of sketches and feeling brave and uplifted after all this foreign atmosphere. Well, perhaps she was being foolish to waste her last two weeks in St. Paul. She might go to Paris. There, she might work hard at least.

She thought suddenly of the blue eyes of Starrk under his soft hat, with the sun beating down. There were always more than too many people around him. Often he ignored them all. What was he thinking of when his eyes looked out from under the brim of his hat that way?

Well, it was no good her trying to bounce up like Agnes Tate with an inspiration. She had her own way, even if it wasn't a very bright way. She would stay here, like an old woman going through a pile of papers, sifting down and down, until she found what she wanted or found it wasn't here at all. Once she was satisfied on that point, she could go along, stumbling and feeling out, until she felt her way back all the distance she had come.

Yes, it was Starrk who was keeping her here. Archy this and Archy that. It was no good for her to be scornful. It was no good to fasten upon the sloppiness of his clothes nor his surliness. She was terribly drawn to him. It was a real force holding her. It had brought her up here; and here she would stay until she was able to go along of herself, not running away as from a dog that might bite.

He was not for her. She was as far from him as she was from the Frenchness of these bead wreaths. He was of some subtle half-world, with the standards of that world and its imprint clear upon him; and she was of a small town and with a small town's standards. Yet she could be honest and say that she was drawn to him. And she had got to see it through. It did not matter relatively that her father would be disappointed at her returning without the sketches. It did not matter relatively that she was going back to die of boredom.

She stood up and brushed out her skirt. She cast a last glance around the cemetery.

She jumped down from the wall into the path. She went slowly around it, through the gate in the rampart, and up the street past the dark walled-in school. At a store she went in and bought a cake of chocolate and a paper of water biscuits. Her eyes were still sore from weeping; and she saw that the Frenchwoman at the counter noticed. She held out a twenty-franc note; but the woman shook her head.

"J'ai pas de monnaie! Avez-vous trois francs cinquante?"

"Trois francs?" Jane faltered.

"Trois francs cinquante!" the woman prompted.

Jane fumbled in her pocket, found some change, and held it out in her hand. The woman selected three francs and a fifty-centime piece.

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"Trois francs cinquante—voilà!" she said.

"Bon jour!" Jane said, going to the door.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle," the woman answered absently.

X

It had rained hard all day; and now as night came, the rain increased. It beat against the dining-room windows. Occasional drops were driven down the chimney and fell sputtering on the embers in the fireplace.

Jane sat beside Peg Grace on a sofa in front of the fire. She had her arm about Peg's daughter, Alice, a blonde child of eight. On the floor beside the sofa, Ham Bates and a young Englishman squatted, shooting craps. Maggie Bates sat near by, watching all Ham's shots. Peg Grace was knitting—click and click. Jane sat, twisting a lock of the blonde child's hair around her finger. Archy Starrk was sprawled as usual in the most comfortable chair before the fire.

To-night he was sullen and in low spirits; and here was his gang all pretty well talked out. They had been cooped up together in the pension all day; and they were bored with every one and with themselves. But faithful to the last, Jane thought, they gathered close about him by the fire and waited for dinner. There was no one at all by the other fire.

"All right, Seven! come on, you Seven!" Ham Bates urged in low exaggerated negroid tones.

The wind from the sea howled around the house and through the dark courtyard. The courtyard door opened; and Monsieur Brossard came quickly in. He stood in the centre of the dining-room, shaking the water from his oil slicker and grinning.

"Qu'il fait mauvais temps!"

He took forth a handful of letters from an inside pocket and waved them.

"Avez-vous quelque chose pour moi, Monsieur Brossard?" every one asked eagerly.

Monsieur Brossard sorted out the letters deliberately and with great importance, standing by the fire, where his shoes made a puddle on the floor.

The young Englishman had three and retired to read them. Ham Bates had a post-card which he passed around for every one to see. Jane had a letter which she recognized as being from Eva, postmarked Tunis.

"Nothing for me," sighed Peg Grace, going back to her knitting. "Go on and read yours, Jane."

"Oh, I'll read it later," Jane said. She stuck it unopened in her pocket.

Maggie Bates was fussing with Ham about the route to Pau:

"Why, you darn fool, you don't get to Pau by going through Avignon! Don't you remember the way we went last time?"

Ham Bates took a map from his pocket and spread it out on the floor.

"Anyway we've jolly well got to get started!" Peg said. "There won't be a soul left in the hotel in a week. Miss March is going tomorrow, and the miniature painter and his wife go Thursday. Young Ressmore is going to Paris, and Alison Brown is going back to Antibes."

"Archy will be here!" Maggie Bates said. "You're always here, aren't you, Archy?"

Archy Starrk stirred in his chair and grunted.

Peg turned her head and looked at Jane.

"When are you leaving, Jane?"

Jane hesitated. She had been here already five weeks—two weeks longer than she should have stayed!

"I don't know," she said after a minute.

People began to come down into the dining-room; and Madame Brossard padded in from the kitchen in her felt slippers, holding a soup tureen.

"I haven't even washed for dinner," Peg Grace said, standing up.

"Just stick your head out the door once!" Ham Bates suggested.

The blonde child kissed her mother and Maggie Bates and Jane good night and went up-stairs. The dining-room filled quickly, though there were now a good many empty tables. Jane sat at a table with Peg Grace and the Bateses. No one talked much. Archy Starrk was all alone at his table, shoulders hunched, glum.

Jane looked across at him. She knew so much more about him now than on that first night she had seen him. Yet she still felt the same eagerness toward him, the same interest in him.

She had watched him day by day as he sat at table or sprawled before the fire or lolled in the courtyard on fine mornings. She had seen him ugly and contemptuous of other people's opinions, sneering broadly at the theories of serious men and women but backing away from intelligent argument. She had seen him loud-mouthed and violent with drink, cursing and blaspheming. She had seen him picking acidly at the little old English art teacher's standards of art. He was sometimes like an animal which has been stirred up,

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snarling miserably, unable to settle itself again in peace.

Still he drew people to him. He drew her to him. There were always his untroubled blue eyes. His eyes looked out to draw people close. Perhaps he banked overmuch on the faculty; but it rarely failed him. In the mornings, when he sat in the courtyard with an old hat pulled down over his face and his long limbs gangling in his chair and the sun showing up all the grease spots on his clothes and the dissipated lines in his face—his eyes were fresh and clear as his son's eyes.

Gradually, from things he said and things she heard about him, Jane had collected a spare idea of his life. He had been born in Russia. His parents had been peasants; and even now he hated people of rank and made a show of his hatred. The family had moved to America when he was a boy, and he had grown up in New York. He had held one job and another, finally becoming a re-touch artist in a large commercial photographic studio. Eventually he drifted into Woodstock, New York, and joined the artists' colony. He married there and had a daughter. That was a number of years ago. Then he left America with another woman, a 'cellist, who was his present wife, although he was not legally married to her. His son in the pension was by this wife. He had never returned to America and said he never would.

These things were evidently true about him; yet they were not the things she wanted to know. She wondered whence he had gotten the attraction he had for people. As a young man in America, had he the power of drawing attention? Or was it just that he stood out in this one little hotel, so removed from the outside world—and the people in it not quite normal, intellectuals, æsthetes, most of them frustrate in one way or another? It was certain that of the conditions of the place and the people he built his power.

Then—had he been always so loose and indifferent in his relations with others? Had he been always tired and drooping? But, of course, he had not always been bald. He was now some years over forty.

Once, when he was very drunk, he told of a time in Russia when he was a child, running before a procession, that he might be the first to open the carriage door for a noble visitor to the city. Such was the custom; and he ran the fastest of all the boys. Then Jane had a picture of him, young and quick and his hair in a blond shock over his eyes.

Now he was bald and old and dissipated; yet always she kept watching him and was conscious of the other women around her watching too. They had got such a casual way of entering the dining-room where he sat, of pausing to glance at the magazines on the centre table before they noticed him. Then speaking to him in far too light a tone.

The little English art teacher fluttered whenever he noticed her, though she was old and should have had her romance thirty years ago. A trim little woman from New York was very direct and spoke to him always with a kind of child-simplicity. She had a large jealous husband. Madame Brossard was archly kind to him and provocative; but perhaps that was because he brought the pension so much trade; people came up from Nice all the time to have dinner with him. Peg Grace—who must until just recently have been handsome, who had still the quiet poise of a lovely woman, and who had been a widow ever since the War—sat quietly beside him and knitted and treated him with a calm English kindliness, such as she used toward her own small daughter. But she too watched.

Some one said jestingly one day that it was a legend of the Pomme Bleu that he possessed every unattached woman who ever stayed in the hotel. There was distinct remembrance of a Miss Ernestine Thorpe, a noted actress, who danced for him in the courtyard one moonlit summer night, attired only in a gauze veil. And it was she who once sat on his lap in broad daylight and kissed him again and again on the mouth, saying to his wife between kisses: "You don't mind, do you, Mrs. Starrk? It's purely platonic!" Right now it was common knowledge that the pale English girl—who wore the orange scarf and who was a dancer from Antibes—was one of his mistresses.

Perhaps Maggie Bates, with her loud-mouthed good humor, was more proof against his attraction than any other woman in the place. She was very much in love with her husband, Ham. Archy Starrk was rarely rude to her; and would even let her manage him. He seemed to respond to her almost with gratitude. It was as if he were grateful that she made no demands upon his phallic capacity. It was as if in the midst of all these women, he was a tormented captive, sprawling sullen at the fire and snarling insults to keep his tormentors off. Yet, in spite of himself, he looked at them out of his clear blue eyes to draw them near. He was pitiful in that way. He had worn himself out at it. His body was thin and old and sodden. It knew it was beat-

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en and sprawled. But his eyes, unconvinced, looked and looked. And between his eyes and his body he was helpless with the females.

He could not let them alone. One day he would be irritable and outspoken to the little old English art teacher. He took pleasure in humiliating her, a real pleasure and an impersonal one. Yet the next day he would be at pains to draw her close again. "The lady in white!" he would say, as she came into the sunny courtyard; and he would fix his eyes upon her. The little old woman would flutter with pleasure and be as much caught up in his gaze as ever.

And it was the same way with herself. He would set out consciously sometimes to flatter her, draw her close. It was as if he kept a fire going. She saw; but more than anything she saw was her feeling for him. When he looked at her, she forgot the art teacher and all the others.

Once Ham Bates tried to warn her against Archy Starrk. He led up to the subject most elaborately, then said:

"He's not your kind, Jane! I like Archy, too, but he's not your kind!"

She looked up quickly; yet she was not embarrassed. She had had no idea that she was fooling any one in the hotel. And she was not ashamed. To be attracted to Archy Starrk was like breathing in the musty cold foreign air. It had nothing to do with her former life.

And every word Archy Starrk said, whether he was sober or drunk, clear-eyed in the sun or sprawled sodden before the fire, sank deep into her and became meaningful and rich.

"It's no use for a woman to try to paint until she knows something," he would drawl. "All the technique in the world can't cover up a puny life!"

She would be struck cold with an old fear. Whenever, as a young girl, she had been invited to a party, her mother had fussed over the dress she was to wear; and there had been bright new hair ribbons. But at the party she sat by the wall with Lucille Ames, who was club-footed, and the Johnson twins, who wore thick glasses. Now at nineteen she had travelled through France and Spain and Morocco. In Gentenville every one would say: "Just think of all the places Jane has been!" But she had really got to nowhere. Nor had Miss Hetta Wright alone in the big house surrounded by elm trees. Miss Hetta Wright sat in her library; and the room was peopled for her by the pine chest and the toile curtains and the two Staffordshire dogs.

Marthe Maloisin was round and buxom, pressing her cheek against the cow's flank. And Hilda Jenkins in high school—who got into trouble in her Senior year—had fresh downy cheeks and legs that ran swiftly and a red mouth.

Hilda Jenkins had got something; for John Craig was crazy about her, and she was always hanging back from the other girls so that John Craig could catch up with her, and they would walk home together. "Sneaking," the other girls called it—sneaking back to wait for John Craig.

Now Hilda had three babies, round and rosy as she had been. And always when she walked along Main Street, people would look at her a little askance because she had gotten into trouble. The one went with the other.

"Virgins aren't capable of anything!" Archy Starrk would drawl. "They can paint till their hands fall off—but what have they got to say? . . ."

After dinner, Archy's gang gathered as usual by its fire; but there was not the usual talk. Maggie Bates and Ham were once more studying their road map. The sound of the wind in the chimney filled in long silences. And Jane noticed that the group at the other fire was equally listless.

Excusing herself to Peg Grace, who was sitting beside her, she drew Eva's letter out of her pocket and opened it. It was only a note on hotel paper, but written in Eva's serious hand. She and Agnes were just leaving Tunis to sail for Naples. From there, they would drive up through Italy to Paris. Then Agnes would go to London to visit friends; and Eva would be in Paris alone. Would Jane want to return to Paris and settle down? Didn't she think they had both had enough travel for a time?

She folded the letter.

"A good letter?" Peg asked, counting stitches.

Archy Starrk looked up at Jane. He had a glass of brandy in his hand.

"Always reading letters!" he growled. "Love letters, I suppose! Some poor fool back in America writes her love letters!"

She felt trembly when he looked at her, his blue eyes fixed on her face. She stood up.

"I think I must answer this letter now," she said.

Yet not for anything would she have gone up to her room! She got paper, pen and ink from Monsieur Brossard and sat again beside Peg Grace on the sofa. "My dear Eva—" she wrote and then paused. Eva's letter had made her both fondly amused and sorry. The meth-

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od was so evident. It was as real and three-dimensional as any object. It stuck out for her as though Eva had enclosed an olive in the envelope. Now she could tell when Eva was lonely and when she was being merely mannerly: "Don't you think we have both had enough travel for a time?" Yes, Eva was lonely. Otherwise she would have written something, been at great pains to cross it heavily out, and written after it: "Do come to Paris and I'll try to make you a little comfortable."

Well, it was too bad she hadn't learned her lesson about Eva and Eva's manners earlier. Now, as soon as she could leave here with a clear head, she was going back to Ohio. Eva might be travelling between Paris and New York and Morocco all her life. But she would have to stay on in Gentenville. And a clear head would be all that mattered there. It would not matter that she hadn't done the water-colors. It would not even matter that she had overstayed her four months in Europe. If her father knew how it was, he would understand. Of course, she would never be able to explain to him why she had stayed five weeks in this small pension hidden away in the mountains above Nice—and she would stay five weeks more if necessary! But it didn't matter.

Once back in Gentenville, she would work so hard that perhaps nothing would matter. And at twilight it could be nice walking along Keller's Lane where the three old wagons lay mouldering in the ditch beneath the willow trees, and almost no one ever passed that way. . . .

People retired early this evening. One by one, they straggled out. At nine o'clock there were left only Ham and Maggie Bates, Peg Grace, Archy Starrk, and Jane by one fire, and Madame Brossard and her mother by the other. Now Ham Bates folded up his road map and they all sat silent.

"Gee, it's damp to-night," Maggie said suddenly. "Let's go to bed, Ham!"

The two of them stood up.

"Bed to-night will be just like jumping into a swimming-pool," Ham said.

They went out into the corridor, closing the door behind them.

Jane went on with her letter, although she was quite conscious now that she was only using it as a pretext for staying on downstairs. The fires burned low; and Madame Brossard's mother grumbled, trying to nap in her chair.

"It's cold to-night!" Peg Grace said, looking at Archy Starrk over her knitting.

"I'm cold," he said, putting his glass down on the floor. "Come sit on my lap and keep me warm!"

Still knitting, Peg rose and sat on his lap. Archy laid his bald head on her shoulder and held her with his thin hands. Jane wondered if they would rather she left them alone; but she went on writing obstinately. The pen trembled in her fingers. She could feel Archy's eyes upon her from time to time.

"I don't like you," Archy said suddenly to Peg. "You're English and the English are cold. I wouldn't give you two sous for all the Englishwomen in the world wrapped and tied!"

"You like them unwrapped and untied, Archy," Peg suggested, still knitting.

"Give me American women!" Archy said. "They aren't cold!"

"Probably not the ones you've had, anyway!"

Jane could feel his eyes fixed on her now; but she went on writing, just any words to keep going.

"American women aren't like Englishwomen," he said.

Madame Brossard's mother grumbled in French at the other fire. Peg stood up, stretching.

"Madame Brossard and her mother are dead tired. And they won't shut the house until everybody is up-stairs."

"All right. We'll go to my room," Archy said. "I've got a fire there."

"I'll bet you have!" Peg commented. "You get everything in this hotel!"

He stood up, his body rising slowly. He looked at Jane.

"Come on! Stop writing letters!"

"Bon soir, Madame Brossard," Peg called.

"Bon soir, m'sieur-dames," Madame Brossard and her mother called together, rising.

Peg Grace and Archy Starrk and Jane went out into the dark corridor, up the dark stairs, to Archy's room. Peg's room was just two doors beyond; and she whispered:

"I'll go see how Alice is sleeping and leave my knitting."

"All right. We'll go on," Archy said.

He took Jane's arm and held it, while he unlocked the door to his room. Then he led her in and shut the door. A fire was burning on the hearth; and she pulled away from him under the pretext of warming her hands. He let her go and went across to a table under one of the windows, where there were several bottles and a seltzer siphon. Presently Peg opened the door and came in.

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"Oh, it's nice here!" she cried. "You have the best room on this floor, Archy!"

He grunted, poured himself some brandy from a bottle, and drank.

"I think I'll have a spot, too," Peg said. "Won't you, Jane?"

"No, thanks."

Archy Starrk went to the bed and sat down heavily upon it. He pulled himself over so that he was lying flat in the middle.

"Come, be comfortable!" he said.

Peg took her drink, went to the bed, and sat beside him. She leaned back against the headboard, putting her arm behind him; but he looked at Jane beside the fire.

"Come, be comfortable!" he said.

Jane went slowly and sat on the edge of the bed. Archy took one of her hands in his. He held the brandy glass in the other.

"I'll bet she thinks she's a woman of the world," he said. "Travelling around by herself!"

"What is a woman of the world, anyway?" Peg asked.

"She thinks because she drinks and smokes that she's a real woman of the world!" he said, looking at Jane. "Oh, these girls who think they know everything! If she knew a hundredth part of what I know——"

"Of course, you know it all," Peg interrupted.

"Just a hundredth part of what I know!" Archy went on. "She don't know anything. She's young and ignorant. I'll bet she's a virgin."

"All girls are virgins until they're married!"

Suddenly Archy's hand shot out and his brandy glass went rolling on the carpet. He began pushing at Peg Grace until she was on the edge of the bed, bracing herself with one foot on the floor. Jane stood up.

"Get off," Archy said hoarsely. "And get out of here!"

"Why, of course, we'll go if you want us to," Peg answered, getting up. "My, but you're hospitable!"

He jumped up off the bed with more energy than Jane had ever seen in him, seized Peg by the shoulders, and pushed her to the door, opened the door with a jerk, and pushed her outside.

"And stay out!" he yelled.

"Let me go with her," Jane said weakly.

"No, you stay here, but I don't want her."

He slammed the door and slipped the bolt with a snap.

"That's a low trick, Archy Starrk," Peg's voice came sharply from the other side of the door.

"Oh, go on," he snarled.

"Are you all right, Jane?" Peg asked.

"Yes, I'm all right," Jane murmured.

Archy Starrk was leaning against the door, looking at her.

"I'll be in my room, then," Peg said.

They could hear her going down the corridor, and then the sound of her door shutting.

Archy Starrk went over to Jane, put his hands on her shoulders and pulled her to him. He pushed back her head and looked into her eyes.

"You stay with me to-night," he said, "you're young and ignorant. I can do a lot for you. You stay with me."

"I can't stay," she breathed.

"Yes, you can!"

She could feel his head coming toward her, his blue clear eyes looking at her. She trembled and became entirely compliant. Then his mouth kissed hers. It was a shock which stiffened her—something within her rose up straight and stiff.

"No!" she cried out violently.

He raised his head and looked at her again. His arms still held her, but without their first force—she felt that he had no strength in him to match hers.

"I can do a lot for you," he said. "But if you don't stay with me, I'll have nothing to do with you again. You'll just be out of things here."

She pulled away from him; and his arms were weak and fumbling, letting her go. She went to the fire. He sat down heavily on the edge of the bed, then lay back, but keeping his eyes on her.

"I can't stay," she said. She took a step away from the fire. "And now I'd better go."

He lay and looked at her with his clear blue eyes which were sulky now; and the attitude of his body was one of entire laxity and of relief. His body was thanking her and his eyes were reproaching.

Oh, but his mouth had been flabby, dead! It had been like biting into something rotten—and through it she had felt all the old outworn tissue of his body! She told herself it was that which had stiffened her and made her draw away. She stood and looked at him, feeling very young and strong.

"Good night," she told him.

She unbolted the door.

"Good night," he said; and it was as if he shrugged.

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